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MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

May 15th



In This Issue:

"The Copper Disc" — A New Mystery Serial by Robert Stead

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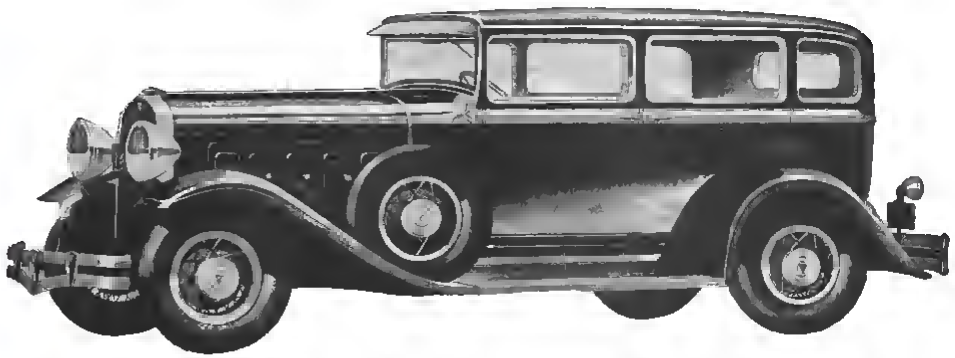
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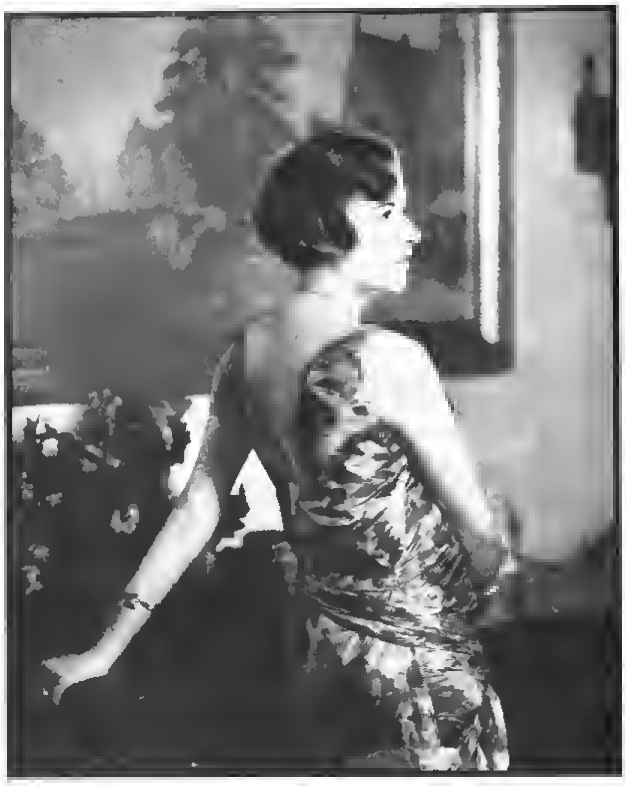
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MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born, in her veins flows the blue blood of the Plantagenets. Now by marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming young hostess of delightful homes in Chicago and in Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and skin like pink hawthorn blossom — so lovely that to see it is to wonder how its delicate transparency, its clear fresh English coloring can ever survive life on the windy shores of Lake Michigan.

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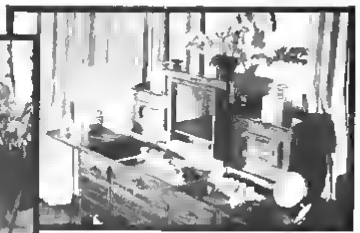
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At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in rare tropical plants in her Santa [illegible] new winter home in [illegible]

(below) Mrs. McCormick's California home is a treasure house of charming pieces of French provincial furniture. Her dressing table in carved walnut is an unusually fine example of this style.





(right) [illegible] tions in exquisite [illegible] of the skin. Two Cream Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, [illegible]



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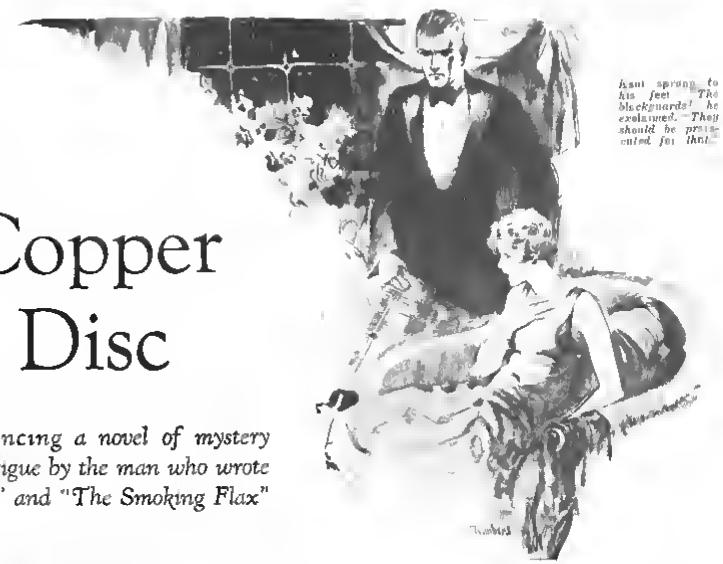
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Kent sprang to his feet. "The blackguards!" he exclaimed. "They should be prosecuted for this!"

The Copper Disc

Commencing a novel of mystery and intrigue by the man who wrote "Gram" and "The Smoking Flax"

By ROBERT STEAD

Illustrated by W. V. CHAMBERS

MORLEY KENT, senior partner of the firm of Kent and Powers, electricians, looked up from his empty coffee cup and met the shrewd blue eyes of Vera Masters. They were understanding eyes—eyes that had followed him with sympathy and enthusiasm while he had discoursed upon the wireless transmission of power. For the hundredth time Vera had dined with Kent in the little Arcadia restaurant, where, after the drill of a heavy day in the shop, they talked over their plans and dreams together.

Kent's dream it was, mostly—that vision of a key hidden somewhere just outside the border of established fact, a key which would unlock the secret of the transmission of power without the aid of wire or any metallic connection. The realization of that dream—properly protected of course, by patents in all countries—meant fame and fortune beyond the wildest flight of imagination.

Working out his experiments, in the confidence only of his partner and Vera, Kent began to feel that his fingers were not far from the mystic key. Already a tiny airplane, suspended by a string from the ceiling of his office, buzzed all day long with power from a battery concealed beneath his desk. As it tugged at its slender moorings, it seemed to Kent the symbol of a new discovery, epochal in its possibilities, eager to be born into the world.

"I hope it all comes true," the girl murmured, gently, wistfully. Vera's interest in her employer embraced a bigger field than his inventions, epochal though they might prove to be.

"Come true? It can't help coming true!" he assured her, and himself. "I tell you, Vee, we are just at the edge of something big—the biggest that has ever happened. If I can drive a toy airplane ten feet away, why can't I drive a real airplane ten miles away? Ten hundred miles away? Why can't I drive the automobiles in this street with power from Niagara from the Saguenay, from the St. Lawrence? No more fear of a shortage of coal! No more need of synthetic gasoline! It's all a question of power—properly directed power!"

And money," the girl suggested.

And money," he repeated more soberly. "If I had ten thousand dollars—there'll be millions when we don't need it, but not ten thousand when we do. Well, we must find it somewhere, Vee. Who knows what Fortune may have up her sleeve?"

Kent hailed a taxi and showed his companion in. "Four six Corrigan Avenue," he told the driver, giving him the number of Vera's lodging-house.

Vera dropped into her seat, and they rode in silence. Kent had a sense of happy companionship as her shoulder touched his, and his arm slipped along the top of the cushion behind her. It never quite had dropped about her; he did not forget that the girl was a member of his staff—his whole staff, to be more accurate—and he imposed upon himself limits of endearment bounded on one side by an occasional pat on the hand and on the other by the use of the brotherly pet noms which he applied to her. Vera sometimes wished him a trifle less punctilious.

In a few minutes they drew up at the door of a red brick house which at one time had displayed some pretensions, but, like its neighbors along the street, had slipped down the social scale with the passage of years until it had struck bottom in the status of a sheep hut innocuous lodging house. The very face of Forty-six disarmed suspicion. The faded blinds and mildewed trimmings of the front windows blinked apologetically as the rays of a nearby street lamp cut through the failing rain, recalling perhaps, memories of those brighter days before the drab force of circumstance had decreed for Corrigan Street its function of menial respectability.

Kent extended some unnecessary assistance to Vera as she got out of the taxi. For an instant he held her hand and the girl's faith in wireless transmission was perceptibly strengthened.

"FOUR TWO SIX Eleventh Street," said Kent, and the taxi whirred away again. They were rounding through a residential district where the traffic was light, and the rain had cleared pedestrians from the street. Kent was aroused from reverie by a glimpse of a large, sand-colored roadster travelling fast toward the intersection just ahead. Suddenly the roadster lurched, skidded on the wet pavement as the driver tried to make the turn, and crashed into the curb immediately in front of Kent's taxi. There was a sound of wrenching spokes and the squeal of brakes as the taxi pulled up with a jerk to avoid collision.

The roadster sprawled partly on the pavement, partly on the grass boulevard alongside. The driver extricated himself, grinned rather sheepishly at the pair in the taxi and began appraising the damage. The lieutenant of a wreck drew Kent out on the curb beside him.

"Might have been worse," Kent observed. "A smashed wheel and crumpled fender. Your axles seem to be all right."

"Lucky enough," the other man agreed. "She just skated around the corner and that wheel buckled up like a crumpled shepherd's.

At that moment Kent's attention was diverted from the cat to a still more interesting subject. A girl was standing on the pavement beside him. She wore an evening gown of thin pinkish stuff in which the rain was making big splotches. Her arms and neck were bare to the weather. In her excitement at the arrival of the taxi she had dropped her cloak at umbrella she had forgotten it in the excitement of the arrival. As Kent looked into her face in the lamplight he knew that Nature had done her share, even though a tell-tale streak of rain was furrowing the supplemental touch of Art.

The girl's eyes met his, hesitated a moment, then her hands came forward in a frank little gesture.

"Oh, I wonder if you could—if you would—" She was plainly wrestling with her agitation. "I am in a great hurry to get home. Would it be too much—?"

Kent was conscious of a pleasant emotional disturbance. He was sure that even a great deal would not be too much.

"Why, no," he assured her. "Take my taxi. Or better still, let me drive you home."

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" the girl protested. Her thin gown was clinging to her in wet corrugations, but she seemed unconscious of the rain.

"Better go. Glad," her companion advised briefly. "I'll have to get this wreck out of the street, and you're approaching dissolution."

For his observation she mustered a hasty, mocking little grimace. "Glad," said Kent to himself. "I must remember. Glad."

She had turned to him. "Thank you very much," she said simply. "I will accept your kindness. It is an imposition, but I am really in a very great hurry to get home, and other taxis seem to have deserted the street."

Kent swung his door open. "Jump in," he cried. He gave her unnecessary assistance in a few minutes before, he had given Vera unnecessary assistance out.

"The address?" he asked her.

"Fifty-four Lake Boulevard, and please drive fast," she added to the driver. "Good night, Gordon," she called back as the taxi was already in motion. "Sorry for all the trouble I have given you."

When they had settled down in the cab Kent introduced himself. "My name is Morley Kent, of the firm of Kent and Powers, 208 Eleventh Street." He had a feeling that references were called for, and that this information should be reassuring.

"You are very kind, Mr. Kent," she told him. "And you will believe, I hope, that I do not usually remember taxis and motors in this manner. If I were not in such a hurry to get home! It was really that which led to the accident. I was urging Gordon to drive faster."

"We will get you home without a moment's delay," Kent promised her. "Step on it, driver; but keep an eye on all lions."

While helping the girl in, Kent had switched on the light in the cab. He hesitated now to turn it off and under its subdued rays he made a quick study of his companion. She were a string of pearls—real or imitation—about her neck, and diamonds blazed from her wrist and fingers. Not from her engagement finger. Kent suddenly noted—and felt his heart give a pleasant little thump at the discovery. Remarkable it seemed to him that his heart should thump over something in which he was not in the remotest way concerned. She was young, younger than Vera, smaller too, and finer in her features.

Kent appraised the pearls and diamonds and marvelled that a girl so richly dressed should risk herself with a total stranger. She seemed to read his mind, for she suddenly smiled up into his face.

"You weren't thinking of kidnapping me, were you?" There was laughter in her voice as though fear of Kent, or anyone, were a very amusing idea.

"To be quite frank, I was," he told her.

She seemed pleased with his answer. "Quite an adventure," she mused. "But, you see, I am in a great hurry, and my intuition told me I would be safe with you. Do you believe in intuition, Mr. Kent?"

While Kent was debating whether to answer yes or no a slight tremor ran through her frame.

"You're cold!" he exclaimed.

"It's nothing. Just the rain. Like a silly I left all my things in Gordon's car. All but my purse. I am clutching it here as though it held millions."

"But you're cold," he repeated. For a moment he hesitated then suddenly switched off the light and drew his coat from his shoulders.

"Here, get into this. It's big and clumsy, but it will keep you warm."

She protested but Kent held the coat across her shoulders and she slipped her slim arms into the sleeves.

"There, that's better," he told her. "Draw it together in front. If I had a pin—and I have not!" He lolled one side of the coat across the other, fumbling in the darkness.

"Better let me pin it," she suggested. As he complied, his fingers touched hers.

They rode on for some distance in silence.

"You must think me a very selfish young woman," she remarked at length. "First I requisition your car, then your coat. Fortunately we are near home." And again she laughed her challenging laugh.

"Unfortunately," Kent corrected.

Fortunately," she insisted.

They were swinging up the drive to a fashionable house, set in grounds that were spacious for the high-priced Lake Boulevard district.

"Here we are," she exclaimed on the car stopped in front of a lighted doorway. "You have been very kind, and very generous, Mr. Kent. If you will tell me the amount of the taxi fare—"

But Kent would not hear of that. "You were my guest," he said.

"By compulsion."

"The compulsion of circumstances which have left me very much their debtor."

Very well." She slipped out of his coat. "At least you'll take that. If I had not been in such a hurry—"

"That I would have caused a very happy experience."

For a moment she let her hand lie in his, then darted out of sight.



"I am in a great hurry to get home. Would it be too much—?" Kent was conscious of a pleasant emotional disturbance. "Why, no," he assured her. "Take my taxi. Or better still, let me drive you home."

AS THE taxi retraced the route to Eleventh Street Kent turned over in his mind the unusual events of the last twenty minutes. The girl had evidently been in a great hurry. Her cause of which she had not seen fit to reveal. Yet she had also seemed quite composed as if the hurry were something outside of spent item, herself. Kent too was conscious of that same desire for haste which seemed also to have infected the driver as they lurched along the slippery streets on the homeward run. A faint and delicious aroma rose up from the coat which she had worn. It wreathed the young man in an atmospheric of happy romance. He must see more of Miss—

It was not until the memory that he realized he did not so much as know her name.

Kent paid his driver and went up in the elevator to his room on the seventh floor.

The block in which he had his domicile was devoted to shops on the street level, business offices up to the fifth story, and bachelor apartments above. Kent's quarters consisted of two rooms, in one of which were his books, radio, gramophone and a miscellany of electrical apparatus. Two arm chairs with sagging upholstery, acquired at a second-hand store for a nominal consideration, and a table on which were pipes and tobacco suggested a simple comfort and companionship. A door in the partition opened into his bedroom, chaste of all trappings in its masculine severity. A clothes closet and bath completed the apartment.

Kent switched on the light, dropped his hat into one of the chairs, and himself into the other. He was possessed of a singular happiness which suggested meditation and a cigar before turning in. Presently he became aware that his coat was damp, he took it off and caught again the aroma of the arms and shoulders it had so lately sheltered. For a moment he held it in his hands.

"Remarkable incident," he soliloquized. "Remarkable girl. She was carrying enough jewels if I'm any estimator, to—" He stopped for a suitable figure of speech, and the need of money which was nearest his mind prevented itself. "To finance my experiments—to nail down my patents—to make me rich!" This girl carried on her neck and fingers all that stood between him and fortune. And yet she wasn't afraid, seemed to trust me just as a matter of course. She was like a sort of fairy, flitting into my cab my life for a moment, and out again. I never will hear of her again, of course. Why should I?"

The conclusion seemed reasonable but not satisfactory.

He started to take off his shoes. Already the glamor was fading away. He had been magnifying an incident into an event. He had merely extended a courtesy to a strange young woman, who had thanked him and passed on out of his life. Why should she care? Why should he?

He dropped his shoes on the floor. Its solid thump was reassuring. Heighe Morley. Go to bed and don't be silly," he adjured himself.

At that moment his telephone rang.

"This is Gladys Hensley," said a voice which he recognized with an instantaneous thrill. "I didn't tell you my name in the cab because—well, perhaps because you didn't ask it. But I had yours, and was able to look up your number. I have trembled you enough already. I hesitate—"

She paused. "Please go on," he urged. (Fancy her calling him up!) "If there is any way in which I can be of service"—Gladys Hensley! The name touched some chord in his memory, and a million little brain cells went clamoring to identify it—"please tell me."

"Very well if I'm not really troubling you too much," the voice came over the wire. "The fact is I left my purse in your taxi. I must have laid it down while I was putting on or taking off your coat." A silvery laugh tinkled through the telephone. "There wasn't much in it—only a few dollars and a little gold compact. If you know what that is. I thought perhaps you would have my taxi receipt since you wouldn't let me take it, and you could give me the number of the car."

Kent found the receipt in his pocket. "Yes, I happen to have the number right before me. Miss Hensley," he told her. "I will go down to the taxi office at once and make enquiry."

She protested that there was no occasion for that, if he would just tell her the cab number she would have Gordon call for it in the morning. The mention of Gordon's name decided Kent. He would go for it this very night. No saying what might happen if it were left their until to-morrow.

Enquiry revealed that a small silver mesh bag had been found in the cab. Kent was asked to describe the contents. He gave the necessary information, signed where he was told, and went home. "My luck night," he observed to Grange the elevator man as he went up to his rooms.

Back in his quarters it occurred to Kent that he should call Miss Hensley at once and set her mind at rest about the purse. Search in the telephone directory revealed one Angus Hensley as a subscriber at 54 Lake Boulevard. Kent rang the number.

"Miss Hensley has retired," a strange voice replied. "It is of importance I will connect you with her room."

"It is of some importance." Of course I'll be there," said Kent, for whom the inquest had suddenly taken on a vast importance.

There was a moment or two of delay, then the girl's voice sounded in his ear.

"I have your purse, Miss Hensley," Kent explained. "Hope I haven't called you out of bed?"

"Oh, we are much too modern for that. My telephone always stands within reach of my pillow. It is a very comfortable way to transact one's business."

For the life of him Kent did not know why this information should seem so significant. Already the girl was like an old acquaintance, wearing his coat, speaking to him from her bed. Afterward he reflected that her great haste must have quickly evaporated.

While he was fumbling with his thoughts the girl spoke again.

"It was very kind of you to go to so much trouble for a stranger. Perhaps you can think of some place down town where you can leave the purse, and I will get it tomorrow."

Kent took his courage in both hands. "I hope not quite a stranger," he said. "At least, not now, and then now on. This purse contains quite a little money, at least what seems to me like quite a little money, and I feel that I should like to place it in your own hands. I can do that tomorrow night if you will let me."

He waited for a moment while the wire hummed emptily. Evidently she was deciding whether their chance acquaintanceship was to end where it began or be allowed an opportunity to develop. It was a decision upon which all the future hung for both of them, and the young man felt his heart pounding as he waited.

Then the wire spoke again. "All right. Tomorrow night at nine. If that suits you."

"Thank you, I shall be glad to come."

"And I shall be glad to see you again. Good night."

He heard the receiver click on her telephone and dropped back into his chair in a glow of happy experience. Why should this strange girl impress him so deeply? Why should he want to go to her house tomorrow night? Why should he care? Through the length of a cigar he could find no answer.

"But I do care," he admitted to himself at length. "And, by Jove, so does she!"

THE next morning, while Kent was shaving, an impetuous knock sounded on his door.

"Come in," cried Kent, straight-lipped behind his razor blade.

The body of a policeman filled the doorway. A big round head, close coupled to a big round body, turned slowly toward Kent. A mouth in the head opened.

"Are ye Mr. Kent?"

"Guilty," said Kent. "What's the charge?"

"Ye're to turn up at the coroner's court at th' o'clock."

Kent stark his razor under the faucet. "Coroner's court? Who's dead?"

"That's what he'll be askin' ye no doubt. Will ye be there, or will I carve ye a summons?"

"The only service that would appeal to me at the moment would be ham and eggs and a cup of coffee. Have you eat?"

The broad face broadened a little wider still. "Is that conflimpt av coort or an invitation?" it demanded.

Kent wiped his face and touched for his shirt. "You flatter me, captain," he said. "Only rich men can afford contempt of court. But if we should eat together, and I should pick up both checks, there would be no *bobsa* argue about that, would there?"

A huge hand went up to the huge head and massaged it gently behind the ear. The long mouth tilted slightly upward at the ends.

"Now it's peculiar, but that's one point a law with which I'm particular conversant," said the policeman. "Where do we eat?"

Over his smoking ham and eggs Kent learned that he was wanted in connection with a taxi accident of the night before. The cab in which he had been riding had skidded into the curb and killed a pedestrian.

"But I knew nothing about it," he protested.

"Sure. That's why they want ye, I guess. And the young woman you was escortin' they've sent out for her, too. It will be quite a rare party."

Kent's last bite of ham narrowly escaped the wrong channel as his windpipe flopped from high into reverse.

"But she knows nothing about it, captain—less than I do; not a thing, honest."

"Sure. That's why they want her, too. Well, must be gettin' along. Thanks, Mr. Kent. You'll be there?"

Kent, lot whom the inquest had suddenly taken on a vast importance.

"And say," continued the officer, "ye got a purse out of the taxi—didn't ye? Bring it along. They may want it for Exhibit A." He leaned over Kent's shoulder and dropped his voice to a confidential note. "An' if you're wouldn't mind, me name is Murphy, Mr. Kent," he added.

Returning to his room for the purse Kent reflected with mild ruthlessness that this would remove the occasion for his evening call upon Miss Hensley. Unless some other occasion could be found.

Kent went early to the inquest in the hope that he might have a word with Gladys before the proceedings commenced. Seating himself in a convenient position he kept a surreptitious eye on the door while maintaining an air of detached contemplation. Visitors began to arrive—a little thin, black-eyed man who darted a quick glance in Kent's direction and then seemed to forget his presence; a few friends of the taxi driver; or perhaps of the victim of the accident; curiosity seekers, fellows a newspaper reporter or two.

One minute before ten the door admitted Gladys Hensley. She seemed taller and slimmer in her smart morning frock. Her brown eyes swept the room until they fell on Kent, when they seemed to take on a brighter sparkle, and her lips parted in a smile of recognition. Kent's parted, too, partly in answer to her smile, partly in confirmation of the estimate of her beauty he had made the previous night.

By the side of the girl was another woman whose only admission of age was in her hair, which was almost white.

Kent arose and stepped across the room to greet them.

"Good morning, Miss Hensley. This is an unexpected development. I am afraid you will not be so ready to trust yourself to my taxi another time."

"Indeed I am quite satisfied over it. Poor fellow! Don't you think it is very sad? We never know what is going to happen do we? Oh mother, may I present Mr. Kent who was so kind to me last night when Gordon's car broke down?"

The elder woman bowed. "We are all indebted for any kindness shown my daughter, even though—" She paused. Even though it has such unforeseen results. But I am sure Mr. Kent, you were not responsible for that."

The evidence brought out that a few minutes after dropping Kent at 426 Eleventh Street the taxi skidding on the wet pavement, had crushed a pedestrian against a lamp post with instantly fatal results. The question of responsibility seemed to hinge upon the speed at which the car was travelling.

Kent was called for evidence.

"You are the gentleman who was using this car just before the accident?" he was asked. "Did you feel that the driver was proceeding with due caution considering the state of the pavement?"

Kent hesitated. Miss Hensley's insistent demand for speed rushed in upon him and with it a desire to protect her from any embarrassing questions.

"Your hesitancy is perhaps the most convincing answer the coroner recommended. Did you, in view of the condition of the streets, remonstrate with the driver, request him to proceed with caution?"

Kent shot a quick glance at Miss Hensley. The girl was alert as though ready to spring from her seat. For an instant their eyes met.

"No, I didn't caution him." The witness admitted. "You see, I was in a great hurry, and kept telling him to step on it."

So! Tell us more of this, Mr. Kent. It is well known that when a driver has been in what might be called a mood of high speed it takes him some time to settle down again to a more moderate pace. Every motorist must have observed that. Please proceed."

Kent's finger was looping his watch chain with great industry. "Well, you see it was like this," he resumed. "I was in a great hurry because—"

"Indeed, if was I who was in the hurry," came a sudden interruption from Gladys Hensley. "I will not sit here and let Mr. Kent take the blame. He let me have the use of his taxi, and it was I who urged the driver to greater speed."

"Very well," the coroner interrupted. "We shall hear your evidence, Miss Hensley."

The little dark man got up and went

Continued on page 40



She swayed before him and he seized her in his arms. She had gone limp and unconscious.

MacLean's Magazine, May 15, 1930

The Wheat Conundrum



A row of country elevators at a western shipping point. There are 4,500 of these on the prairies and their bins have had to hold an unprecedented carry-over from last year's crop

"We must face boldly the fact that the economic revolution has reached the wheat-producing industry, thereby shaking our national economy to its very roots"

By C. L. SIBLEY

I WONDER if among all those technical, statistical and editorial experts who have been so learnedly discussing the wheat situation during the past few months, there have been any who have glimpsed the inner meaning of the problem with which wheat has brought the nation face to face? And if so, why have they all kept a blind eye to it and discussed only superficialities?

I have read treatises of every imaginable kind on the subject—voluminous analyses of the wheat situation by the Wheat Pool itself, lengthy discussions of it by economists and experts in the monthly reviews and in the financial weeklies, editorials in the newspapers of both East and West. In not one instance have I found a writer who has dipped beneath the surface to lay bare the fundamental issues which have made wheat the symbol of a changing world.

Long before wheat became a front page subject of news—at the beginning of October, to be exact—I wrote an article entitled "The Wheat Pool Defies Creation" in which I argued that the Wheat Pool could not possibly succeed in establishing its own price for wheat and in which I predicted that if the Wheat Pool continued to dam the flow of wheat then the latter would burst the dam in a flood which would leave Canada strewn with wreckage.

That article caused a fluttering in many dovecotes, and though it brought much comment, official and otherwise, no attempt was made to meet the arguments which were advanced. The article struck too near the truth for that.

An Economic Revolution

YET there is something deeper behind the whole problem than the action of the Wheat Pool. The Wheat Pool is but the victim of a combination of circumstances for which its leaders are in no wise to blame. It is receiving criticisms which would otherwise have been directed at the private grain traders had they continued to hold the dominant position which the Wheat Pool has wrested from them.

I do not mean by this that the Wheat Pool is above criticism. The Pool leaders, I think, would be the first to admit that they would have acted differently had they been in possession of the knowledge of the information they now possess. In all fairness to them we must admit that it is easy to be wise after the event and that there is no evidence of special wisdom or foresight in the arguments of those who are now undertaking to criticise the Wheat Pool's policy.

Suppose we look a little deeper into the problem, and try to discover what is the inner meaning of it all. In the first place, is it not a fact that we are apt to regard the wheat situation as something abnormal which is but a passing phase, and which sooner or later will right itself by a return to normal? Are we not apt to think that some kind of order, either by the Federal Government, or by the Federal Government acting in conjunction with the Government of the United Kingdom will remedy the situation?

Let us grant that the situation is abnormal. Does that help us? Not at all. To look forward to a return to normalcy is the sheerest folly. We are in the midst of an economic revolution that makes all the hopes and plans of a few years ago simply bubbling antiquated twaddle in this year of grace. The only striking thing about this economic revolution is in regard to the grain trade is what, almost alone among the great businesses, it has failed to discover this economic revolution for itself, or to adjust its policies in consonance with its changing times.

Two factors have combined to bring about the present situation—first, the revolt of poverty-stricken Europe against the idea of adding to its debts or this continent by contracting further debts for food supplies; second, the rapid mechanization of agriculture. The first of these has caused an extraordinary intensification of wheat production in Europe under all sorts of government edicts, tariffs and bounties. This phenomenon is not a temporary one. It must be regarded as a permanent and most serious factor in the grain trade. The second factor, the rapid mechanization of agriculture, has enlarged the productive power of acres and of men to such a remarkable extent that overproduction threatens to ruin the industry it was thought the machinery could make prosperous.

In regard to this latter part, it should not be overlooked that if machines can save labor on Canadian farms, so also they can save labor in other parts of the world. Many a country in the world where wheat could not be produced commercially because of lack of inefficiency of labor can now by the aid of machinery produce in competition with Canada. And these countries are further enabled to do so and even being forced to do so by the necessity of finding productive use for the vast areas of land being progressively released from production of food for horses to the production of human food.



The combine in action. This is the machine that is revolutionizing harvesting operations in the Canadian West

An All Year-Round Supply

WE HAVE been so apt to regard the prairies as the Granary of the Empire that we have overlooked the potentialities of other countries for the production of wheat. As a matter of fact, there is not a single month in the whole year when wheat is not being harvested in some part of the world. In case this may be thought to be an exaggeration, I give below the wheat seasons of the world:

January—Australia, New Zealand, Chili.

February and March—East India, Upper Egypt.

April—Lower Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, India, Mexico and Cuba.

May—Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco, Texas, and Florida.

June—Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, South

Continued on page 43

Mooring For the R100

By LESLIE ROBERTS

The gigantic mooring mast erected at Saint Hubert airport, Montreal, to accommodate Britain's leviathan of the air is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity



The 203-foot mooring mast at Saint Hubert. It is so designed that two men seated on the balconies can control the mooring of an air liner merely by the manipulation of buttons and levers

ALMOST two years have passed since Canada bowed her best grace to the Motherland and declared filial willingness to abet the establishment of Empire air routes by erecting the latest thing in airship mooring masts. Today the job is finished. The tower is built. The landing crew is trained in its duties. Complete consummation of the task only awaits the sighting of the R100's globular frame and Britain will be linked to Britain overseas by an air line!

During these two years a corps of Canadian engineers and mechanics have been quietly engaged—one might almost say struthilly engaged, when the lack of publicity attending their enterprise is considered—in the fabrication at Saint Hubert Airport, near Montreal, of a million-dollar edifice which combines all the latest developments in machinery and gadgets into a dirigible mooring tower that is the world's finest harness. Simultaneously, a squad of Canadians, commanded by an officer of the Royal Canadian Navy, has been stationed at Cranfield, on the Motherland's airship base learning and practising the gentle art of warping and mooring these Leviathans of the air lanes. As you read these lines Commander Pressey and his men will be on the high seas, homeward bound, to prepare to receive the R100 at Saint Hubert. In their wake will come Commander Burney and his ship. Thus, by the end of May 20 has been officially set as the date of the airship's arrival—airship service between Britain and Canada will have become a fait accompli the western terminal facilities being entirely provided by Canadian dollars, the building devices of Canadian engineers and, so far as has been possible, Canadian-made machinery, while the crew to moor and care for the giant ship as she floats at rest above Canadian territory, will be Canadian personnel.

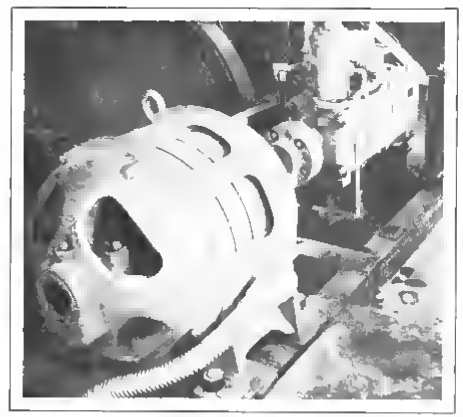
The average citizen who has read in his evening newspaper from time to time that Canada is providing mooring mast facilities for the R100 would be quite within the realm of logical reasoning if he decided in his mind that a mooring mast is nothing more or less than a long rod of steel reaching toward the sky—or a structure which resembles picture postcards of the Eiffel Tower, plus a good aerograph through which dirigibles run loop their hitching ropes and take off. If he has driven out the Chambly Highway from Montreal, a distant view of the tower from the road confirms this impression. An Eiffel Tower in the middle of a field, perhaps a little machinery in the base of the tower and a circular staircase from top to bottom to enable passengers to reach terra firma—that would seem to fill the bill of requirements for a junior partner in the enterprise of Empire Air Transport. But no.

Instead of this simple picture one finds a scientifically planned base-building below the mast itself, and in this building a series of machines and mechanical devices by means of which one man or at most two seated on the balconies of the tower, 200 feet above, may moor giant dirigibles merely by the manipulation of buttons and levers. Gargantuan winches, brakes, transformers, motors and control devices, adjusted to move large areas inch at a time, if needs be, combine to make the ground floor a maze of machines. Here in these huge bays you will find the winches which, when hitched by cables to an airship standing 500 feet above the landing field, will bring the liner alongside the tower top by the manipulation of control systems of finger-touch delicacy. Here you will find powerful air brakes which, when thrown into control of the winches, will prevent any swerving of the taut cables reaching out to hold the dirigible aloft while in complete control of those on the ground. Here you will find the huge motors which can hurl in or slacken off a ship's cables at the touch of a steering officer's finger. Here you will find fuelling devices, the scientific arrangements of which almost beggar my description. Here you will find conveniences for the comfort of passengers for their embarkation and landing, to compare with those of any pier where a Mauretania docks.

"Here She Comes!"

THE best perspective from which to view this assembling of mechanical and scientific device is to picture the day when the R100 comes to town and to station ourselves in the tower at the moment when the cry "Here she comes!" goes up as the giant liner parts her nose toward the field from the river ten miles away. First you will catch the picture of this huge blimp floating gracefully above the field, her engines tuned down to a gentle thrum as she noses into the wind and her commander orders the mooring and tow cables cut from the nose. These cables are dropped. They are taken by hordes on the ground and are fastened to three other cables which reach out from the tower building, two from the ground level, one from the summit of the mast. At the moment when these cables are joined the commander of the R100 will cease to be in charge of his ship, as his duties will be taken over by Commander Pressey of the Royal Canadian Navy who, as the Mooring Officer, will operate controls from his station atop the tower.

Of these cable lines two are called tow cables. They reach from the dirigible to the ground where they will be joined to similar cables which run through cement anchored snatch blocks into the base of the building and thence to the winches which control them. The purpose of these cables is to guide direction of movement of the dirigible and to hold her bow steady into the wind. The third cable is the mooring cable. It, too, after being thrown from the nose of the airship will be hitched to another cable from the mast. The third cable leading from the mast however—makes its exit from the apex whither it has been led up a runway from its controlling winch at the ground. Passing up the entire height of the steel trellis it emerges through the centre of a telescopic arm, thence being permitted to fall to the ground to meet the airship's mooring line. Once the three pairs of cables are joined the movement of levers at Commander Pressey's control station will set the winches at



One of the three mooring winches on the ground floor of the tower. The three winches can haul the R100 to safety in the teeth of a sixty-mile gale

Continued on page 42

MacLean's Magazine, May 15, 1930

The Inca's Bowl

By N. de Bertrand Lugrin

Illustrated by JOHN F. CLYMER

A romantic story of the Inca's White Princess and the Chief who confounded the unbeliever

I had never seen Aird excited about anything before. A thin, phlegmatic Scotsman with a tight-lipped mouth and a dour but kindly face, he was always matter-of-fact and I never gave him credit for any curious imaginature. Everlastingly poking fun at me and at story writers generally, one thing, however, he had insisted upon since I had first known him: that there was more in the marvellous in rest for than there is in the most fanciful romance, and that he had proved it for himself over and over.

He was taking a set of batteries, wiring and incandescent lights to an Indian chief at Nootka, and we travelled by the steamer which served the west coast of Vancouver Island. He had invited me to go along, promising me an experience out of the ordinary. We sat on deck aft of the pilot house, speeding gaily before a following wind, and he gave me the introduction to what was coming.

Most of the Indians around this coast have a collection of extraordinary legends in which they believe absolutely. They have to do mostly with the early days of the Spanish and other navigators, and Aird recounted to me the yarn of the ghost ship which is supposed to visit San Josef Bay.

"On a certain night in the full of the moon—you know that part of things. It comes sailing in and stops at the mouth of the bay. I've heard a dozen Indians speak of it, swear they've seen it, and two or three white men."

"How about you?" I hazarded.

He laughed. "I haven't got the gift of second sight, though my old Highland nurse had it, and it's common enough thing among the Scotch peasantry. No, I watched with Ewena till midnight, once. He declared it was there, but I saw nothing but fog and moonlight. However, we're going to see something now. I've already had a glimpse of it. According to Chief Ewena it's connected with the ghost ship of San Josef."

"A Spanish ship, of course."

He nodded. "Up from Peru at the time or shortly after the conquest of Pizarro. Gone down there for treasure, perhaps, and been disappointed, then heard of the sea otter pelts to be had around here. Or maybe intending to go much further south and blown out of its course, as many a ship was in those days. Well, the upshot of it was that when it dropped anchor in the bay the Indians headed Ewena chanted by one of his ancestors who was a great chief, went out in their canoes to investigate, somebody insulted the chief, weapons were drawn, and the whole shipful crew murdered. There was a white woman on board and her life they spared. Ewen dwells upon the merciful kindness displayed by his ancestor to this woman, who of course was young and beautiful. He established her in a lodge of her own, gave her slaves to wait upon her and treated her like a queen. Eventually he married her, Ewena would have me believe, in entire accord with her wishes. He's very proud of his white grandmother."

"Never got away from the savages, I suppose?"

"Didn't want to, insists my good Indian friend. But the mystery to me is this: how did a white woman get aboard a ship coming up from Peru? In all the stories I've read of those days—and one does read, living up here ten months out of the year, for one likes to find out all about those Spanish ships who had such a lot to do with the early days of this coast—there's never been a mention of a white woman in Peru at all. Ewena dictates we're going to find out all about that."

And this battery affair?"

But Aird hadn't come to that. I was dying a bit of curiosity, not for from San Josef a month or more ago, his pipe had gone out and he lit it again, cutting up to hold it in the hawl of his hands and then to stretch back in his chair. And I came across an upthrusting wall of rock which I started to climb, fidding my feet in the crevices and using my hammer to make foothold where necessary. Suddenly the iron struck hollow, and looking closely I could see that a slab of rock had evidently been fitted into some time or other. It was not very long time before at any rate, for moss covered the whole thing, and bits of liquorice fern.

"I got down to my hammer there to see and set to work with the result that I finally uncovered a neat hollow in the rock, running back about four feet and perhaps three feet in diameter. Within it was a box or chest of very neat workmanship, with a design on the top of a llama, which is, as you know, the mountain sheep of the Andes, and a ring on each side of it.

"I couldn't get the thing down without help, so I made off and brought a couple of Indians back with me. I might have known better. They wouldn't touch it. Wouldn't even look at it. They thought I'd found an old grave, and you know an Indian won't disturb anything like that, for fear of the spirits of the dead visiting him with all kinds of horrors. So I had to rig up as an ape with a rope and lower it myself.

"The box was not locked, and there was nothing in it but a piece of pottery, except for the dust of some cloth which must once have wrapped it. It's a beautiful thing. Sets up on a pedestal. Must be frightfully old.

"Two days later I went down to Nootka and there I met old Ewena and told him of my discovery. He seemed to know all about it and claimed it as his own. He says it was left there four hundred years ago by his 'white grandmother.' No use arguing with him. I'd found it on his property and couldn't very well walk off with it. But Ewena is a good friend of mine. He says I can have it later. He wants to show me how it works." Aird got quiet-stretched inclining legs and stood before me, his hands in his coat pockets.

"But the battery, the battery," I insisted.

"Well, you see this bowl doesn't show up at all unless there's a light inside of it. A candle isn't strong enough and a lamp won't do."

"And of course they've not got electric light."

Aird roared with laughter. "Electric light at Friendly Cove! Man alive, the Indians up there are living just as they did four hundred years ago. Same old charkscame old customs, medicine men and all. None of 'em christianized. And there's another thing. You've heard of the Stick Indians of the Interior?"

"You mean the fellows who are supposed to have the Evil Eye?"

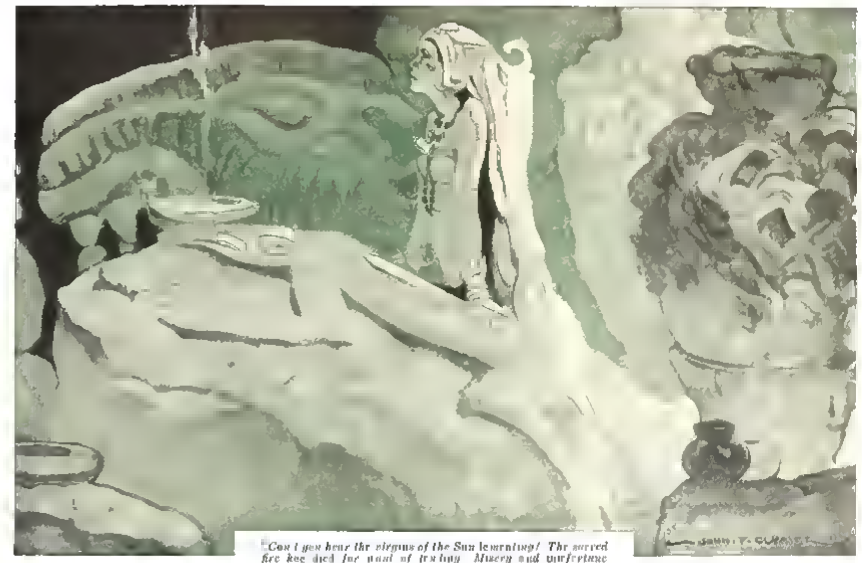
"Something like that. Well, Ewena's a coast Indian all right, but he's got some sort of mesmeric power. He paused, clenched his teeth on his pipe and grinned down at me quizzically. "Or I bet. He's never used it on me yet. If he's tried it, hasn't worked, but I've seen him hypnotize a whole circle of Siwashes, make them do anything."

"More and more interesting."

"You bet it is. Do you know anything about Peru, Harry? Anything about the Incas?"

"Not much," I admitted. "Who does? Of course I've read Prescott, and several yarns fascinating stuff."

Ewena knows an astonishing lot. You'd think the Conquest had happened in his lifetime. He says the stories have been handed down since the advent of this ghost ship and the white girl. Item I think to say, but only in his family. He's very jealous of his knowledge. As a matter of fact, there's a Spanish priest who's been up the coast here several times visiting the missions, and he's made a lot of Ewena. Wanted to teach him to read, but the chief wouldn't learn. Thought it beneath his dignity. A great old fellow, Ewena. Proud as Lucifer. Good looking, too. If his ancestor resembled him, his white grandmother didn't find him such a hardship perhaps."



"Can I get hear the virgins of the Sun lamenting? The sacred fire has died for want of fuel. Misery and misfortune must fall upon the Inca."

We reached Nootka about five o'clock and Ewena was waiting for us at his gas boat to take us to Friendly Cove. He stood up amidships and hailed Aird with the Indian salutation, and he made a picturesque silhouette sharply against the evening sky, tall and straight as a tree. I shouldn't have thought him even middle-aged. His face was ruined by his raven black. Dressed carelessly in brown overalls, canvas shoes and a khaki work shirt open at the throat, he could not have chosen anything that would have suited his tawny skin better. When he smiled I could see that at least he was modern enough to have had his teeth well looked after, gold filled and with a solid gold one near the front. His boat was good enough, with a nice cabin.

"Looks prosperous?" I whispered to Aird, who replied that Ewena had more property than any other chief on the coast.

That he was fond of Aird I sensed at once. But he looked askance at me and merely granted an acknowledgment of Aird's introduction. He could speak English as well as either of us, but his first words were in his own language. I can understand Chinook but not the Ahtlangur. He said something about *klah-choo-chin*, a stranger, meaning me. Then he questioned me.

"*Ji nesah-kutlorkshil-sose?*"

"From Vancouver!" Aird answered for me. "He's an old friend."

"*Hhopta mook kumm*," muttered Ewena, steering straight ahead, while under his hands the engine chugged and the gas boat gained speed.

He says," translated Aird, refusing to be drawn into a conversation in which I could not join, "that this is all to be kept secret. You know that, don't you, Harry?"

I assented quickly and after that Ewena spoke English when he spoke at all, which was merely in answer to Aird or his questions.

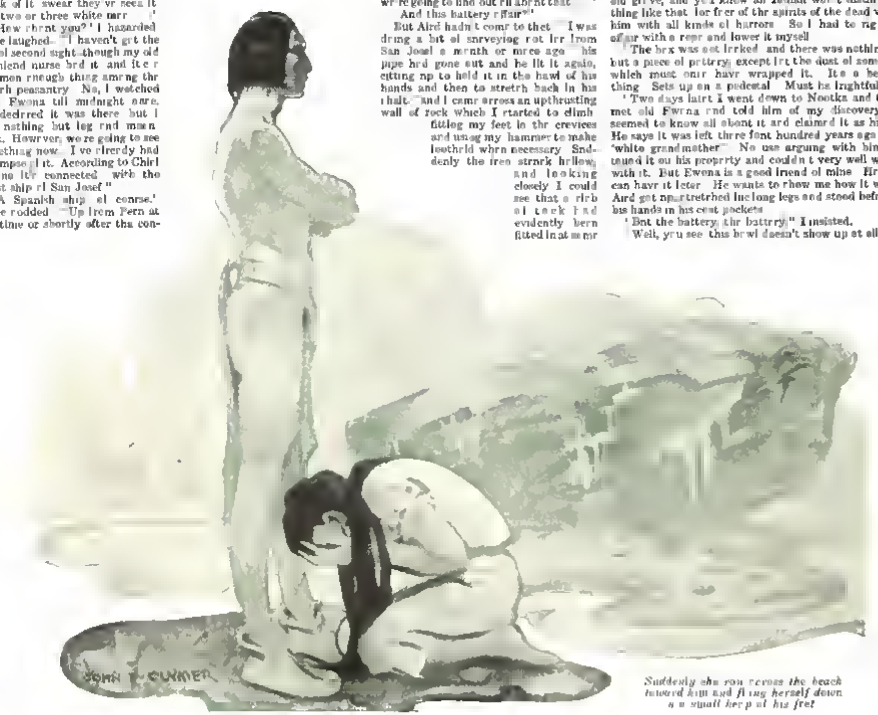
Friendly Cove is only a few minutes run from the anmorages at Nootka. It is an Indian village and is associated with the history of the Pacific Northwest since its earliest days. It was here that the Spaniards came in 1790 and made the English captain Meares haul down the British flag and surrender his boat; thereby almost precipitating war between Spain and England. It was here that the famous chief Maquinna, a colorful figure who moves in and out of the pages of west-coast romance, had his headquarters. Here came all the fur-trading ships of the nations. Every man connected with the exploring and charting of these waters says Kerr Nootka and Friendly Cove as places of good anchorage and good Indians. Deservedly, as history bears out, the natives did not live up to this reputation, but Nootka Sound has always been a magnificent, deep anchorage and Friendly Cove worthy of its name when the winds blow strong from the southwest.

It was a quiet, sunny midsummer evening. We glided past the headlands which look like the turrets of a castle, and anchored just off a wide, shelving, curving beach, the Indian village sprawling all round it. There was no road. Grass grew between the houses and a few trees. Some scrub cattle were feeding promiscuously, but except for them the place seemed deserted. The closed shacks with their vacant windows might have been untenanted for a hundred years, so old they were and weatherbeaten. To me the moment we stepped on the beach, it was as though we had gone back a century or more and were living in past history. So I said to Aird, and he laughed.

"You would feel that, but you should see it when they all come here. They've gone to the fishing now. It can be lively enough and noisy enough."

Ewena took the lead, gliding with long strides a few feet ahead. We didn't talk much. I could hear the beat of the surf on the other side of the cove where the towering breakers of the Pacific roll endlessly in. But we kept to the lee side, through timber land where it was almost dark, through weeds hip-high with bracken and tangled blackberry underfoot. Then we skirted the border of a lake hidden away in a circle of trees and left it to return to the beach. Presently Ewena pointed ahead and we saw an old lodge standing quite by itself, an ancient totem in front of it, leaning to one side. A few little second-growth firs lent it a pleasant background.

Continued on page 58



Suddenly she ran across the beach toward him and flung herself down in a small heap at his feet.



The Unquestioned Alibi

Illustrated by
BERT CALDWELL

The story of the solving of another notorious murder mystery as revealed by the official records of the North-West Mounted Police

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH and HENRY VERNON



Everything had been charred and smoked past recognition and the grimy searchers, groping on hands and knees through layers of soot and mud, were upheld by no special hopes

WHEN a small town anywhere is lifted from its every day obscurity into the spotlight of modern publicity its inhabitants may be expected to behave abnormally for a while.

Yevo was no exception. In the spring of 1926 this small Saskatchewan village showed all the signs of the feverish excitement that filled its every corner. Yevo is a bit of old Galicia, a community of families related by tongue and also by marriage, close and reticent and lonely in a large land. One Anglo-Saxon in Yevo's midst would be conspicuous, two a portent and a cause for suspicion. But on that April morning there were whole groups of strangers hurrying about, asking unintelligible questions to which the villagers replied with a shake of the head. A murder was bad enough but these young fellows poking into everything, laughing, writing things down in notebooks were worse. But the breezy newspaper reporters need not be feared so much as the close-mouthed Mounted Police. They could do things to one, so Yevo huddled about its doorsteps and wondered what would happen next.

For there had been a murder, and not only one murder but six! Six people of their little community wiped out at a blow, the whole Manchur family and John Lychehuk, Mrs. Manchur's brother. It was as mysterious as a blow from heaven. The Galicians looked askance at each other. The murderer was in their midst, very likely, but who could he be? Worse still to have the stern-faced man in the bulky sheepskin coat ask that question. Where everything was mystery and suspicion it was best to keep quiet. So Constable Day who had been sent over from the nearest Mounted Police detachment found himself confronted by a wall of silence, and as is very well known silence in a foreign language can be very silent indeed.

Wholesale Murder

PERSISTENCE at length uncovered the salient facts. John Manchur, the father of the murdered man, Prokop Manchur, had noticed from a distance that his son's farmhouse was afire. At the same time a blaze on the farm of Steven Takahone, a quarter of a mile south, was discovered. This was between midnight and one o'clock on the morning of April 6. John Manchur hurried to his son's farm but the fire had already got control of the house, the stables and the granary. With the aid of the arriving neighbors a house window was broken open and the body of John Lychehuk was discovered and dragged out. Someone noticed that there was a hole in his forehead, a bullet hole to be sure, and searching they found another bullet wound in his chest. His body had been slightly burned.

By now the fire was too hot to do anything further; nothing had been seen of the rest of the Manchurs. Next morning the fears of the community were confirmed.

Constable Day arrived before the ruins had ceased smoldering. His interest lay less in the cluster of newspaper men and the huddling Galicians than in the evidence before him, and he went at once to exploring it for the secret. Of the Manchur farmhouse, the stable with its eight animals, the granary, nothing remained but the floor and one wall of the single-story domicile. Steven Takahone's barn with its animals and granary had been similarly consumed. A preliminary survey of these premises promised little, but by this time two other Mounted Policemen had joined Day and the real investigation began.

The Manchur log cabin had been divided into two rooms with a small hall separating them. The only door opened into the hall from which one could go into the living room at the right, which was also the bedroom for the family, or into the kitchen at the left where Mrs. Manchur's brother, John Lychehuk, slept. Beneath the living room was a cellar.

The household had consisted of Prokop Manchur and his wife, Mary, with their three daughters, Paulina, aged twenty, Onona, fifteen, and a child of three, together with Lychehuk. It was now cool enough to search the ruins and they gave up the badly charred bodies of Prokop, Paulina and Onona upstairs, while Mrs. Manchur and the child were found lying huddled together at the foot of the ladder leading to the cellar. Bullet wounds were discovered in all five, through head or heart or lungs. The mother only had escaped instant death, the wounds in her arms received presumably while trying to protect her child, being slight, but she had fallen or been pushed through the cellar door and her skull had been fractured on the stones below. Curiously enough for so late at night in a rural community, these victims had been fully dressed. Lychehuk had on his shirt, trousers and underwear, though he had taken off shoes and socks. The frenzied murderer who had discharged his rifle twice into each victim had taken the pains even to shoot the oxen escaping from the burning stable. Clearly the law was to match its wits with either a madman or an irredeemably brutal destroyer.

The newcomers from the Mounted Police detachment had foreseen linguistic difficulties and had brought a reliable interpreter with them, and armed with him and their official status, the three men arrived bit by bit at a complete account of the movements and associations of the Manchur household on the previous evening.

Reconstructing The Crime

THE fifth of April, it developed, had been a day of religious observance among the Galicians. That evening the bells of their small church rang out to call the faithful together. Old John Manchur, together with his son Prokop's wife and their daughter Onona, wended their way to the church a mile and a quarter south of the Manchur home. Although twenty persons had assembled the minister failed to appear. So the congregation conducted the service for themselves, finishing about 10.30.

John Lychehuk, also at church, started home with his people and on the way the party stopped at a neighbor's to get warm. Others dropped in for the same purpose and it was eleven o'clock before the Manchurs started home. Lychehuk could not be persuaded to leave at once, the warming up evidently being agreeable, and it was nearly 11.30 before he departed. Mike Syroishka and Pete Cheremeta left with him.

The destinations of the three men lay north of their stopping place, and the trail soon branched off like a three-pronged fork. Mike Syroishka lived with his brother-in-law a mile and a half out the northwest prong; Pete Cheremeta took the northeast prong; and



At last his expression changed, brightened. "Prime!" he cried only 'you've given me a theory. See if you can dig up the coroner for me. He won't like it, but he'll like it still less if my hunch is right.'

Lychehuk pursued the middle prong for three quarters of a mile before coming to Steven Takahone's where the second fire had occurred, then beyond for another quarter mile to Prokop Manchur's farm. Actually the three men had only been together for a few yards before swinging off on their respective trails, but this was important to establish since Mike and Pete were the last people to see Lychehuk alive, and also they were able to assure Day that it was fully 11.30 at night before Lychehuk had left them.

The fire had been first noticed at about midnight. As Mike and Pete were certain of their 11.30 parting with Lychehuk, and as he was one of the victims, it required little calculation to fix the probable time of the murders. The trail from the point where Lychehuk left his two companions to Prokop's house was a mile long. The state of the trail at that season was so bad that—as an actual test corroborated—it could not have been covered at a normal pace in less than twenty minutes. It was fairly obvious that the murderer had waited for Lychehuk to arrive and had then shot the entire household, fired the building, stable, and granary, killing the oxen, and then hastened south to Takahone's place where he had started two more fires.

But if this were so it had required fast working. By the most generous allowance of error, the murderer could not have had more than a quarter hour in which to kill six people and the oxen and start five fires. It seemed incredible. Yet there were the facts. A whole congregation attested to the time the church service had finished, the length of stay at the neighbor's place was only slightly less definite, the distance of the trails could not be gainsaid. Mystifying as it was, Constable Day and his comrades felt pleased to be able to pin down the times and the movements of the principals so accurately. Furthermore, no stranger had been observed in that neighborhood so quick to arouse the outsider. It seemed more than probable, therefore, that this wholesale murder and arson had been committed by someone living in the vicinity. The pity was that he had been so thorough, but he had taken the time to clinch each horrible deed, one bullet in the chest and then one on the head to make sure, or vice versa, and even the fires had been carefully kindled despite his hasty hand. There was but one avenue left open: more questioning on lines of greater delicacy and difficulty to disclose motives, to discover if it was for money or from hatred or fear or revenge that the family was wiped out. The Mounted Policemen now set about an exhaustive review of the Manchur household history through their interpreter, of course, and soon discovered that it was only necessary to *chercher la femme* to alight on a promising trail.

A Clue and a Suspect

FOURTEEN years earlier old John Manchur, then nearly sixty, had come from Galicia to Canada and settled at his present location. One year later his son, Prokop, had brought his family to the next quarter section. The news they sent home was so good that a married daughter of old John's induced her husband, Steven Takahone, to emigrate and take up land on the same section. The three houses were only three hundred yards apart. In due season Prokop's brother-in-law, John Lychehuk, arrived from Galicia and took up quarters in the Prokop home. About the same time Prokop's eldest daughter, Pauline, married Mike Syroishka.

It was about this stage of the story that the Mounted Policemen began to take heart, for little by little the details of unpleasantness in the Syroishka home came to light. As an upshot of ill-treatment and at the instigation of her father, Paulina returned to her parents after three years of married life.

The strained relations growing out of the marital quarrels and the separation intensified rather than diminished as time went on. There was a money muddle in which Syroishka claimed that Prokop was indebted to him for $100, a charge which Prokop denied. Threats verged upon physical violence. Syroishka began to carry a revolver for defense as he claimed, but Prokop feared something else and in the end had his son-in-law arrested. After that incident Syroishka was heard to say openly that he would kill the entire Manchur family. It looked very much to the constable in charge that one thing remained to do—to swear out a warrant for Mike's arrest on the most serious of charges.

In consideration of the difficulties met earlier in the day, the lack of direct evidence and the unwillingness of the Galicians to talk in their own language or any other, it must be admitted that the Mounted Police had worked fast. They had gone about as far as they thought proper on their authority without communicating with the detachment. At once they set about notifying their superiors and were assured that Inspector Duffus, the officer commanding nearby, would arrive as soon as possible next day.

But fast as the police had worked, the local coroner worked faster, and when Inspector Duffus came, bringing Staff Sergeant Frame with him, he found that the bodies had been removed from the ruins, a post-mortem—necessarily a hurried one—had taken place and burial certificates already had been issued to the surviving relatives. The officer's reaction was equally swift and direct. Tactfully but with a quite obvious firmness he convinced the coroner that his action seemed unwisely precipitate and that the burial certificates had better be recalled, the post-mortem left open and the inquest set for that same day be adjourned until further notice. Meanwhile he hastened to interview Mike Syroishka who together with the relative he lived with had been put under arrest on his orders by Day.

Syroishka attempted to deny nothing. His more than strained relations with Paulina, with Prokop, with the entire household and tribe of Manchurs he admitted were quite true. The quarrel about the money had taken place. His conviction for carrying the revolver had taken place all right. He had indeed threatened Prokop—had not everybody heard him? Only one thing he disclaimed, and that was any connection with the crime. He hadn't been near the place, he said; he hadn't even set foot on the Manchur place for a year. He swore that after leaving Lychehuk and Cheremeta, he had gone straight home to his relative's, the Steleniuks, arriving about midnight. Everyone but his mother was asleep. He had a bite to eat and on stepping outside for a moment before retiring had seen the reflection of a fire to the east. His mother's excitement had wakened the rest of the household and they debated the advisability of going to see where the fire was. For himself he didn't care to go—it was too late to run to fires—and finally the rest decided not to either. Next morning a neighbor's boy told them whose place it was that had burned down. He was sorry for Takahone, who was his friend.

INSPECTOR DUFFUS listened with growing concern to this outpouring. If true it destroyed the case which had seemed so simple and direct. The Steleniuk household corroborated the important features of the affair. When asked how he was so sure about the time, Syroishka said that his mother had asked him what time it was and he noticed that the alarm clock registered exactly midnight. To the inspector the alarm clock was not so convincing, for it has often proved extremely simple to put the hands of a clock ahead, call attention to the time, and then return them at a later hour. But the Galician was clearly not acting. He was perfectly willing to show the clothes he had worn the night before and they showed no signs of smoke, fire, or blood.

In addition to the now almost childlike willingness of

Continued on page 50



Minister of Finance forty years ago member of seven Dominion cabinets, Sir George Foster at eighty-three is a living link with the Dominion's political past

Right Honorable Sir George Foster of whom Mr O'Leary says "No man ever rose at a desk in Parliament who could more superbly play upon the emotions of a party"

The Last of THE OLD GUARD

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

WHEN THE Macdonald Laurier era passed away it left a tradition. That tradition is the Right Honorable Sir George Foster. Entering upon his eighty-third year, he is the ripe fruit of nearly half a century of public life, the last of Sir John A.'s Old Guard. Canada's Perpetual Politician.

When Sir George Foster came into the world, Lord Elgin was governing Canada. Victoria was but in the morning of her reign. Wellington was still alive. Gladstone and Disraeli were barely heard of. Away back in 1871, before Mackenzie King or Arthur Meighen was born, he was professor of classics and assistant literature in the University of New Brunswick two years after the Franco-Prussian war he was studying in Germany. In 1882—forty-eight years ago—he entered Parliament, and exactly forty-one years ago he was Minister of Finance.

Consider the political history Foster's span of life encompasses. Macdonald, Mackenzie, Abbott, Thompson, Bowell, Tupper, Laurier, Borden, Meighen, King. From the first to the tenth premiership. Ten names of history and his own not among them. It is one of the curiosities, if not one of the tragedies, of politics.

Yet the compensation of a great achievement remains with him. If his twilight years be haunted by ghosts of lost opportunities, if he thinks of himself as the man who was always only potential, he may console himself by reflection upon his unique record. It is the record—equalled by no man in any British country—of having served in the cabinets of seven Prime Ministers.

Always the Fighting Captain

SIR GEORGE began as Minister of Finance under John A. Macdonald. He remained in that office with Abbott, Thompson, Bowell and Tupper. was Minister of Trade and Commerce under Borden and Meighen. If he was listed never to be commander-in-chief he was always the fighting captain.

Foster launched his parliamentary career as an Independent Conservative. Actually he was a prohibitionist first, a politician afterward. Like Newton Wesley Rowell, who was against him in the famous Bible libel suit but who later became his colleague, Foster in his youth won a crusader for temperance. He went up and down the Maritimes thundering against the saloon, a sort of Protestant Father Matthew and his first great speech in Parliament in 1883 was in support of a prohibition resolution.

Parliament did not accept prohibition. It did accept Foster. Two years later, while he was still in his thirties and before Laurier had become leader of the Liberal Party, Blake did not retire until 1887—he entered Macdonald's cabinet. In 1888, when he was forty-one he became Minister of Finance.

He owed his promotion to his eloquence. In a day when oratory was still a parliamentary art, when the House of Commons knew the mighty march of a Blake, the silver tongue of a Laurier, the recording invective of a Cartwright and the theatrical passion of a Chapleau, Foster could cross swords with them all. He had not Blake's range of mind, his grasp and marshalling of intricate detail, he could not play on crowds with the rhetoric and magnetism of Laurier; but he had distinctive qualities of his own which gave him mastery of Parliament. A duel between Cartwright and Foster was a parliamentary event. That "lean and hungry Cassius" was the way Cartwright referred to him and Foster with a tongue as bitter as any that the House of Commons has seen, lashed back with phrases that flashed and scored like lightning.

A Master of Satire

FOSTER in those days was no reporter of persons. A master of satire he would dance at the dull pomposities of Blake; scoff at the most venerable of Liberal front benchers, refer to Laurier as "that man with the English head and the French heart." His assaults upon the great French-Canadian seat-trred throughout Hansard, are among the few great philippics in our literature of politics.

He was never a great executive—not even under Macdonald. Minister of Finance for years, there is not one achievement in his regime that strikes conveniently in the memory. He fathered the present Bank Act, borrowed money successfully in England, took some steps to further trade with the West Indies; but did little more. Always the Prophet, he was never the Man of Action. He could rise anywhere at any time and translate logic and economics into ethical emotion. But finance unfortunately was not a matter of emotion or of oratorical periods, or the right hand descending on the left. It was the matter of urgent business.

There was a day when he almost grasped the premiership. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, past amiable rival, rose, lacked the qualities of leadership. He was intellectually inferior to Foster, was incomparably less able as a parliamentarian, lacked his prestige and experience. But Foster somehow fell short. He just missed the prize.

This was the episode of the "Nest of Traitors." On January 2, 1896, two days after Parliament had met, and with the Speech from the Throne mentioned by the whole ministry, delivered seven of Bowell's ministers walked out of his cabinet. At their head was Foster. It was then Chief poor Bowell indignant and a little bewildered, declared that he had been living in a "nest of traitors."

Foster, speaking for the bolters, declared to Parliament that they had not resigned because of any difference of principle; they had simply lost confidence in their chief's capacity. Those who were on the inside charged against them that they had realized how perilous a task they faced in carrying the Remedial Bill, that ill-fated measure by which it was sought to disallow a Manitoba provincial statute abolishing separate schools and which was responsible for the Conservative debacle in the election that followed; and were unwilling to attempt it unless under a leader who would make it possible to rekindle party loyalty and revive party discipline, or else under a leader younger than Bowell or Tupper. Foster was younger than both of them.

Continued on page 54

Has the Chain Grocery Store Come to Stay?

An analysis of the phenomenal rise of chain-store retailing of foodstuffs in Canada and its effect on the consumer's pocketbook

By B. T. HUSTON



TEN years ago the chain grocery store in Canada was an unknown quantity. In 1929 fourteen chain store companies operating 1,337 units in Ontario and Quebec sold $80,000,000 worth of goods.

In a certain town in Ontario with a population under 15,000 there are today eight fewer independent grocers on the main street than there were four years ago. In another country more than three times as large twenty independents have disappeared from the chief shopping sections during the same length of time. Surrending them in each case, are units of large corporate chain organizations operated by central control in offices seventy or eighty miles away.

The existence of these obscure doings such a tremendous volume of business means that tens of thousands and even hundreds of thousands of the consuming public are patronizing them, if not for all their food requirements for a considerable percentage.

In most instances, the people who buy from them are doing with less service in delivery and credit. Not only that, but on account of the peculiar type of construction of many stores some are actually doing the work of the retail store salesmen by assembling their own goods from the shelving and tables.

Is the public which does its shopping in this type of establishment getting what it thinks it is? Does it secure better quality goods, displayed in a more pleasing way and at lower prices? Why is it content to become the parkhorse, as it were, in place of the merchant and his staff?

The chains have not only made rapid progress in this country in the last decade but surrealist sales figures from month to month and year to year show that their trade is growing. Does this mean the extermination of the small independent retailer? Is there a place for him in the scheme of things with the chain so much in the distribution picture? Can he survive the pace?

These are some of the questions that I have set out to discuss, but before going into them in detail it is advisable that we turn back a few pages in retail history to determine just why food chains came into existence and why they have grown so fast.

Independents versus Department Stores

TWENTY years ago in Canada the bugbear of the small retailer was the large department store with its grocery section and the small order houses. These institutions were operating efficiently, and because of their huge buying power were in a position to purchase practically all their goods direct from the manufacturer at jobbers' prices and sell them at prices lower than those of the independents. They were good advertisers and good all round merchandisers. There was a constant struggle on the part of the small retailer to get more favorable terms in his buying so as to be in a position to compete better in his selling prices. Many aggressive independents at that time who were developing their business along lines different to those of the department store and the mail-order house were more than holding their own in the competition. But the other type was slipping. Small local groups of them tried to get together to purchase in larger quantities with a consequent bigger discount believing that in buying less about their salvation.

On one occasion, some fifteen years ago, I recall forming part of a delegation of retail and wholesale grocers that visited the president of a large soap manufacturing concern for the express purpose of asking him to raise his price on laundry soap to the trade. The reason advanced was that the big department stores were selling soap at six bars for a quarter because of their buying preference. The deputation pointed out that if the trade price was raised to a certain figure these concerns couldn't make any money at six for a quarter and would have to charge the consumer five cents straight—and their plea was granted.

The buying pools, however, made little headway—



Above: The idea "Sell Yourself" has been implemented to the point where the shopper actually does the work of the retail store salesman by assembling her purchases from the shelving and tables

Left: Low-cost chains add life to old main streets and many independent merchants say they'll be lucky to get a good chain store because it helps them to attract buyers

Individuals in them frequently overbought in order to make up the proper-sized order or because a competitor took a certain quantity. Many of them lost sight of the fact that buying was only one small part of the successful operation of a grocery store—that display, store appearance, selling courtesy and merchandising were equally important.

Wholesalers too were charged by retailers with securing too big a profit margin thus making it all the more difficult for the earnest grocer to compete. Every city had its quota of jobbers. They sent out an army of

Continued on page 69

The TYRANTS

In which frail Eve invades a masculine Eden and a rebel learns the meaning of brotherly love

By BERYL GRAY

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE



She would not forget that night when he had seized her by the shoulders, almost roughly, at the foot of the stairs. "If you'd only married me!"

OUT of the stillness of the autumn night a violent assault, a series of staccato explosions an agonized rattle—and dead silence.

Jack Rainsford rolled over in the darkness and pulled the thick grey blankets more closely about his ears. Confound that wretched kid! Rackrutting home in the old horseshaker at this ungodly hour. What was it? Two, anyway; he'd be banned. Waking the family with his nonsense. From the next room he heard Charles' low rumble of annoyance. And Henry, too—if he were thoroughly aroused there'd be the devil to pay.

He sat up suddenly, and his square brown face grew intent. He listened almost unbelievingly a moment. And then, slipping quietly to the floor, he moved softly out into the hall and turned the handle of his brother's door. "Cherl!" There was an incredulous throb of hatred in his voice. "I'll swear the kid's got a woman with him down there!"

"Rats!" Somewhere out of the blackness there was a swift movement, a groan of bedsprings and a second pair of long pajama-clad legs swung outward.

"Listen!"

Through the quiet of the rambling old farmhouse came another thud, heavy padded footsteps down the long passage, and the sudden gleam of a flashlight through the room.

"Hear that?" A third deep voice was harsh with outrage. "I just saw them. Barney's bringing a woman into this house!"

Three faces gleamed palely, tensely in the dire light, waiting and listening to stealthy sounds below. Silence and three pairs of sharp ears were strained to catch the faintest murmur. And then Charles clutched Jack's arm and whispered, and there were even more stealthy movements. A grim smile played about three firm-set lips.

"Just a minute." Barney's voice was a mere whisper. "For gosh sakes don't let a woke the boys now. I'll light the lamp."

Silence again. A fumbling in the narrow room beneath the eaves, and a sudden clutch of low illumination. Barney turned the smoking wick carefully and gave a jump of swift alarm.

"Hal!" Henry's voice was curtly exultant. "You thought so.

Humph." Charles' bright blue eyes held piercing depths. "You're out of luck!"

"Good gosh!" Jack shook his black curly head. "You devil!"

Barney's grey eyes were wide and frightened as he looked from one to the other of those three grim faces—those faces which inspired a certain terror he could never forsake. Three faces stern and set. Three strong pajama-clad figures in a row on the bed.

Grey eyes in a thin young face, dark sandy hair, a body lean with the rapid growth of his eighteen years. Barney flung an awkward arm about the girl who clutched his coat—who stood in still white terror at those apparitions risen from the darkness.

"Who—" Henry pointed an accusing finger at the slender, shrinking form. "—is that person?"

"What," Charles' eyes swept over the mop of red-gold curls, the pale little face. "—do you think your home is?"

"How?" Jack sprang to his feet. But Barney interrupted him fiercely. Jack, of them all, he hated for his virile strength and dominance. Henry and Charles had always been very much to be obeyed. But Jack was only five years his senior and had no right.

"You shut up!" His voice was tense. "Lucy here's my wife and you might as well get used to the idea."

"Your what?" It was a simultaneous outburst.

"I told you once didn't I?" A low defiance. "My wife! Want me to spell it. W—i—f—"

"Hold your tongue," Henry rapped. He also rose to his feet, tall and lean and muscular, dark eyes beneath his stiff black hair long jaw out-thrust. "You mean you've married this—"

He surveyed her from the top of her bare head down the length of her scanty blue coat; to her rotten stockings and thin shoes. "This individual beside you?"

Yes, he has." The girl flashed with sudden courage, out of Barney's silence.

"Who asked you to talk?" Charles' fair, freckled and thirkart...wrinkled his crooked nose in disdain.

Without even an introduction? Jack's blue eyes were resentful.

This time the silence held, and only Barney's arm tightened. His other hand rought cold, trembling fingers that clutched at him desperately.

"When did you marry this—er—wife and where?" Henry demanded. "Speak up, boy!"

"S afternoon." It was little more than a low mumble. "Fornside."

"Face. You have to sneak to a town fifty miles away where you think you can pass as a man. Preserve us! Well, why did you marry her? Tell us that."

Barney's arm tightened savagely. "Because I—I—" but he shrank from that gaze. "Because she's alone in the world." He amended—and the pasple on the form where she worked were rough to her. "Her name is Lucy."

"Help!" Jack sank back on the bed. "Yaa bringing a—" But there was a certain breeding behind all the Rainsford's even if sadly disgraced at times and he could not quite bring himself to express his distaste at hired women's help in her presence. But Barney was quick to catch the implication. "Well what are you, anyway?"

"Shut up." Henry was curt. His light eyes pierced the girl. "Did you force my brother to marry you?"

"No." Both young voices were sharp and indignant. "The girl wheeled about. "What's more he said he loved me—and now he as much as says it was just pity. If I'd known that, I'd never have."

"Aw, gee!" Barney grew red. "You know I do. But they—they don't seem to be able to understand things like that."

"No, we'd expect you to marry a girl because you hated her. Or just as sensible," Jack laughed shortly. "Well what are you going to do about it now?"

"Get as far from you as—"

"How are you going to get away?" Henry asked abruptly. "Answer me that." He pointed to the girl. "What did he tell you about that end of it? Yes!" His eyes held a sardonic light. "You thought you'd some whining lie us to start you up somewhere. Anything to get out of school next week eh?"

"It wasn't. You know I'm through with that. I'll you'll need me five hundred."

"Five hundred!" Charles gasped. "My lord, and where will you get them?"

"To the nearest," coldly.

"Yes? Dig sewers? Or were you thinking of applying for city councillor?"

"Oh, be quiet!" Barney swallowed with difficulty. "Why can't you leave me alone. You're beasts—to sneak like this. Get out of here. You've got no business here on your own ground, for heaven's sake. We've been driving hours and Lucy's tired."

"That may be." Henry was dangerously quiet. "You're a fool, Barney. We'll go into this thoroughly in the morning. Here let's see the license first."

Barney dug into his pocket flung a sheet of paper across the room. "Rotten, suspicious you are!" He choked with wrath.

Henry handed the paper back. "Thanks. But one can't credit you with intelligence, the way you've flunked your exams these last two years. You're not fit to marry anyone—that end of it alone. Well, You'll both stay here of course. There's nothing else you can do yet. This—er—young woman—can look after the house for us; he'll see that way at least. Shut up! We'll treat her well enough. And you'll skip back to high school, Latreen—or will we."

Charles and Jack gazed astonished. Benevolence from Henry!

"Oh I won't. I won't!" There was sheer horror about Barney now. "They all knew I've quit. Gosh they'd rag me to death. I won't. Henry, don't be crazy. I won't. I tell you."

"You will!" Henry moved toward the doorway. "Come on, boys; we'll leave them now. Only remember, Barney, you can't pull anything round here without suffering for it."

"I won't go back."

"You will." Jack's black curly head showed around the door an instant. "You're too cursed scared not to."

"Don't swear." But the brief spirit of courage left him almost immediately, and he faced the white, trembling girl alone in the tiny room. "Oh, gosh, Lucy, I'm sorry. I might've known."

"I won't stay here with those beasts. I hate them all." She shrank away—but her stiff, frightened anger changed to helpless, nerve-racked tears as she saw his tortured face, heard his shaking voice. "Lucy I never knew they'd be so bad—oh please dear, don't. It won't be long honest. Lucy, they're always like that. You shouldn't pay any attention. Aw gee, you know I love you."

But you can't—" The all at once her arms went up about him. "I knew you did. But it's so awful here. Barney you will think of something soon, won't you?"

But long into the night the unhappy bridal couple lay awake and their thoughts even though they gained a certain comfort in proximity were almost paralyzed by the low, unceasing murmur of voices from the next room.

THINK of something—yes. But it was neither Barney nor his bride who did the thinking. And a week later Lucy saw her boy husband, pale and tight-lipped set out in an antiquated motor car with a pair of battered bucks slung on the seat beside him, watched as the car rattled its way over the low lying hills, and she slowly turned from the wide window, eyes pitying, defensive—and yet, somehow.

Jack, watching her from a late breakfast table, caught that expression. "Not so good, tired in a school kid, is it?" He leaned back hard and supple, his sark bare and bronzed against his blue shirt. "Will you can try me a sample more eggs." His hard, bright eyes watched her intently. "Oh—don't bother to look at me like that. Maybe you do hate me."

"Well, I do, Jack Rainsford." She leaned against the far end of the table. "You're hideous, the whole three of you." Her voice was curiously sharp.

He tapped the plate before him with a hard, brown finger. "Eggs I said—please," curtly.

Lucy's cheeks were darkly flushed. Almost furiously she splashed the eggs into the thick black frying pan on the stove. But in the bottom of her heart she was terrified of those three monsters, of their slow deep voices, their cynicism, their confident air which somehow she knew reached them above the average farmer. They were rough but not uncouth. Cruel in words, but even those who hated them were forced to admit the clean healthiness of their lives. The Rainsford boys had always been singularly aloof.

And when, thirteen years ago, Henry and Charles, seventeen and sixteen, had been left orphaned in the world, they had taken over the responsibility of the big ranch themselves and asked aid from no one, other than their sullenness. They had done a man's work. They had hired their labor as well and showed themselves hard-headed and courageous beyond their years. Kindly neighbors, who would have cared for the younger children, were definitely repulsed. The three elder boys had grown rapidly to firm manhood, and in between times they had attempted to bring up Barney with all the criticism of which they were capable. Barney, more delicate than the rest, sensitive and timid, fearing his brothers, had tried to defy them and had ended up by obeying them implicitly. And because he could not stand up for himself, they delighted in leading him a life of misery.

At eighteen they allowed him a certain independence. The aid rendered in the form of a new sedan, reposed in the big barn garage. A good suit, new shirts instead of Jack's castaways, and an increased freedom of time.

"Fool!" Henry expressed himself rarely. "And then he does this."

FOR a week new Lucy had lived, a pale unassuming shadow in the big house of the Rainsfords...the house that Cyril Rainsford thirty-five years ago had built in the first success of his ambitious and rather turbulent youth. She had moved through the shadows quietly, touching the heavy furniture with timid fingers. Making order out of a vast chaos, and living in constant dread of three deep voices.

Of course it was infinitely better than Bullens, where in answer to an advertisement, after the death of her mother to a neighboring city, she had labored for ten half-grown sons and daughters. Red and linsom young life—a mixture of coarse language and unending labor. Here the scene held a certain culture. They rarely swore and their suggestions, though in the nature of implicit demands, were couched in carefully phrased.

She had loved Barney from the first, when she had met him in her all too few spare hours of freedom. He had driven her in the moonlight far across the hills, and had talked shyly of his hopes and aspirations. Not a farmer—oh, no! Something in the business line, down in the city, somewhere by the sea which he had never seen. He had seemed big, strong, full of life, protective and understanding, infinitely different from the unsmooth murmurs which fell from the lips of the elder young male Bullens. And when in desperation she had fled from the

Continued on page 37



Three strange pajama-clad figures in a row on the bed. Barney flung an awkward arm about the girl who clutched his coat—who stood in still white terror at those apparitions risen from the darkness.



Barney had found her stumbling in the road beneath the weight of her battered suitcase and had promptly and unhesitatingly offered her the shelter of his home and care.

The Intimate Life Story of King George V

Army, fleet, munitions plants, hospitals and a rationed palace: of such was royalty's daily round during the strenuous days of the War

By RICHARD DENT



A recent portrait of Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary

IT WOULD not be fitting here to describe at length the record of the most terrible war which the world has ever seen. I can only speak of it in so far as it concerns the character of the men whose story I are writing. Because he was the King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Seas, every aspect of the war was naturally of great concern to King George. Generals and leaders had their own particular sphere of action, and in action they found relief. Ministers of State were so busy conducting the war that they had little time to think. But the King, standing aside from politics and military leadership, had to watch day by day and hour by hour the agony of his people, and that was a more difficult rôle to play than being engrossed in active service.

The King hated the war with all the hatred of a peace-maker. Those who were in close touch with affairs of State will never forget those last days of July, 1914. On July 23, the Austrian note to Serbia was presented, allowing Serbia "forty-eight hours" grace. Within the next few days Austrian troops were marching into Belgrade, and at the very end of July came the momentous interview between King George and Prince Henry of Prussia. During this interview Prince Henry, who had been on a brief visit to London, declared that the Kaiser was desirous of peace, although he was being forced into war by the military activities of France and Russia. The Prince begged King George to use his utmost influence on these latter countries, and allow Austria to carry out its punitive expedition against the Balkan States. This interview caused much controversy afterwards, for the Kaiser, writing a few days later to the President of the United States, claimed that King George had promised British neutrality. This was of course absolutely false, and was denied authoritatively.

By this time Great Britain and her Dominions had awakened to the fact that war was imminent. Each day brought the awful catastrophe nearer and nearer. On July 31, Germany declared war against Russia and sent a twelve hours' ultimatum to France. No man ever worked harder for peace than King George during those last days of July. He was at his desk all day, and took no rest except to walk round the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

On August 1 King George sent his famous message to the Tsar of Russia. No more sincere words than this plea to avert war have ever been uttered. "I cannot help thinking," he wrote, "that some misunderstanding has produced this deadlock. I am most anxious not to miss any possibility of avoiding the terrible calamity which at present threatens the whole world. I therefore make a personal appeal to you to remove the misapprehension which I feel must have occurred, and to leave still open grounds for negotiation and possible peace. If you think I can in any way contribute to that all important purpose, I will do everything in my power to assist in reopening the interrupted conversations between the Powers concerned. I feel confident that you are as anxious as I am to secure the peace of the world."

But the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" had already begun to gallop, and the news came that Germany had declared war on Russia. The solemn words of the Tsar's reply came to those waiting at Buckingham Palace, but each word made clearer the certainty of war.

"In this solemn hour I wish to assure you once more that I have done all in my power to avert war. I trust your country will not fail to support France and Russia. God bless and protect you!"

The Storm Breaks

AFTER this, it was merely a matter of hours. On August 2 the German troops invaded Luxemburg; on August 3, the Belgian Government refused the demand of German occupation and "assisted passage" to German troops. On the same day German soldiers crossed the Belgian frontier, and on August 4 fighting began, and Great Britain declared war on Germany.

On August 9, the British Expeditionary Force landed at Boulogne. The King inspected the men before they left for France. After the inspection His Majesty shook hands with the commanding officers, wished them luck, and started back for London and his almost overwhelming duties again.

The young Prince of Wales was filled with eager desire to take his place on active service immediately. Having been gazetted 2nd Lieutenant Grenadier Guards, he bombarded everyone from his father downward, with questions as to how soon he could get "out there." He joined his battalion at Wesley Barracks, and about five weeks later the battalion was ordered to France. Lord Kitchener thought it best that the Prince should not go. The Prince appealed to his father, but the King was adamant. He said that he must be governed by Lord Kitchener's decision.

The Prince went straight from the Palace to the War Office and saw Lord Kitchener once more. "What would it matter if I were killed?" he demanded. "I have four brothers, and any of them is just as fit to fill my place." To which Lord Kitchener replied: "If that were the only consideration, I might not think that I had the right to oppose you. But you might be taken prisoner, and we've got enough to fight about without that." However, by continually sticking to his purpose, the Prince got out to France within two months.

It is impossible to enumerate all the things that the King did during those first anxious days. He was one of the first to send an ambulance and a pair of his own horses. He contributed personally £200 to the Belgian Relief Fund, and £5,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund. To give some idea of the tasks, mostly monotonous, that the King accomplished between the outbreak and the finish of the War, it may be mentioned that he presented, personally, 50,649 war decorations. Mr. Lloyd George's tribute was absolutely true, when he said: "There is one man who is working as hard as the hardest-worked man in the country, and he is the Sovereign of the realm."

The Palace in War Time

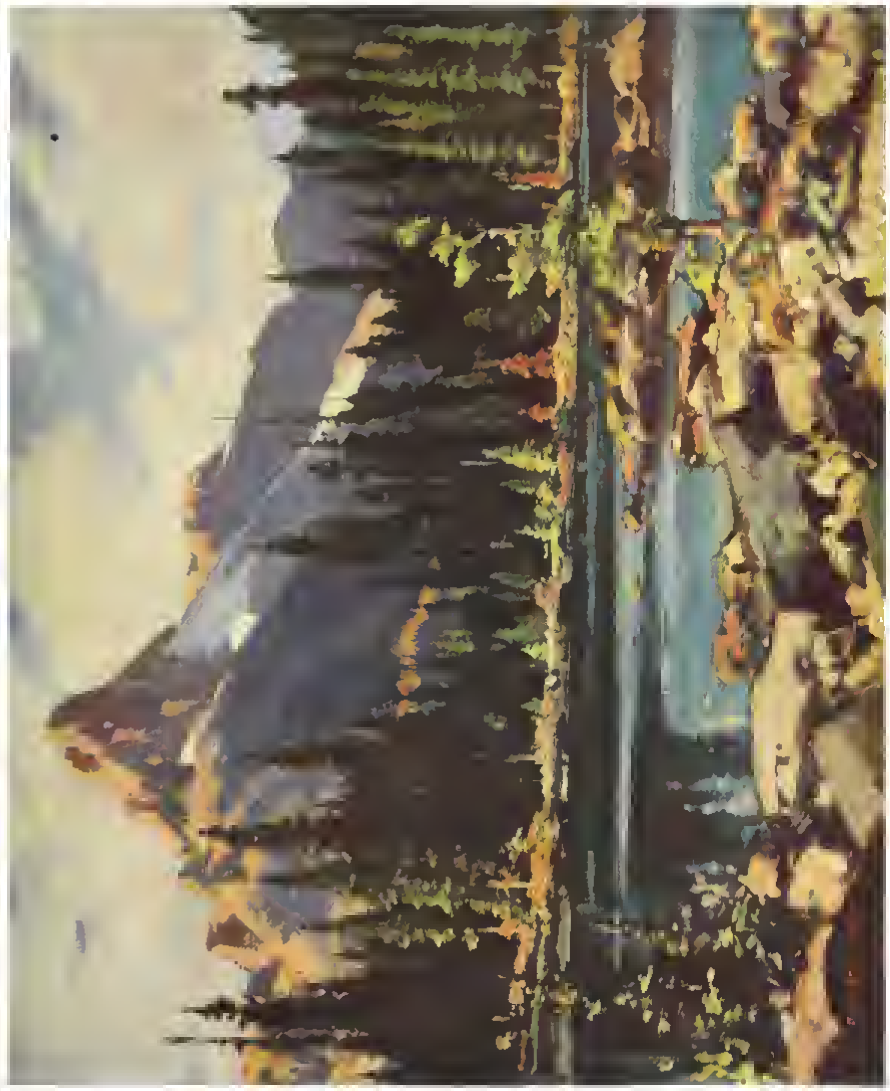
BUCKINGHAM PALACE during war time set an example to every household. After breakfasting with the Queen and any of his children who were at the Palace, the King settled down to work—work which did not end until far into the night. China tea, toast, marmalade and fish or eggs constituted the war time breakfast of their Majesties. The morning was taken up with various duties at the palace, every quarter of an hour being mapped out in order to attain the maximum amount of work. First of all, the King received members of his household, then, about eleven o'clock, all the London newspapers were brought to the King in his study. In peace time he saw as many as thirty newspapers every day, but during the War this number had to be limited. Various articles were marked for the King to read, but most of the newspapers reached him untouched, and nothing was ever hidden from his Majesty.

His heavy morning mail was gone through with his secretaries before lunch. Before the War it had been very large, for people wrote to His Majesty from all parts of the world on all kinds of subjects, making impossible requests.

Luncheon was at half past one, and the Royal Family was rationed by the King's wish like ordinary people. It was the simplest of meals, and the King often took it alone with the Queen. It was also always a short affair, for the King and Queen had to start off immediately afterward to visit munition factories, flying grounds and hospitals. These visits were carried out regularly, day after day, and there is no doubt that the constant appearance of the King and Queen among their subjects did a great deal for the morale of both civilians and soldiers.

It is difficult to believe how their Majesties managed to go on without a breakdown of health, for the strain was sometimes overwhelming. And—let it be remembered—that all the time the King was aware of anxieties

Continued on page 74



Cathedral Mountain
By RICHARD JACK, R. A.
—Reproduced from the original painting now in the Imperial War Museum

Behind the Commonplace

Wherein Mr Easy-Going Husband discovers that a punch in time may be the price of peace



Every human soul has the right to the utmost self expression Can I you trust me to take care of myself" she finished

Illustrated by R M BRINKERHOFF

By VICTOR LAURISTON

OF COURSE the missus insisted on driving, and of course she stripped the gears Then she insisted I'd been stripping the gears ever since we bought the car It took me till near midnight to jolly her into paying for the parts and I'd pay for the work So late as it was I hotfooted it to Morter's Garage—Sam Morter's, you know, opposite the police station orphan car service a specialty

I reckoned on a few hands of rummy to settle was it up to me to pay for the work or was it up to Sam to do it free gratis for nothing Sam's just that kind of gambling feel

Well Sam and his mechanic and a night watchman and a fellow from the firehall were still going strong at five cents a game, with Sam hanging on like grim death trying to get back the ten cents he'd lost

I lit my pipe and settled down for a long wait when I heard a car stop outside and next minute a pretty woman ran across the road and up the police station steps I nudged Sam

"Bill Adams's woman" said Sam

"Yes" said I "but why's she running into the police station at midnight?"

"Don't bother me" snorted Sam. "I'm busy"

A long time after Bill Adams' wife came out and jumped into her car By the way she stepped on the gas I could tell she meant business

"What's wrong?" I asked Did Bill beat her up?"

"Wrong" said Sam "What wouldn't be wrong after the way she's been running around with Ben Bragg A woman that's had two husbands should be satisfied I say—but Edna likes to step out

That Bragg came stepper" put in the night watchman

"Looks like he's stepped into a buzz-saw" I shot back, pretty slick if I say it myself

At that they all looked up and seen Ben Bragg limp into the police station A big beau Ben Bragg young, hefty, good looking—once But now his face was made over with black eyes and bruises and sticking plaster and bandages, for all the world like the map of Europe after Bill Adams won the Great War

Ben Bragg went into the police station too Sam Morter sat a long long minute with jaws agape

"At last it's come" he exclaimed. In a few minutes you'll see Bill come humping to tell his story

"Bill" said I, "can't come He's got to stay home to mind the kids"

At once Sam Morter keened up

"What'll you bet Bill Adams doesn't come?"

I caught my breath It was a long shot, to judge by the look of Ben Bragg but I took it

"I'll bet you the repair work on that bum orphan car you sold me" said I, "that Bill stays home with the kids Just the work, I told him The missus pays for the parts out of her allowance, and I figger that's lost money anyway"

Sam Morter said Done" That's how I got my orphan car running again and it never cost me a cent

* * *

THE foregoing prosaic narrative of Mr Hawkins Snell piqued my curiosity The Carnfield *Meteor* published nothing about the case Police Chief Seames emphatically held no intermeddler to impart But behind the commonplace of how Hawkins Snell dodged that gambling load Sam Morter bilk fixing his orphan car let nothing lay a story

Edna Dean Mavity Adams had had bad luck in husbands Nee Dean, she first married Mavity Then she supported both Mavity and baby Cora which shows there was good stuff in her A right smart girl Edna, except when it came to picking men

From playing both man and woman in the Mavity household and both mother and father to little Cora, Edna developed a craving for a dynamic husband

If Mavity would only beat me! she mourned

Mavity was too utterly lazy to do even that The commonest and only bad thing he did was to punctuate the tedium of his *dolce far niente* existence by getting drunk the more and only good thing he did was ultimately to add a period to the rest of the punctuation by walking off the railroad bridge one dark night

His belated demise shocked Edna, for till she really got to know him she'd hoped great things from Mavity She'd even hoped he might inspired by a good woman's love duplicate the dazzling career of his famous cousin Benjamin Mavity Bragg

But Edna rallied from the shock when she recollected that she was still young and would always be pretty And at that psychological moment Bill Adams hit town in Cardoral

Actually he did not blow He wasn't that kind Not had he won the war He didn't even claim to have won it He refused even to talk about the war All he wanted was to forget it His dominant characteristic was an intense craving for peace

Seames the superintendent of the new body plant, noticed that while the bodies turned out by other workmen had to go back for reworking Bill Adams's jobs fitted perfectly He was a bit slow steady as the clerk and tremendously exact His job liked him and his greatest joy in life was to work overtime

Edna Mavity saw in Bill Adams a dependable meal-ticket She envied romantic thrills too but if Bill Adams, slim and not very tall and rather tanned, didn't thrill her and if his diligence at the body plant wasn't romantic his fighting past could surely be exploited He shone in contrast with Mavity who had escaped conscription because he was a married man with a wife and child to support

Bill Adams wanted peace a home suggested peace, and Edna Mavity's smile was prettier than any parfum In a street full of flappers men turned to gaze after her Now that she no longer had Mavity to support she dressed like that and even in Mavity's dry shed always looked like that

She smiled on Bill Adams but when he asked her to marry him she warded him off

"I've been married once, Bill I want it too heppy And—there's Cora"

"Cora" said Bill bluntly likes me better than she likes you"

Edna winced but she purred on

"I don't want to marry again Bill But I might marry a man who could step out a bit

"I'm stepping said prosaic Bill "Full time and overtime money in the bank

Anyway— Bill Adams who craved peace in huge gobs was married a little later to Edna Mavity who wanted a man who could step out

FOR a couple of years new clothes and a new bungalow and little Ted and the ease that came of having a real provider satisfied Edna's craving for thrills Then prosaic Bill Adams began to irk her

She got up little parties where she tried to parade him as a hero and get him to talk about what he did in the Great War

"No more war for me" said Bill Adams "What I crave is peace in enormous quantities" At which Edna clouded like the Balkans

Bill's idea of happiness was to come home at night and die little Cora or Baby Ted on his knee and sing Songs he made up himself silly things to tunes he knew—old tunes mostly the ones grandma forgot in her youth Like Captain Jinks

The pussy cat has hair outside,
It covers all of his pesky hide
World you rather have her boiled or fried
For breakfast in the morning?

The way he changed the end sex in the middle of the song hurt Edna So did the way he sang Bill couldn't sing worth sour apples Edna writhed most of all the night Mrs Vanstone dropped in and heard Bill invent a new variation of Captain Jinks' for little Ted

The Prince of Wales got on his horse,
Got on his horse got on his horse,
And then he fell right off of course,
So early in the morning

You can't sing Bill said you shouldn't try,' grumbled Edna after Mrs Vanstone left To em phasize that she sang to little Cora in her pretty turkey voice till Cora wriggled loose

Don't make that noise, mamma Daddy sing. Poor little Cora

That was a song Bill made up especially for Cora, just after he got married Edna was very anxious then for her new husband and her first husband's little girl to be friends So she decked Cora out with ribbons and sent her out to Bill who was peeling potatoes in the kitchen Cora stumbled and bumped her head Bill made up the song while he tore Cora and bathed the bump

Poor little Cora with ribbons on her
Went to the kitchen to see her Paw
She did not notice where she was going
And so she fell and bumped her jaw
Poor little Cora should be more cautious
And always watch what she is about
If she is careful where she is going
She will not fall and sprain her snout

It galled Edna to hear her girl Mavity's girl when ever she got hurt chanted for Bill to sing that silly song It galled Edna after her big ambitions to find herself cheated to a man whose idea of huge achievement was to work till time and overtime satt down his money buy her new dresses sing to the children and rough up globs when she wanted him to accompany her to the Eastern Star

You're too appallingly patient," she told Bill You never lose your temper There's no fire in you at all, Bill

I guess philosophized Bill, I was under fire so much I got to hate the stuff"

At last the body rempery created a new department put Bill in charge and instead of a weekly salary he got a monthly pay cheque representing more than Mavity had earned or even got, in his whole married life

Now," Bill told Edna, "we can step out"

But his stepping out was as disappointingly pressic as everything else about him In the car he bought he'd drive on Sunday afternoons to the lake with Edna and the youngsters or in the evenings about Cursleird or Edna and he would pick up another couple and go to some Eastern Star function And Edna craved real thrills She wrote to Dorothy Dix about it

AT THIS psychological moment the famous Ben Mavity Bragg arrived in Carsleird in state preceded by his reputation as the sort of man who does things. Edna opened the bungalow door one morning and there stood a big good looking man of thirty past and behind him a chauffeur carrying two expensive-looking club bags He licked the chauffeur a bill Keep the change, gozzon," he said negligently

Then he submerged Edna with his million dollar smile

Don't you know your own Boy?"

Edna hardly hugged him and then telephoned Bill Adams at the body plant

Your cousin" questioned Bill

No Ilse" Between them "his" always meant shiftless Mavity s

But he's made a lot of money in South Dakota

He's made money in South Dakota ' said Bill he's either a road agent or entitled to the world's respect"

Ben Mavity Bragg linked as if he'd made all the money there was in South Dakota and then come home to spend it. At dinner his talk was all of investments, cornering the market and making a killing He had a big block of Standard Oil of New Jersey bought at ten and now worth enormous sums and he'd just tumped in on the solid ground floor of Standard of South Dakota which was due to repeat the performance

This old burg needs someone to wake it up said Ben Bragg and I'm the alarm clock

Everything about Ben Mavity Bragg—his prosperous aspect, his million dollar smile his loud talk his relationship to the deceased Mavity—were gall and wormwood to Bill Adams But Bill Adams prayed prayer if possible prayer without Ben Bragg but peace at any price So he let Ben boast about what he'd done and what he meant to do while Edna listened and looked at Ben with eyes as wide and blue as her own willow-worn saucers.

After dinner Bragg drew Bill Adams to one side

See here old chap, I never carry money when I travel, especially roaming through Chicago Let me have $25 till I get my dividend cheque next week'

Bill took him down town to get a cheque cashed, and Edna Adams stood at the window gazing after them it's funny how things sometimes burst on us. That morning she'd got up washed the children's faces got breakfast kissed Bill Adams good-by and reflected that three might be worse husbands good hre Ben Bragg had arrived unexpectedly and turned her whole life upside down with the realization that husbands might be infinitely better

If only she'd met Ben Bragg years ago! If only instead of luckless Mavity she'd happened to meet Mavity's famous and wealthy cousin! If only a score of things had fallen out differently'

Anyway," she told herself, threw Bill Bill undoubtedly was there as spectacular as a lump on a leg And I'm or old married a corner—a wonderful man like Ben will never even smile at me

But Ben did Every few minutes when Ben Bragg was about the bungalow he threw Edna a couple of million dollars worth of smile as freighted with meaning as an orphan car is with upkeep costs

Bill Adams conquered his dislike sufficiently to offer Ben Bragg a job in the finishing department of the body plant.

A day laborer?" smiled Ben What d you take me for"

Why I didn't mean

To offer a man of independent means a common factory job" asserted Ben

As near of the big concerns in Carlsford were looking for presidents or managing directors Ben spent his days digesting three meals and his nights distributing million dollar smiles at dances and lodge parties.

It's not of my line" Bill Adams told Edna Besides sameone's got to stay home with Cora and Ted Run along and have a good time" So he got out the car saw to tires and oil and gas and off went Ben and Edna

BEN BRAGG'S dividend cheque was delayed so he floated a new loan with Bill Adams. Then he floated another and another Each loan he made his tone was less apologetic and more assured

How shrut paying back some of this money?" Bill once suggested

Say drawled Bragg how'd you get that way? D you mean to insinuate that I'm not good for a paltry hundred dollars ?

Bill Adams craved peace So he lent Bill more money He did not want a scrap with Ben and he dreaded what he'd do would any silence however stimulated thought and he got to thinking that a lusty able-bodied man like Ben Bragg whose visit promised to be of indefinite duration ought to pay board

Edna flared at the suggestion

I'd like you to remember Bill—that Ben's our guest"

New Edna

Why if he heard you'd made such a suggestion he'd pack up and leave

I'd be tickled pink if he did" Bill hurst forth. If he'd pack up his Standard of New Jersey and Standard of South Dakota and move out I'd give him a receipt in full Not that I'm not glad to have him here pet he qualified but too late

At supper that evening Ben Bragg smiled his wonderful smile

Say Bill you run the bus around to the gas station and get the tank filled I feel like again this evening. Better come along Neddy Bill will stay home and mind the kids

They got home pretty late Edna's eyes were bright For the first time in a disappointing life she'd got thrills in plenty She'd thrilled at the way Ben ordered things at the roadhouse and at the way he danced and at the way the women looked at him and at the way he nonchalantly discussed his many killings on the stock market yes, and at the way he drove home As for Bill he repaired the busted fender settled a damage claim and said nothing

EDNA bright-eyed at last found herself caught up in a whirl of hectic imaginings Ben Bragg had done big things He was more nonchalant over making a million than Bill Adams over picking up a cent He'd climbed Alps and driven airplanes and racing cars and worsted armed bandits with his bare fists and told traffic cops where they could go And with a curiously keen intuition he saw at a glance the glim past life had played in hiding a wonderful woman like her, first subtle worthless hum and then with a prosaic plodder

She began by wishing Bill Adams was more like Ben Bragg and she ended by pitying Ben Bragg in Bill Adams' place

Edna he was awkwardly serious I wish you wouldn't run around so much with Ber Folks will be talking"

Puritans!" she burst forth bitterly Full of mid Victorian ideas And you agree with them of course She did not realize that she parroted the stuff Ben Bragg had taught her Can't you realize Bill we're living in a new age? Women are no longer mere property Every human soul has a full right to the utmost self expression

Bill began to realize she was right

Can't you trust me to take care of myself?" she flushed

Bill said nothing in that He sat down, rocked Cora, and sang about the Prince of Wales getting on and off his horse. And thought and thought and thought

Mostly he thought of interminable horrible years in filthy dugouts and muddy trenches, under fire of German guns and British red-tabs where he had learned to be patient and kindly and to hate anything that savored of strife

At dinner Edna speculated as to what Mr Higgins would do with her $16,000 insurance money

Chicken feed!" laughed Ben Bragg Where I've played the financial game a man wouldn't stoop to pick up as a thing so small!"

But it means a lot to Mrs Higgins," said Bill Next day he came to Edna with a question

Why is Ben calling on Mrs Higgins?"

By this time Edna became impatient with Bill on the slightest pretext

I guess Ben knows his business Suppose you mind yours

She had come to the point where she calmly visualized a break with Bill but, womanlike, she wanted him to put himself in the wrong

Bill Adams next evening found Mrs. Higgins enthusiastic regarding that wonderful Mr Bragg s courtesy and kindness and sympathy Mr Bragg had counselled good government bonds as an investment for her insurance money or if she wanted a chance of appreciation with safety he advised Standard of New Jersey or Standard of South Dakota You can't go wrong on Standard Oil stocks" he had told her and warned her against fly by night promotions and high-pressure stock salesmen

WHEN Bill Adams got home Ben Bragg had taken Edna for an airing again in the country After Bill had put Cora and the baby to bed he sat in the dark, thinking He hated strife He craved peace So he was immensely relieved that Ben s advice to old Mrs Higgins was so honest and disinterested

He was surprised unquestionably but he was relieved He could not have been more relieved or more surprised if Ben Bragg had liquidated that series of loans made to tide him over till his dividends arrived

Bill sat, hour after hour, gloomily thinking He told himself all the good things he knew and the far larger number of good things he had to imagine about Ben Mavity Bragg

Ultimately very much ultimately—a car stopped outside Someone got out with much gay laughter The bungalow door opened and closed Ben and Edna had come home but Edna forgot her usual Yoo-hoo, Bill

While the two talked below stairs Ben rummaged the ice-box for a midnight snack A something less tangible and more insistent than a leak impelled Bill Adams step by cautious step, to descend the stair

Ben Bragg was talking very loudly His tones hinted at more than one surreptitious drink.

See here..Neddy I'm going to tell you s-something. You're too good for this bum you're married to I'll whisper me wild to think of a h-bright pretty girl like you tied to such a clod Pass the those pickles, Neddy I'll s-stump you to eat and run."

Edna's answer was indistinguishable

Bill?' repeated Bragg Oh Bill kicks, we'll our him for alimony Gee these cheese and pimento sandwiches taste good!

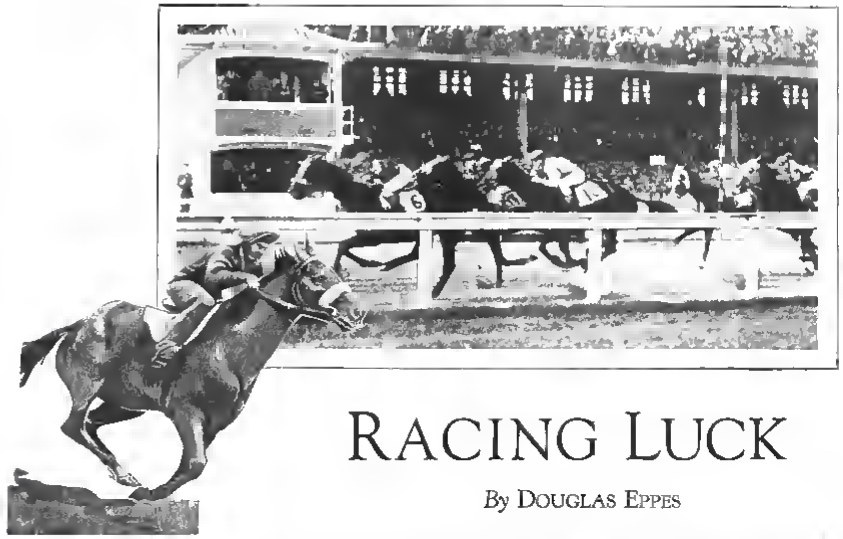
Again Edna argued in undertones.

I've lots of money Neddy and lots of b-brains When I hit the tin in out of this hick town I'll pack $1 000 cash from that Higgins dame for a lot of beautiful stock certificates she'll get a shock when she finds that Standard of South Dakota isn't simply ain't what say you come along?

Edna seemed to protest

Oh leave the dunged kids. You area t cut out for a

Continued on page 50



I show finish at the wonderful track Toronto

RACING LUCK

By DOUGLAS EPPES

"Anything can happen on a race track." And when you read the track stories related here, you'll agree that "anything" is a large word

FOUR years ago a sale of racehorses took place in the paddock of the new defunct Windsor Jockey Club The horses belonged to J K L Ross Montreal turfman, who at that time owned the most pretentious racing stable in Canada, and the sale attracted a large number of American horsemen After several animals had been auctioned off for fair prices, a gream led into the sales ring a four-year-old chestnut

What am I bid for this royally-bred colt?" demanded the auctioneer He looked hard at a tall American who had been an active bidder on previous occasions Do I hear Mr Blank say $3,000?

You do not" shot back Mr Blank adding in an audible aside I wouldn't give a nickel for the horse He has cutted hocks."

His companion nodded When it went a cripple like him? I'm willing to bet he'd never stand training let alone racing'

The auctioneer strove manfully to get an opening bid from his keen-eyed expert audience and after some persuasion secured an offer of $200 Then stage by stage the amount was raised to $400 at which price the chestnut horse was sold The purchaser was E M Doumani, a fruit merchant of Windsor Ontario who was subjected to a fair amount of good-natured kidding as he led his acquisition from the ring Said one wit He'll do all right to haul bananas, but you'll never make a race out of him

Maybe not" grinned Mr Doumani but I'll try"

The horse was Kneekany and five weeks later he came out on the track wearing the newly-registered silks of his owner

His appearance under colors furnished the experts with another opportunity to point out that the race-course was no place for crippled horses With those bad hocks of his they prophesied darkly he'll quit in a hundred yards

Knorkony didn't break down neither did he quit He won the race In five weeks time he won another six beating some of the fastest horses in Canada and returning to his stable after each race apparently as sound as the proverbial brass bell In those five weeks he must have materially swelled the bank account of his fortunate owner and the shrewd trainer who handled him in his engagements The experts were dumbfounded Here was a horse afflicted with ruined hocks, winning race after race when by all the canons of training he never should have raced the gruelling preparation that a thoroughbred must undergo for a speed test A miracle they called it But then on race tracks miracles, at what might pass for them, are of fairly frequent occurrence, as I have learned in my daily work as a turf writer

For instance let me take the case of Care Free, perhaps the best-known horse in Canada winner of sixty-six races in a career that has extended for ten seasons a great upstanding bay gelding whose temperament vies with that of the most capricious prima donna Fat Care Free resolutely refuses to run for anyone but his present owner Mrs A E Alexandre of Pormito and not even for her unless he is blindfolded before being led from his stable to the saddling paddock Other horsemen have planned Care Free from those special contests which permit the owner of a runner to claim any other entry in that particular race only to return gladly the big bay to Mrs Alexandre when all the known tricks in the game have failed to make Care Free run the race of which he is capable. And directly after he has been led back to his old barn the horse once again wearing Mrs Alexandre's colors has gone out and won I have not seen across any track behind who is able to explain the psychology of Care Free why he should win and keep on winning races for one owner and refuse to run a lick for any other The secret remains in Care Free's keeping—that is all I can say

Speaking of Care Free reminds me that up to last June he established a record for consistency at Hamilton track that has never been equalled on any track in the world Here at the course of the Hamilton Jockey Club he had started in eighteen races, and never once had he taken dust from another horse That was his record up to June 24 on which afternoon he went to the post for his nineteenth racing effort in Hamilton In view of his impressive record it was little wonder that the huge crowd installed him a short-priced favorite Everywhere one went, in the paddock in the clubhouse or in the public stand one heard the same opinion Care Free is unbeatable on this track '

While the wagering was in progress a Hamilton sportswoman asked me if I thought that a horse called Pledge had a chance to win

Yes I told her my handicap figures show that he has a most excellent chance"

Her eyes gleamed "Don't think I'm foolish if I tell you something Our Saturday night" —this was Monday —"I dreamt I saw a light colored horse plodding slowly up a hill He looked so tired and he was just covered in mud And then I heard a lot of people saying Poor old Care Free, he's done. Now please, don't laugh'

I'm not laughing I protested Better play your brush for dreams have been known to come true

But that's not all" she interrupted When I told my husband he said if I was to wrapped up in racing that I couldn't sleep without dreaming of horses I'd take the pledge Now do you see the double hrrrh?

I did And so impressed was I by her story that I made a small investment on Pledge It turl history row that on this, his nineteenth start at the Hamilton course, gallant old Care Free was beaten And the horse that beat him was Pledge who paid $43.40 for a $2 ticket

The Magic of a Number

THE regular player, that is, the man or woman who follows the bangtails from day to day and from track to track, turns a deaf ear to hunches Not so the casual visitor, who relies on them far more than on past performance I remember at the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club nearly two years ago a Toronto lady confided to a circle of friends that five was her lucky number Before the opening race was run off she announced her firm intention of betting the Number 5 horse in each of the seven events

My dear" said one of her friends a keen judge of racing quality, you are going to do a very foolish thing After all it's the horse that counts not his number

But the hunch player refused to be shaken from her original plan even when Number 5 in the first race finished in ninth position The next race was a steeplechase and she bet Manifold, number 5 on the programme and a ninety dollar "To the astonishment of at least 6,000 race patrons Manifold won only by an inch or so but on a race course an inch is as good as a mile In two other races, the lady's belief in her hunch was thoroughly substantiated by the results so that when the wagering opened for the seventh and final event on the afternoon card she was a handsome winner

Are you still going to stick to your Number 5 in this race? asked her acquired friend

Indeed I am" laughed the hunch bettor For I just know it's going to win

It it does rejoined the other then the age of miracles is still with us because your Number 5 is Circus Rider and it has never raced farther than six furlongs This race the it explained was over a course of a mile and 110 yards

The advice was spurned The lady who believed in

Continued on page 88

Just Business

By Arthur Lowe

A dramatic story of the making of a man who discovered that bacon at a thousand dollars a slice may be cheap at the price

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

FROM the very first I suspected that Jim Rutledge hated Barnaby J. Dodge as whole-heartedly as a hushy hates corn meal. Normally Jim was a quiet, easy-going river tempered fellow. During the whole eight months we were together I never remember him raising his voice in anger—and that's saying a lot when two men spend twenty-four hours a day in each other's company. But after Dodge joined us he changed, became quick of speech, quick to take offense, pointedly nasty. I didn't cotton to Dodge myself, he was too oily, but I didn't see much point in taking him up at the least word and making him feel uncomfortable. After all it wasn't his fault that he was compelled to stay with us.

It seemed uncanny, too, the way Jim spoke when we spotted the plane. "That's Dodge," he said. "I'll bet that's Dodge," and sure enough it was although it wouldn't have surprised me if it had been the Prince of Wales himself. You see I had been ten years fur trading at Hope's Release and planes were still a novelty to me, but with Jim it was different. He belonged to a prospecting outfit which had been using planes all the time.

I can remember Dodge's arrival as plain as if it happened yesterday. Jim and I were sitting in the shack playing crib when Netilnik came running in.

"*Tingmeahnk*," he said, pointing outside. "*Tingmeahnk*."

We tumbled out to see what kind of a big bird it was and saw a blue monoplane sweeping above the horizon. A couple of times it zoomed over the shack and then the pilot rushed down her nose, shut off the engine and glided down toward the Bay.

"He'll bust those skis sure as shooting," I said to Jim, for the ice on the Bay was rough and hummocky.

Jim nodded and I sort of waited on tiptoe for the crash. It sure came. The plane touched the ice slid along the surface for a dozen yards, then shot into the air and flopped down like a wounded duck, one wing crumpled beneath it. For maybe ten seconds I stood there gaping, then I gathered my wits together and started after Jim. When we reached the plane both the pilot and the passenger had climbed out.

What did I tell you?" Jim said. "That's Barnaby J. Dodge. He figures on finding out where we staked and makin' a quick clean-up. Had a hunch he'd smell something out."

It didn't take an expert to see that the plane was in a bad mess. Both skis were splintered to matchwood, one wing was crumpled up and a broken stay had ripped open a side of the fuselage. The fellow I took to be Dodge was rubbing the back of his head and cursing to beat the band. He eased up when he saw us.

"Hello, Rutledge," he said. "I heard you were here. How you makin'?"

Jim grunted. "None the better for seeing you."

Dodge laughed and came across to me. "I guess you're the post manager," he said. "My name's Barnaby J. Dodge and this is Matthew Butt, my pilot. By the look of things we'll have to impose upon your generosity."

"There's no company post here," I told him. "So there's no post manager. My name's Michael Brady and I'm a free trader. As for hospitality I guess you must impose on Jim because I'm right out of grub. Lost my supplies in the summer."

Which was a lie. The Nozuk, my forty-ton schooner, had piled up near Consolation Point when we were bringing in our supplies from Churchill. Don't know what I should have done if Jim hadn't happened along of his jaw. His eyes I did not like. They were shifty yellowish as to white and small.

For five minutes he sat glumly silent and then I saw his eyes flicker first to the rifles, then to the rapper implements above them. He lumbered up from his chair and crossed the room.



A hushed form stumbled out of the driving flurry, collapsed on the snow and crawled toward us. It was Dodge.

"That's all right." Jim cut in. "I got plenty for the four of us—as long as nobody don't beg it."

As I said, there was something about Dodge I didn't like right from the start. He was altogether too smooth. First he had lost his plane and come near to losing his life, so I figured their was no need for Jim to pick a quarrel. Looked like hitting a man when he was down. I don't think Jim meant it that way. It seemed to me he just wanted to make it clear that he wasn't holding out any silver branch.

Matthew Butt, the pilot, looked a real guy. He was floor mouthed, square jawed, clear eyed, and he didn't waste about the smash.

"Lucky it wasn't worse," was all he said.

There was nothing to be done with the plane so we walked across the Bay toward the shack. It was handy to watch the natives. They had been real scared at first, but when they saw that it was just another of the white men's toys they edged up, clear to the plane, laughing like hide.

"What will these white men do next?" I heard Netilnik say.

Three huskies were walking all the time.

Dodge looked pretty glum when we drew near the encampment. I figure he was expecting a swell house such as the H. B. C. men have, and out-lean-to looked anything but swell. It was a squat building of unpainted lumber, the snow had drifted up as high as the window sills, and rounded hillocks of snow covered the jerk on the roof. In front of the door was a snow porch, designed as a shelter for the dogs and a protection against drifts.

Away to the right was the native camp, consisting of half a dozen igloos, nearly submerged beneath the snow. Lying about were skins, lengths of driftwood, upended hoyaks and a clutter of rubbish. Dogs loped between the lines searching for filth.

"Guess you have it pretty cold?" Dodge said abruptly.

"February's our worst month," I said. "It often reaches fifty below. In '25 it dropped to sixty."

He laughed unpleasantly. "I'll take your word for it. I don't intend waiting to find out."

Jim overheard him. "You may have to," he volunteered. "You're four hundred miles from the nearest post and we've only got one team of dogs."

Dodge turned to me and I nodded my head.

After we entered the shack Dodge made no effort to hide his feelings. It was pretty plain that he was accustomed to life with broad margins and he didn't relish the idea of roughing it for a month or so. I saw him eyeing our two bunks covertly and I knew he was wondering if our would be surrendered to him.

I resented the critical way he took stock of our living quarters, but I could see that Jim did too. Considering the difficulty of getting in supplies I thought we were pretty comfortably fixed. There were chairs enough to go round, a table, an anthracite stove plenty of bedding, a full bookcase and lots of crockery. On the wall opposite the door was the rifle rack and grouped round it were a number of repair tools which I had collected from the Eskimos. The floor was covered by two bear-skin rugs, and stretched or frames near the stove were half a dozen lynx pelts.

Dodge settled down in a chair by the table, looking as ill tempered as a whipped pup. Now that the hood of his parka was thrown back I had an opportunity to take stock of the man. His face was mottled red and puffy and he had the sagging cheeks of a bulldog. His mouth was large, and his sensual lips belied the squareness



Scared of a little wind? Dodge's ... was routine matters. Say I should n... it.

'Eskimo stuff?" he said to me.

I nodded. "They used to make them out of native copper, but since traders have been in the country they've taken to steel."

"Must be a big deposit of copper—somewhere. Likely Jim knows something about it."

Jim was at the stove cooking caribou steaks that sizzled appetizingly. He put down the fork when he heard his name mentioned and turned round. Dodge sucked in his lower lip, then smiled ingratiatingly.

"Just noticed those copper tools, Jim," he said. "I was saying that likely as not you know where the deposit is."

I felt as a man does when he breaks into the middle of a play during a big scene. The lines meant nothing to me, but from Jim's expression I knew that I was watching a drama unfold. He left the stove and faced Dodge fairly. His eyes were blazing with anger and his fists were clenched.

"See here," he said, "what I know is my own business and no fat gutted company promoter is going to pump me for it. I knew you. I figured you would smell something out, but a smell is all you're going to get."

He turned on his heel and went back to the stove. Dodge smiled a sickly smile, shrugged his shoulders and said something about hyganes being hygienic. After that he crossed the room and tried in an undertone to Matthew Burn, but I noticed that Mott didn't look very sympathetic.

Our first meal together was an uncomfortable affair. The very air in the cabin seemed charged with hostility, and I wanted frantically for somebody to release it with a word. Matt Berry was the only one of us who acted naturally. He talked planes, crashes, narrow escapes.

"Don't see how you hit that hummock," Dodge said during a lull in the talk.

"You wouldn't," Jim cut in, but Burr just shook his head and smiled a tight lipped smile.

There was one thing about Dodge he sure had a hearty appetite. He recounted his three near-thrill steaks, built a load of bread, ate a can of pears and a quart or so of coffee. After dinner he handed out cigars, lit one himself, then trawled over to my bunk and slept noisily.

Conversation was general while we smoked, then Burr went off to look at the planes and Jim and I were left together. I figured he would tell me what was on his mind, but beyond the fact that he had run into Dodge before and didn't like him I learned nothing. We had planned pulling out together in January, but now I foresaw difficulties.

"Can't very well have the two of 'em here," I said to Jim.

He laughed. He tickled me death to see Dodge cook his beefs here for six months. Be him good too, for the grub wouldn't last half that time and a little dieting would improve his figure.

It was plain he didn't want to discuss plans, so we started a game of rummy. There was something on his mind. I could tell that by the careless way he discarded.

Matt Berry came in about three o'clock for it was mid-December and darkness set in early. He was pessimistic about the plane and didn't think it would be possible to make repairs until spring. Skis were sent in from the south.

"He's going to get pretty sore," he said, nodding toward Dodge, for he figured that his business up here wouldn't take him more than a couple of weeks.

"At that he allowed too long," Jim said drily. "It only took him a couple of minutes."

NOT until Christmas day was there serious discussion of our plans and then surprisingly Jim brought it up.

"Looks like we're running low on grub," he said. "About time in the morning and said there was no sign of caribou between here and Cape Solution. We'll be down to seal meat pretty soon."

"What are we going to do?" Dodge wanted to know.

At very other time Jim would have answered angrily for Dodge had accounted for at least half our rations. But it was Christmas Day and he kept his tongue in check.

"Guess we'll have to pull out and make for Churchill. It will be a tough trip carrying grub for five," and the dogs."

"Five?" Dodge raised his eyebrows.

"Sure. We can't travel without an Eskimo. I don't know the way and I don't propose Mike does. Anyway there'll be igloos to build and you can't beat a native at that."

"How about the plane? Will it be safe?" Dodge looked at Mott.

"I'll stay behind with it," Mott said. "Should be enough grub left here for one and you can send up spares by dog team."

Good idea!" Dodge nodded enthusiastically and I knew he was figuring on an extra return of grub. "I'll send up this as soon as we make Churchill, then you can fly out."

Briefly we talked over our plans. It was agreed that we should pull out on New Years Day and take Akpuk with us as guide. At Jim's suggestion we decided to take separate grub boxes.

"I'm lousy at that point," he explained. "There are times when it saves a lot of argument."

Christmas dinner was a pleasant enough meal and afterward I pulled out a bottle which I had carried for the occasion. Jim I noticed drank cautiously but Dodge showed the same lack of restraint which he displayed when there was food in the offing. After his third glass he became mellow and talkative. He bragged about the money he had made, promoting mining companies. He bragged about his deals, his smartness, his wealth. Not until he had swallowed the last shot in the bottle did he disclose his hand, however. He was maudlin then.

"I know Jim," he said, "some of the boys who went out last summer told me you'd struck it rich. I came up hoping you'd tip me off. I role time's sake."

I thought Jim was going to smash him in the face but he held himself back. "The trouble with you is

—I you're just a plain hog," he said. "You want everything."

And those were the only angry words spoken on Christmas Day and they didn't matter much because Barnaby J. Dodge was too fuddled to hear them.

NEW YEAR'S EVE we spent in putting our gear in shape and filling up grub boxes. In the morning we got up early and by nine o'clock the *komatik* was packed and we were ready to pull out.

For me there was the pain of parting with home and friends. Perhaps that is why the scene has remained clear in my memory—etched as deeply that no detail of it is lacking.

There was a wind blowing from the northwest—a bitterly cold wind that lashed our faces and drove the snow about us in whistling flurries. Akput stood and shuddered in the hall light hustled himself with the dogs while I were harnessed to the sled Inuit-fashion each on a separate trace. Jim checked over the load tightened the lashings made sure that the snow knives were placed handily in case of emergency. Blurred and shadowy the natives gathered about to wish us goodbye good luck. Matt was there too now helping Jim now helping me as I struggled with an awkward thong. Very dimly I could see Dodge at the door of the shack waiting for us to give him the word that we were ready.

At length the last trace was untangled the last thong made fast and we were ready for the trail. There were handshakes friendly shouts. Akput cracked his thirty foot lash the huskies howled dismally—and we were off.

For the first mile or two the dogs hit a fast pace and to keep up with the *komatik* we were compelled to travel at a jog trot. Jim and Akput loped along easily and the *pat pat pat* of their skin shoes on the hard snow was as rhythmical as a clock beat. Dodge however, was badly out of condition. He held me to one of the seal hide lashings and stumbled on and jerkily. I could hear his distressed breathing above the swish of the sled and the crunch of the shod runners.

We were carrying a heavy load on the *komatik*—well over a thousand pounds and although the dogs were fresh I knew they would soon slacken. They began to tire as dawn flushed the skyline and by sun-up Akput was urging them forward with guttural shouts and adroit flicks of the lash.

We had been travelling for about three hours when Dodge struggled up alongside me.

"I'm all o—" he panted. "Will it be all right if I take a breather on the sled?"

"Sure," I said surprised that he should ask "but watch your chance and jump on when the dogs have a good pull. Don't stall them at a halt."

He did his best to follow my advice and threw himself on top of the load as we were running down hill. Jim turned round and looked at him but said nothing, grim Dodge his dunnage as he had recovered his breath he tumbled off the sled and struggled along behind again.

At noon we stopped to boil the kettle and make tea. Jim and Akput cut blocks with their snow knives and made a V-shaped windbreak while I tended the Primus. Dodge sat down in the lee of the sled and watched us.

"I'm better get busy at something," Jim shouted. "I'm still as the devil sitting there."

"I'm tired to move," he grunted.

He held out letter in the afternoon for the going was good and the dogs kept an even pace. We stopped at sunset in a sheltered valley and made our first igloo. Jim and I cut blocks and Akput arranged them spirally to form the shelter. Dodge watched with the shovel I had given him at the windward side as a protection against draughts until shielding between the blocks.

It was an hour before the igloo was completed. By that time muddy darkness had closed in about us and the wind driven sky was dotted with stars. We hauled our grub inside and began the wearisome task of hunting the snow from our skin clothes.

Dodge was too far gone to bother much about anything. But with us we had still his parka and after a time he pulled himself together sufficiently to change his underclothing which were green with sweat.

Jim and I built up a straw which we shared with Akput. At Jim's suggestion Dodge's grub had been packed in a separate box. We offered to cook for him but he refused. Seems he landed himself as a living-dead expert.

"I don't like straw," he said. "I'm going to try myself on the sled stuff."

Tired he was, but the day's run had not spoiled his appetite any. He wolfed his food like a starving dog so that even Akput looked at him in wonder. Afterward he dug out a cigar from his grub box stretched himself full length on the skins and reminded there in drowsy stupor until we were ready to turn in. Jim had been right: he was a hog.

On the second day he complained of indigestion, but we were unsympathetic.

"Ought to boil your grub," Jim told him. "Fried stuff is no good on the trail."

The first three weeks passed more pleasantly than I expected. We had very little wind the going was fair and we were able to make good time. True we met no game and our load supplies were running dangerously low but given good weather there was no reason why we should not last out to Churchill.

IT WAS on January 23 that trouble started. It was bitterly cold when we woke up in the morning and we could hear the hiss of the wind and the patter of snow against the igloo. Akput crawled out of his sleeping bag cut a hole in the wall and crawled outside. He came back with the information that it was blowing a blizzard.

"Is a little while too thick to see," he grunted.

Dodge poked his head out from beneath a covering of skins.

"Best news I've heard in a long while," he said. "I can just about do with a day in the sleeping bag. I'm not like you guys—there was a quiver in his voice—"I don't want to prove how tough I am."

Jim was making a pot of tea. He turned half round. "Better get dressed," he said. "We ain't decided not to travel yet."

"What's eatin' you?" Dodge wanted to know. "A day won't make any difference."

"A day?" Jim laughed. "Say, when it starts to blow up here it's just as likely to blow for fourteen days as one. Anyway you better get dressed. This igloo won't last more'n a couple of hours and I hadn't planned leavin' you buried in the snow."

Scared of a little wind?" Dodge's voice was contemptuous. "Say I should worry."

I watched Jim's face in the flickering light of the candle that filled the igloo with grotesque shadows and flickering pin points of light. I saw that his eyes were puckered, that his jaw was set dangerously. I expected him to blaze with anger: instead, his features relaxed.

"Okay," he said. "It's your funeral, not mine."

Jim was right. In less than an hour the wind had worn through the wall on the weather side and stinging blasts filled the igloo with finely powdered snow. Akput grunted and crawled outside with his snow knife. We could hear the crunch of his footsteps in the forming drifts.

Most of the morning we spent building a new igloo. We made it with double walls and on the windward side we pinned a tarpaulin to prevent the wearing away of the blocks. Dodge proved of little use. Most of the time he stood helplessly by cursing the wind that whipped under the hood of his *kutiak* and seared his neck like a flame.

As soon as we got into our new quarters he crawled into his sleeping bag. I think he had been frightened by the virulence of the blizzard for all the bumptiousness had gone out of him. Instead he was bad tempered and sullen as he had been on the day of the crash. Fortunately I had remembered to bring with me a pack of cards so Jim and I whiled away the time playing crib. Akput fished out needle and sinew from his smoke bag and went over his gear methodically mending rips.

When we awakened on the second morning we could hear the wind outside louder than ever. After the sun had risen Akput cut a hole in the roof and squinted through. He drew back shaking his head.

"A big wind," he said. "Last maybe five six days."

Dodge sat up abruptly in his sleeping-bag. "How far are we from Churchill?" he asked.

"Three sleeps," Jim said. "What's the matter? Thinking of pushing an alone?"

Dodge did his best to seem casual. "No just wondering how the grub was lasting out. I'm about through mine."

Jim said nothing but during the day he seemed curiously changed. There was an air of triumph about him and once or twice when I looked up suddenly I noticed that trace of a smile about his lips. Just before we turned in for the night he showed his hand. He was lying down—smoking at an empty pipe.

"You know, Dodge," he said suddenly. "I'm going to explain to Mike why I think you the lowest swine on God's earth. Don't mind do you?"

Fighting words they were but Dodge only smiled. "Go to it," he said. "I suppose you're still worrying about the Abitibi deal. It was just business. Mr. Brady will understand that."

"Maybe," said Jim.

There was silence for a little while.

It was this way. Jim explained. In the fall of '24 I staked a bunch of claims near the Abitibi River. There was gold in the porphyry that sampled up real good so I looked around for somebody to finance me and prove up the claim. That is when I first met Dodge here. "He offered to pay for the assessment work and send in a drilling crew on condition we split fifty fifty. That looked all right to me so we drank hands on it. Round about that time I heard of a new pieces strike in British Columbia so I left everything in his hands and went out there. I was gone two years all but a month. When I got back I found this double crosser had let the claims lapse and then hired a man to re-stake in his own name. Sold 'em for two hundred thousand didn't you Dodge?"

Dodge scratched his head. "It was between us," he said.

"You should have looked after your own interests instead of running off and leaving all the work for me."

Jim ignored him. "That's all Mike," he said. "That's why I hate this guy. That's why I've been tempted a dozen times to wring his fat neck."

"Don't blame you, I said. "If you want any help, count on me."

Dodge was too thick-skinned to be affected by our contempt.

"Trouble is you aren't business men," he wheezed.

THERE was no sign of a let-up in the storm the next morning and Akput showed concern about the dogs. Their food had given out and if we were compelled to stay much longer he was doubtful whether they would be able to haul the *komatik*.

I reassured him as best I could.

At breakfast Dodge announced that he was right out of grub. Jim was lying doggo at the time—and there is no smell more tantalizingly pleasant to a hungry man I saw Dodge sniff expectantly.

"Afraid I'll have to dig into yours," he said.

"That's all right," Jim told him. "But we got none too much and I'm afraid I'll have to charge you for it. Fairness, you know."

Dodge chuckled with good humor. He glad to pay. Have to settle up with you for the supplies I get back at the shack as well."

"Wouldn't think of charging you for that," said Jim "but this is different. You see already you've managed to waste as much as two of us together and I want to conserve supplies. That's all."

Even then Dodge didn't smell a rat. He pushed across his plate.

"Bacon smells good," he said.

Jim looked at him. "How many would you like? It'll cost you a thousand bucks a rasher."

Dodge's face was a study. It was plain that he didn't know whether to treat the demand as a joke or a holdup. Then he raised his eyes and looked Jim full in the face and written there was the answer to his question.

"It's a business," said Jim. "Just business."

Dodge appealed to me. He can't get away with that. He's crazy. Why you ain't let me starve. It would be murder."

"You won't starve." Jim gave the pan a shake and turned the crisp rashers with a fork. "Not as long as you've got a bank account, you won't."

Dodge wetted his lips. His face sagged and there was hopelessness in his eyes. I think in the first time he saw himself at our valuation. He was no longer a smart business man but just a fat crook, looking even the courage to accept defeat with decent grace.

"How many?" Jim asked.

"Two," he said. "Please." Even his voice was subdued.

"Want any bannock? We'll let you have it at the same rate."

"Yes."

"Any tea? We're running bargains in tea. As much as you like for five hundred bucks."

"Not so fast—not so fast." Jim said. "I wouldn't trust you to give me a dollar bet alone three thousand."

He dug down into his smoke bag and produced notebook and pencil. "Write out a promissory note and the grub's yours."

Dodge did as he was ordered in silence and then sitting apart from us, he fell to on the bacon. To my surprise he ate slowly, lingeringly making the best of an inadequate meal. Throughout the day he was silent and when night came he went supperless to bed although the rest of us ate hard tack and drank tea.

After the blizzard had lasted four days Jim began to show concern. "We're running right low on grub," he said. "It will be one meal a day from now on—and a skimpy meal at that."

We took stock of our supplies. The meal oil was nearly exhausted: there were two dozen rashers of bacon left a few scraps of meat half a dozen candles and about two pounds of flour. We had been eating frugally and rations still further reduced would leave us in bad shape for travelling.

Jim held parsimonious rates from Dodge for thirty thousand but this amount of food which those representing was no more than we had eaten ourselves. At meal times he displayed a surprising restraint. When we decided upon reduced rations he voluntarily cut his own.

"Thinks more of his hank account than his tummy," was the way Jim explained it.

Continued on page 63

"Teacher of half the Doctors of Europe"

. . . he recommends yeast for 3 great modern ills



GERMANY'S most beloved medical figure—Geheimrat Dr. Friedrich Kraus, Professor Emeritus of the University of Berlin!

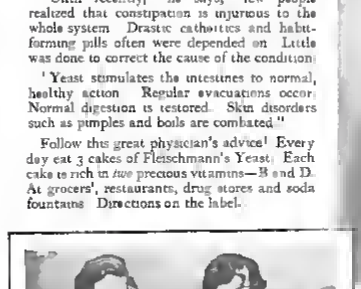
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"'Yeast will help you,' my doctor explained—"

(*Left*) "For some time I had suffered from intestinal trouble," *writes* Miss Nanna Hannunson *from Toronto* (at right, to photograph). "I was very weak, had no appetite, and lost interest in everything. When our doctor was consulted he said he thought yeast would do me a lot of good. And it did! My friends remark on how well I seem."

(*Right*) "Twenty-four boils—all severely painful and simultaneous!" *writes* Clifton Fawcus *of Worcester, Mass.* "I was the most miserable person alive. . . . Seeing a cake of yeast under a microscope convinced me. It was full of living yeast plants! I started to eat it and the result was miraculous. Since then all my family have eaten it. A doctor advised it for my grandchild. My son eats it as a laxative and tonic."



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REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The Naval Conference and After

Clash of French and American Views on Essentials Renders Five-Power Agreement Impossible But Clears Atmosphere

NEW YORK TIMES

OUT of [illegible] and mysterious back [illegible] sayings of the London Naval Conference we are now made aware that the much anticipated five-power agreement is a failure, and that the best the assembled nations can do for us is a three-power agreement that looks suspiciously like a rehash of Washington eight years ago. Yet even from this hollcock achievement little but good can result, says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, since it will at any rate clarify the situation in regard to the divergent French and American views of what security from war really amounts to.

The London naval conference brought into play two opposing theories on the preservation of world peace. While neither country should enjoy all credit or discredit for the one or the other theory, let it be said that one idea was represented by the American position and the other by the French position. In between these two positions were found the other countries concerned.

It is the French position that peace should be organized on the very definite basis of the nations interested in peace guaranteeing its preservation. Taking the covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg anti-war pact as an international code, the French contend that the best guarantee of peace lies in a hard and fast agreement by the nations to punish the country which violates that code. As penalties have been found by human experience to be an essential part of any national system of justice, so penalties must back up any international system of justice—such is the French theme.

It is the American position that the nations had best retain their liberty of action to deal with each crisis as it arises on its merits. We would place greatest faith in the conscience and honor of the countries which have promised not to make war, and we oppose the system of organized sanctions as a rettigression from the high aims of the Kellogg pact in that sanctions mean war.

Now, no one who knows the high-mindedness of the men who direct the governments both of America and France will doubt the complete sincerity of both points of view. It was America and France who combined to give the world the Kellogg pact. They both seek the same end. They differ as to the means to attain it.

To put it briefly, American holds that the more the nations provide sanctions and make rules for the application of sanctions, the greater chance they will have to put muscle to on their shoulders and go and apply the sanctions. On the other hand, the French hold that the more the nations complete the system of sanctions, thereby ensuring punishment to an aggressor nation, the less chance there will be of ever having to apply sanctions.

These two theories clash at London. The French said: "Here we are, five nations controlling eighty-five per cent of the naval power of the world. Who could defy us?" Let us get together and, having agreed among ourselves, not to fight let us make it impossible for any one nation to start wars. We can thus advance the organization of peace and be able to reduce our own fleets.

The Americans said, in effect: Let us fix our relative naval strengths. That will alleviate competition in armaments and bring stability based on assurance of proper relations in naval power. That is what we come here for.'

"Knowing that it was impossible to get the United States to go but so far in making commitments, the French undertook to strengthen the sanctions system of the League of Nations by having England agree that the unanimous recommendations of the League Council for the application of military or naval sanctions should be mandatory. In this plan America would have acted by promising to subscribe to a consultative pact by the terms of which we would have agreed to confer with other powers in the event of a crisis threatening war.

"Under the persuasive powers of M. Briand the Americans, after hesitating, agreed. But the French went further. They asked that Great Britain agree to the application of the recommendations of the League jurists that in any war economic sanctions would be applied forthwith. In this demand the French failed, and when it became apparent that a similar reinforcement of Article XVI of the Covenant of the League of Nations could not be had, the French would not make great naval sacrifices and, especially since it seemed impossible to reconcile the Italian demand for naval parity with France with the French refusal to agree to that demand, the whole political effort of the conference came to naught. The conference dropped from a five-power limitation conference to a three-power limitation conference, and with the disappearance of a political arrangement among the League members disappeared the proposal for a consultative pact in which the United States would take part.

And so, as the conference turns out, the American theory of nationalistic independence from peace organization efforts triumphed at the London conference. France and Italy, whose positions were largely political, remain outside the naval limitation plan, while the fleets of America, Great Britain and Japan are limited on the basis of their purely national needs in the world as they see it. We have the fleet which we think we need for the protection and protection of our national interests. Great Britain retains the fleet she thinks she needs to protect her lines of communications, with a reservation allowing her to increase her tonnage should French and Italian building threaten her two-power position in the Mediterranean. Japan goes home with a fleet she thinks will give her a sporting chance against either America or Britain in a Far Eastern conflict.

"As M. Briand said in London:

"'It is unthinkable to me that these five powers, controlling eighty-five per cent of the naval power of the world, cannot organize to protect peace. Sworn not to fight among themselves, let them pledge themselves to coerce the aggressor, and there would not be another war while that agreement held.'

But M. Briand lost his fight at London. The French programme for an organization with definite plans to punish the war maker went down before the idea represented by America, and really seconded by Britain, that nations had better remain free to follow their own principles and interests on any occasion.

Surely Americans and British will not present the success of their policy in leading to a completely successful conference. A completely successful conference would have brought forth five-power limitation, and that we have not. If they say it was the best that could be done in the circumstances, they say enough so far.

"So the question arises as to how much the results will help positively the work of general disarmament as conducted by the League of Nations. It is too early to answer that question with any degree of definitiveness. Conversations are to continue among Britain, France and Italy on naval questions and no one knows what may come out of them.

"But this much may be said. There is no chance of any early successful reduction of Continental land armaments without some degree of success for the French idea of an organization of peace. In the first place, France and her allies control the armies which it is sought to reduce, and in the second place, France pretty much controls matters at Geneva. She will undoubtedly propose again at the next opportunity that European countries with armies agree to a system of limitation under which they will be able to say what the various nations did shoot their fleets. With that maximum limitation, it may be imagined that once again they will make the point that security arrangements—which is to say promises to combine against the aggressor—will turn absolute needs into relative needs. That is the French story to which they have stuck for the last ten years and one sees nothing in London developments likely to swing them to another programme.

"It is evident that the rôle the British played vis a vis the French at London does not indicate any great contribution by Britain toward the organization the French seek. One may guess that M. Briand was not wasting his time when he proposed plan after plan to Mr. MacDonald only to have it rejected. A Mediterranean pact, a mutual assistance treaty, revamping Article XV, strengthening Article XVI—all were rejected by the British. Unquestionably that will weaken the British at Geneva, and any decrease of British strength in the League of Nations means an increase in the strength of the French position.

But it is not to be supposed that the French go away from London downhearted. Had they limited their fleet on a purely nationalistic basis, along with Britain, America and Japan—which they could have done in a four power treaty—they might regard their case as weakened. But in rejecting a four power arrangement excluding Italy as not worth while because of the possible disturbances it might have produced in European politics they go away with their main idea intact. Their position is that as long as Britain means to leave to France the burden of carrying out on the Continent the League sanctions for peace, Britain cannot criticize their army or their navy. And the French know full well that Britain cannot afford to swing away from the French so far as her policy at London indicated. Britain must live with France, and the French knew that.'



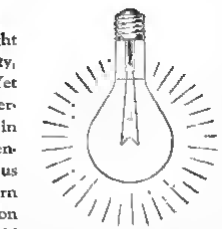
Yuletime's Canadian Snapshot Album—Lake Bertha, Waterton Lakes Park, Alberta.
—By G. B. Carr, Fischer Station, Alberta.



ILLUMINATION

MELLOW candle light . . . so kind to beauty, so unkind to the eyes! Yet candles were long considered to be the *ultimate* in illumination. The past century, however, brought us kerosene and the modern oil lamp, then illumination by gas. Surely these would remain supreme!

But this swift age of science finally harnessed electricity, and with an endless supply of power flowing continuously in her rivers, Canada can become the best lighted country in the world.



The Northern Electric Company manufactures the telephone and its accessories, wires and cables for the transmission of power, fire alarm systems, public address systems, talking motion picture equipment, and also distributes well known brands of electrical household appliances of all kinds.

The Northern Electric organization contributes to the better lighting of the Dominion by manufacturing in its plants many of the miles of wire and cable used to convey the current from power plant to electric bulb; and by distributing through its branches, a large quantity of electric lamps and fixtures of reputable make.

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258

The Question of the War Novel

Is it Necessary to Depict the Soldier as Compound of Dirt Lice and Drunkenness?

LADY INGRAM

LADY INGRAM in an article printed in *John O London's Weekly*, registers a protest against the flood of all-too-distant war novels with which the world is at present inflicted.

"Five million people," she writes, "are said to have read 'All Quiet on the Western Front' but I wonder how many of them read it to the bitter end? When as in this book legitimate war pictures are crowded out by revolting disgusting descriptions that have no vital connection with war I am certain that a considerable percentage of readers is so shocked that it puts the book down and never takes it up again.

"In the effort to strip war of all glamor the modern author often clothes it in such brutalities and indecencies that the mind of the average reader revolts and says: 'This is too bad to be true.' When the officer is painted in such lurid colors that he becomes barely human and is made to appear an unfeeling brutal drunken sensualist as in Sergeant Grischa: Good-bye to All That: 'Rough Justice' and All Quiet the exaggerated pressure defeats its own ends. All readers have come in contact with so many officers to whom these qualities even taken singly do not in the least apply that the books are merely labelled abnormal and passed over.

"These exaggerations and insinuations would not so often pass unchallenged but for the fact that war books are mostly read by those who were too young to be there or by older people who were merely onlookers. They read these books for the same reason that their parents visited the Chamber of Horrors and the more gory the detail the greater the thrill. Not until they read a book like 'The Spanish Farm Trilogy,' which deals with the drab merciless drudgery that descends on a war tortured civilian population do they even begin their education in war hatred.

"Those who served during the Great War find it impossible to take war novels seriously. They too often come across impossible situations and technical or statistical errors. Speaking from personal knowledge, I have yet to find the war book play or film that accurately represents hospital life as it really is in wartime. Not the most untrue of those I know are 'All Quiet' and 'The Silver Lassie.' No nurse could regard these as other than grotesque.

"As for life in the trenches, I have been told time after time by those who lived it that most of the war books that have been published recently do not give by any means an accurate impression. They say that the war was horrible but that those who fought in it often exhibited more often than not splendid qualities of courage self-sacrifice optimism and cheerful humor, about which we are told too little. A description cannot be given with which emphasizes certain aspects of it and lays no regard to others equally important.

"Unless an author sets out to reproduce a best seller he loses nothing by using restraint. All war novels for instance introduce the reader to the soldier's post until it does not appear any more frightful when huddled with the objectionable details of the most modern books than when Tratter in 'Journey's End' says: 'My old lady asked if I'd got fleas. I wish I'd got fleas!' On the other hand just as the brutality of a murder passes unexamined in a good detective yarn so war horror becomes negligible if presented to the reader in too good a plot.

"Brotherton is a striking example of this. In the disturbed atmosphere engendered by the enthralling story—the scene where the hero ploughs his arm into a decaying German only strikes the reader as being rather bad form, and he skips a page or two, the quicker to get on with the story.

"The earlier war books showed a different spirit altogether from those published today. Peter Jackson typically represents what the public wanted while the war was still fresh in their minds. Its hatred of those beasts in grey murder, rape and plunder in their swinish eyes is quite natural keeping with present day toleration of the erstwhile enemy, while some modern books would probably have been burned by an enraged public had their unpatriotic sentiments been published ten years ago.

"Why cannot we have a clean, true war novel free from exaggerations and sensationalism? The subject has such enormous possibilities that it should surely produce a classic for future generations. The facts and atmosphere would not require the diligent assembling that it takes to produce a Jungle Book or a Conrad masterpiece. There are numberless eyewitnesses to tell their tales, and living documents and chronicles like Sir Henry Wilson's diary and Mr Winston Churchill's history to draw upon. These two books if given as part of the history curriculum in schools, would do much to open the eyes of the young to the futility and pettiness of war, but to reach the millions who read war books and those other millions who have not yet given a thought to the subject we must have an outstanding fearless human novel which will draw up the curtain and show us war as Galsworthy shows us life.

"Such a book would be the finest War Memorial to those who gave their lives to end war, and an everlasting gift to humanity."

Wit Wisdom and Whimsicality

Nerves—The only time a horse gets scared nowadays is when he meets another horse.—*Montreal Star*

Evidence—You can tell when the detour humps are stones. Stones don't scatter a shower of feathers.—*Vancouver Star*

Terrible—Did you hear about the Scotsman who went down to the Black Sea to fill his fountain pen?—*Ferule Free Press*

A Campact Load—The man who carved 100 words on a grain of rice probably was trying to start a reveal story.—*Erskville Recorder and Times*

Tan True!—Don't tell Willie but the class valedictorian often goes to work for the fellow who dropped out at the eighth grade.—*Victoria Colonist*

Delicatessen—It is charged that the craze for chicken salad robs the country of egg producers. But who ever heard of a call laying eggs?—*Oshawa Times*

Smile—"Income tax is inevitable," says a writer. And it behooves us to pay up and look pleasant. Most of us however just pay up.—*Regina Leader*

Invention—The farmer who says he can make butter but all milkweed might go on and tell us how to make sausage out of sow thistle.—*Toronto Telegram*

Time Limit—Wives don't tell their husbands everything, says a judge. After all, there are only twenty four hours in each day.—*Vancouver Province*

O Say Have You Seen——?—Birdcage and parrot offered by refined young lady having green feathers and yellow beak for what have you?—*American Paper*

The Artist—"It is my ambition," says an artist, "to paint a vision of beauty that is too wonderful to be realized in this life." He is just the man to design the labels on flower seed packets.—*Saskatoon Star Phoenix*

Destructive Criticism—"The modern girl," says a London bishop, "is not at all shrinking or indiscreet." It is dreadful of this kind that drives the modern girl back to long skirts in revenge.—*St Thomas Times-Journal*

Together—The old-fashioned family doctor is disappearing. So is the old fashioned family.—*Edmonton Journal*

Prosperity—Prosperity is like parking space. There is always plenty of it for the fellow who gets there first.—*Kitchener Record*

War Grimean Sacrifices—A wife may worship her husband but should not place burnt offerings before him.—*Ottawa Journal*

Smooth—A Paris bootblack has successfully masqueraded as a count for two years. No doubt people were deceived by his polish.—*Calgary Herald*

Watch as Grow!—A town has become a city when people begin to exaggerate their incomes instead of pretending they make little.—*Toronto Daily Star*

Through—We have just heard of a young wife who took the dining room clock to pieces when she started spring cleaning.—*London Evening Free Press*

Poor Chap! London is to have a newspaper owned by a million women. If the city editor can please them he will be a wonder.—*London Advertiser*

How It's Done—Success comes easy, never say or does anything a bright boy of twelve couldn't duplicate.—*Manitoba Free Press*

Invention—A writer is said to have thought of a good plot for a story while dancing at a night club but many husbands think of them on the way home.—*Halifax Herald*

Us Bets—You see the extra yard of cloth in a size 42 makes it cost $32.50 more than a size 34 because the manufacturer bets the 42 been rich husband.—*Ottawa Citizen*

Mare Modern Canvantunces—With all its faults a lighter is better than matches. A thumb may wear thin, but it won't split when you stoop over.—*Marden Times*

Perhaps That's Why——It is worth while running for office if only to discover how distinguished an enemy a little fuss can look on a campaign poster.—*Montreal Gazette*

Alfonso XIII—A Royal Enigma

Spain's Monarch is an Adept at the Art of Maintaining His Position on a Shaky Throne

NEW YORK *HERALD TRIBUNE*

RECENT events in Spain have brought into the limelight once again the romantic figure of her King that mercurial double of his ancestor Charles IV, Velasquez painting sportsman bon vivant and withal a king—an appears reminiscent of royal politicians if the term may be allowed. Will the death of Prima De Rivera, end the return of constitutionalism under Berenguer mean the end of the Bagshangs in Spain, as an? A writer in the *New York Herald Tribune* seems to think not and gives us an interesting sketch of the king himself in his forty fourth year.

"All things considered," he says, "our would be safe in betting fifty to one that much more will happen in Spain than has happened or appears likely to happen before Don Alfonso does or the kings and probably the only one left who thoroughly enjoys being a king—surrounds his great Madrid palace that looks out to the rugged Guadarrama Mountains his lovely summer palace on the peak of the peninsula at Santander, his Mediterranean playground at Malaga his racing stables, his fleet of high-powered automobiles, his polo ponies his specious hunting preserve in the Grados Mountains, his royal state, not to mention an immense annual revenue, and retires to kill time on a private gentleman after the manner of the former King of Greece and ex King Manuel of Portugal. There is a wide spread idea that he is an easy-going monarch who does not take the business of king-ship too seriously, and that his house like that of other ancient European dynasties is in the twilight of its long life.

"But the impressions are not altogether accurate and complete. Play pale with him rush into the hills with him in a high powered Hispano Alfonso at the spring wheel bout with him dine with him and in diplomatic campaigns in a corner table at a restaurant overlooking a summer sea meet him at a house party in the Duke of Sutherland's Scottish castle, or hail lighting with him, and you may think you know him. But you will have seen only facets of a remarkable character.

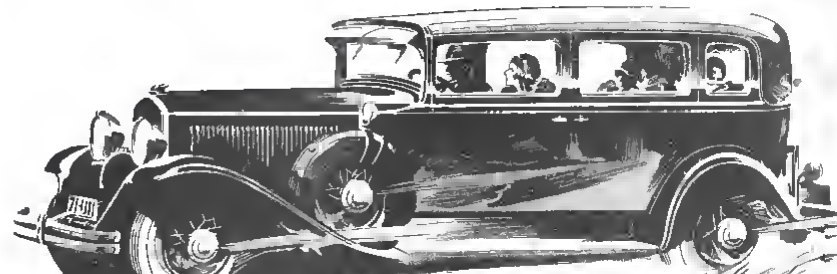
"He has other facets. He displays one in the midst of his court stiff with the splendor and etiquette of ancient tradition a more vigorous and vital man you would say than any of those around him not excepting the portly Prima or the hard veteran Berenguer.

"In short this tall, tanned native man who loves movement and action polo ponies racing cars, everything swift and dashing who looks and is iron hard and hit without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his spare frame is many-sided and indomitable. If he is still a king today it is not because he was literally born one but because he likes being a king and intends to go on being a king if patience tact, adroitness quick action and audacious courage can preserve his influence on the monarchical tight rope.

"In estimating his chances in the present crisis which may last through 1930 with intermittent demonstrations, declarations resignations and riots—it is worth remembering that apart from the fact that five assassins have tried to get him and have failed he has been astutely playing his cards for at least twenty of his forty years of life and kingship in order to retain his throne.

"His philosophy of kingship is summed up in the declaration he made in answer to rumors of his intended abdication: 'A king who abdicates is a deserter.'"

A *Chrysler* in the family brings a joy all its own



CHRYSLER 77 ROYAL SEDAN
$2225 f. o. b. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

THERE is a certain thrilling something about Chrysler performance—whether Imperial, "77", "70", "66" or the new Chrysler Six, lowest-priced Six ever to bear the Chrysler name—that one never senses or enjoys in any other car. It is something altogether different and delightful in the spirit and sure stride of Chrysler speed . . . in the gliding sensation of Chrysler smoothness . . . in the electric alertness of Chrysler pick-up. With new, bigger and more powerful engines . . . with Down-Draft carburetion, based on the best fuelizing practice in aviation and Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift in both "77" and "70" . . . with new, larger, more luxurious bodies of rigid construction . . . these latest Chryslers farther out-distance all attempts to equal Chrysler results in performance and riding comfort. What a woman likes, too, is the fact that there is more style in Chrysler beauty . . . more charm in Chrysler luxury . . . just as there is more *go* in Chrysler power, more *stop* in Chrysler's internal-expanding hydraulic brakes, safest brakes in all weather. Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to give you a demonstration, so that you, too, may realize why a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

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The "77"
9 body styles, $2095 to $2355

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The Copper Disc

Continued from page 8

nal quietly, as though wishing not to attract attention.

Miss Hensley told about the accident to the car she had been driving in, and how in an emergency Kent had placed his taxi at her disposal.

"Were you previously acquainted with Mr. Kent?"

"No, sir."

"Then he is a total stranger to you?"

"Yes, sir. That is, he was until last night."

"Quite so. The point I am getting at is that you appealed, in an emergency, to a total stranger."

"Yes, sir."

"Which would indicate that it was quite—shall I say—a serious emergency?"

"Yes, sir."

"In short, you were in a great hurry. May we be informed as to the occasion of your haste? It may, or may not, have a bearing on this case."

Kent gnashed his teeth in silent impotence. This man was sleuthing for something with a bearing on the case. Why didn't he ask her where she had been, what she wore, how old she was ...?

Miss Hensley hesitated. "That is the strange part of it," she said. "I really don't know what it was all about."

The coroner looked incredulous. "You mean you don't know why you were in a hurry?"

"That is just it. While I was with Mr. Brace I was suddenly seized with what you have described as a mood of haste. I urged him to drive me home with all possible speed. We skidded and broke a wheel. Then as Mr. Kent came along in his taxi I appealed to him, and I hurried his driver. You see, I am to blame, but I don't know why. When I reached home there was no reason for haste. I can't explain it at all."

"Very strange, very strange," the coroner mused. "Your position, your family, Miss Hensley, preclude the supposition which otherwise would be almost irresistible, that you are trifling with this court."

"Oh, I assure you I am not," the girl exclaimed with unquestionable sincerity. "I just can't explain it, that's all."

The coroner, also, began looping his watch-chain.

"Have you had any conversation with Mr. Kent on this subject since the accident?"

"No, sir. That is, I called him up about my purse. You see, I left the purse in the taxi and he got it for me."

"Has the purse been produced?"

Murphy, still under the beneficent effects of a second breakfast, signalled to Kent and the purse was laid on the table.

"Do you identify the purse?"

"It looks like it."

"You are not sure?"

"Not at this distance."

The coroner ordered that the purse be placed in Miss Hensley's hands. It was a dainty thing of silver mesh. She opened it gravely, took out some bank notes, a few pieces of change and a small gold compact.

"Yes, it is my purse," she said. "Oh, if only Mr. Kent had not come along!"

Kent hesitated to believe his ears. Was she saying, if only he had not come along?

The coroner also seemed nonplussed. "You led the court a few minutes ago to believe that this young man had done you a favor. Do you wish to change that impression?"

Kent looked up hopefully, but the girl avoided his glance. The frankness seemed to have gone out of her eyes; she was looking downward, and a strange color was mounting in her cheeks.

"It would have been better if he had not stopped," she said at length. "It was a strange thing for him to do."

"But you appealed to him, did you not?"

"Suppose I did! ... And then in the taxi he turned out the light! And I was just in my evening gown and I was cold! Oh, I can't say any more! I won't say any more! Do you hear me, I won't say any more!"

She was obviously at the point of hysteria.

"I shall overlook the tone of your last remark," said the coroner. "It does not seem that anything more is to be gained by your evidence, which, I must say, has taken a most unexpected turn. The point is established that either you, or Kent, or both, urged the driver to a high rate of speed. Anything else which may have occurred in that taxi is not under enquiry by this court."

The girl flushed under the coroner's rebuke. She stood for a moment, hesitant. Then: "May I have my purse?"

"I see no reason why you should not have the purse," the coroner answered, his tone grown suddenly cold. "But I observe that you were not too offended by Mr. Kent to ask him to do you a further service. You may go, Miss Hensley."

With burning cheeks she turned and, accompanied by her mother, without looking at Kent, brushed out of the room. Soon afterward, Kent also was excused and left the place, bewildered by the sudden turn events had taken.

In the little office behind the shop of Kent and Powers he discussed the incident with his partner. "Now what do you make of that?" he demanded, when he had finished his story.

But Powers had jumped from his chair. "Hensley, did you say? Glad Hensley! Why, man, you've been sheltering angels unawares! Don't you know who Glad Hensley is?"

"Who—and why the sudden agitation?"

"Only daughter of old Angus Hensley, the radio king, that's all! With more millions in her line of descent than we've got washers in the tool box. Say, old man, you've just got to patch up this damage, whatever it costs. Go and apologize to her. Tell her mother it was a case of mistaken identity. Line it up some way. Get Angus Hensley interested in you, even if you have to marry his daughter, because that's where we're going to get the money to put over our experiments."

"Oh, are we? Well, we've made a great start."

"No worse than I'd expect. Why in the world did fate choose you for that job instead of me? But you're elected, and you've got to come through. You owe it to the firm—and to posterity."

He was pacing about the little room, a-thrill with the possibilities of the situation.

But Kent failed to catch any of his partner's enthusiasm. "You don't seem to realize that she gave me an awful flop this very morning," he remarked.

"Don't worry over that. She'll give you a boost tomorrow. Women are that way. I know. I made a study of 'em. You'll see."

Kent's dejection carried him home early. In the mail box of his door he found a small envelope addressed in a woman's hand. As he held it a familiar odor touched his nostrils.

With a strange tremor running through his frame he cut the envelope open and drew out a little note.

You must think me absolutely horrid. I'm not really. Can you possibly forgive my unaccountable behavior? I assure you it is as unaccountable to me as it must have been to you. I shall be home all evening to receive your forgiveness.—G. H.

For a moment Kent held the note before him, more puzzled than ever. Then he opened a closet door and took out his only suit of evening clothes.

KENT presented himself at 54 Lake Boulevard and was shown into a large room luxuriously furnished. Subdued music issued from a radio set ingeniously concealed. Kent's ear had not yet located it when Gladys entered, slim and radiant, and moved toward him.

He appraised her quickly and appreciatively as she advanced under the softly colored lights of the Hensley reception hall. If the previous night he had thought her overdressed, he found no ground for that criticism now. Her costume was modest to the point of severity, a single short string of pearls encircled her white neck, and the pink in her cheeks was the glow of her girlish health artfully accentuated by the shades on the electric chandeliers.

"This is coals of fire," she said as she took his hand. "I hardly believed anyone could be so generous."

"I came because you asked me and because I'm puzzled," he told her frankly. He had decided to be firm; her behavior demanded explanation; but his eyes feasted on her as he spoke.

Her lips melted into a smile. "I know you are going to be very severe," she said contritely. "You have a right to be. Shall we sit here? This room is so large."

She led him, willing enough, into a smaller room at the rear, with windows commanding the lake, now splashed with sunset gold and copper. For a moment she paused to drink in the evening beauty.

"Don't you love the sunset?" she asked, her voice low and near, as though it expressed her reverence at the bedside of the dying day. "We chose this place partly because it opens to the sunset."

Kent felt his demand for explanations slipping away. For the moment they could wait. He was conscious of being under the spell of a very delightful presence.

"I was born in the country," he told her, "where they have sunsets every night." She laughed gently. "You have no idea how I miss them in the city."

Her quick eyes were turned to his. They were brown, he saw, but in them seemed to lie some deeper color. It might be, he thought, the glow from the lake. He must study them under other conditions of light.

"I am glad you love the sunset," she was telling him, "because people who love the sunset love beauty, or whatever it is in one's soul that cannot be understood. I am going to tell you something that cannot be understood, at least that I cannot understand. That is why I asked you to come tonight. Perhaps you can explain it; if not, it may help you at least to make allowances."

Twilight had crept into the room. The girl pressed a button and filled it with a yellow glow. She selected a chair and indicated another nearby.

"I suppose you have seen the evening papers?" she asked, when they were seated. "Dad has a good deal of influence on account of the advertising done by the Hensley Radio Corporation—you know, his company—and they let us down as light as possible. At that, it's bad enough."

Kent had not thought of the papers. He had enjoyed always the immunity of the unimportant.

"I didn't think of the papers," he said.

She smiled on him the smile of benevolent maturity upon a child.

"We always have to think of the papers—first," she explained. "So as soon as I realized the mischief I had done, I got dad on the telephone to straighten it out. They gave up their juicy story grudgingly, like a dog parts with a bone. That is what they called it—a juicy story. You realize, Mr. Kent, I suppose, that I placed both you and myself in a rather unenviable light?"

"Yes, I am able to follow it that far," Kent admitted rather grimly. "What I can't understand is why."

"That is what I cannot understand either. That is why I told you, a moment ago, there is something that cannot be understood."

He looked at her, a faint play of incredulity about his lips.

"Do you mean that you don't know why you said those things in your evidence?"

"No more than I know why I was in a hurry last night, and I don't know that. I am a puzzle to my family, to my friends, most of all to myself. I do things without understanding why. My mood changes without an apparent glimpse of cause. It may change tonight in an hour, in a minute. I don't know."

She glanced at a clock on the mantelpiece. The hands were at one minute to nine.

"Before the clock strikes I may be as hostile to you as I now am friendly," she continued. She dropped her voice a little on the last word.

"Remarkable," Kent mused.

"It is a matter of moods imposed on me from some external source," she went on, as though repeating a formula.

"Can you tell the mood from your real self?"

"Yes, always."

Kent took a plunge. "And which is your real self—toward me?" he asked.

Her eyes smiled, but she gave him no answer.

"I was telling you of the newspapers," she resumed. "You may as well know the worst."

She pressed a button and a maid entered.

"The evening papers, Florence, please."

The woman returned in a moment and laid the papers before her. Gladys leafed them over and held out a sheet to Kent. As he took it her fingers touched his, and again that wireless current went tingling through his veins.

There was a two-column cut of Miss Gladys Hensley and a heading, "Society Girl at Inquest Quiz." Kent's eye ran down the half-column of reading matter in which his own name appeared two or three times. He gathered that the taxi driver had not been held responsible for the accident. As he read on the color rose in his cheeks. His ride with Gladys Hensley had become public property. He stopped at the sentence:

> Miss Hensley's evidence intimated that Kent's gallantry in placing his taxi at her disposal had not been wholly disinterested, but the coroner did not pursue this aspect of the case.

Kent sprang to his feet. "The blackguards," he exclaimed. "They should be prosecuted for that."

She motioned him back to his seat. "I'm sorry," she said contritely. "You see, it is entirely my fault. The evidence justified all they printed, and more. Indeed, they let us down easy, but even dad's influence couldn't keep that sentence out. But it did prevent them using your photograph."

"My photograph?"

"Yes. Someone had snapped you, and they gave it up, as I said, like a surly dog gives up his bone. I'm so sorry."

She was a picture of genuine distress.

Continued on page 12



CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea, correct acid mouth or discolored gums. There are no such things. The true function of a dentifrice is to clean teeth. Any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

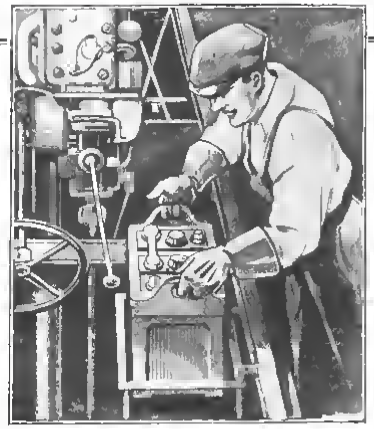
Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But most other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start







The Men Who Built Your Car Had a Good Reason!

Most Canadian-built cars leave the production lines Prest-O-Lite-equipped — why? There can be only one answer to such a question — because Prest-O-Lite storage batteries match the quality and performance which each manufacturer is so careful to build into his car.

You can do no better than follow the choice of Canada's leading automotive engineers, when replacing your present storage battery.

Authorized Prest-O-Lite service stations reach from coast to coast, where you will receive expert and courteous service when your battery needs attention.



Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Co. Limited

Vancouver TORONTO Winnipeg

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery — right for every car

Continued from page 30

Kent let his eyes rest on her, completely puzzled. He could not doubt her sincerity. And yet—

"You are waiting for me to explain," she read his thought, when silence became oppressive. "That is the unfortunate part of it. I can't explain, except that my moods change apparently without any reason. They are certainly beyond my control. What do you think is the cause of moods, Mr. Kent?"

"Well, I have always associated them with the liver."

She laughed. "Yes, but I have checked that."

"You have?"

"Of course. Dr. Alstree tells me my health is perfect. You see, Mr. Kent, it is a very serious matter, and I really have been trying to get to the bottom of it. I shall soon not have any friends at all if this continues."

"Oh, I assure you—"

"Don't. It was very decent of you to come tonight, but you wouldn't keep on coming if I embarrassed you many times as I did today. I hoped perhaps you might think of some explanation."

"I?"

"Yes. You are an inventor—an experimentor of some sort, aren't you? Doesn't this subject seem interesting enough to warrant your investigation?"

He laughed at her banter in her voice, but it was evident she was quite in earnest.

"Yes, indeed, the subject does interest me," he told her. "I will be glad to help, if I can. May I ask questions?"

She nodded.

Kent had his share of the passion for scientific research, but he was conscious now of a subtle stimulus not usually associated with science. The problem invited his mind, but the girl herself, the instrument in which the problem was expressed, drew him with a powerful attraction.

"Have you always been subject to these moods?" he asked.

"Oh no. Just in the last month or so."

"Then the influence, whatever it forms it is, is quite recent. That should help to locate it. Did anything unusual happen about the time you first came under the spell? I suppose we may call it that? Think hard."

She was resting her chin in her hands, a picture of concentration. "No. I can't place any. I just began to do things I didn't mean to do."

"You spoke of losing friends. Have you lost any friends as a result of this—this peculiar behavior?"

He sensed her hesitation. "Don't tell me unless you wish to," he added gently.

"Yes, I will tell you. I believe you are trying to help me. You know the young man I was with last night, Mr. Gordon Blake? I feel that he is so uncertain about me, he doesn't know what to do. You see, he is not a student like you. With Gordon things either are or they aren't, if you understand. And I am afraid I have him utterly baffled. He doesn't know what to make of me. No wonder. I don't know what to make of myself. Neither do my parents. They are as puzzled as any of us. After my evidence this morning, mother was hotly indignant at you until I made her understand I was in another of my tantrums. Now she is so mortified she may not come in to meet you tonight at all."

Kent recalled Mrs. Hensley's lack of cordiality at the request, but he tried to be gallant.

"I hope she will not deny me that pleasure," he managed to say, although he had a feeling that the enquiry could be carried on better without her assistance.

"She may. You see it is customary to hold one responsible for his moods, isn't it? You can't just square yourself for bad behavior by saying you were in the grip of a mood, can you? Sensible people are not supposed to give way to their moods, although everyone does, more or less. Mr. Kent, you know all about wave lengths, I suppose?"

"Not all, by any means. Something perhaps."

"Do you believe that people have wave lengths, that each person has a different wave length?"

"It is possible, although I don't know that it has been scientifically established."

"But it is possible, isn't it? And that is why we respond so readily to some people, while others simply ruin our static. Do you think every brain is, after all, just a human radio set, gathering emotions, ideas, thoughts, out of the ether, according as it is tuned?"

"Possibly. Possibly also a broadcasting station, sending out emotions, thoughts, ideas."

"Or perhaps just relaying them?"

"Perhaps. I don't know."

She was vivid with interest, but she wanted to be sure she was not outrunning Kent's sense of reasonableness.

"You see," she explained, "I live in an atmosphere of radio. Father is steeped in it. Our guests are usually radio people. Inventors from everywhere, with every kind of theory—some of them too wild for words—come to see my father, to interest him in their ideas, usually too, to get him to finance their experiments. I think every crank in the world must have dad's address. He is continually bringing them to the house, because as he says, you never know where you will pick up an idea that is worth a million. And again, sometimes I sing on the radio. It has become part of my life. And it opens up such possibilities that I wonder if it may not even have something to do with this problem."

Kent pulled a head which had fallen into his hands. "I think you are suffering from extreme nervous tension," he told her. "If you had not assured me that you have already consulted your doctor, I should have known what to prescribe."

Her eyelids drooped, and little crystal points began to gather at the inner corners. They filled and coursed slowly down her cheeks.

She rose suddenly, her hand still in his. "Excuse me," she begged. "I am very silly," and with drawing herself from him she hurried out of the room.

While he waited for her return Kent gazed at a symbolical painting that hung on the wall, representing the harnessing of the forces of electricity. That was part of the problem to which he was devoting his life. A partial success in the harnessing of those mysterious powers had made Angus Hensley many times a millionaire, and his only child one of the richest prizes in the matrimonial market. But there was nothing sordid in Kent's appraisal of the girl who had come so unexpectedly into his life. She was confronted with a unique and distressing problem, and his one desire at the moment was to help her toward a solution.

Such eyes," he told himself irrelevantly. "Did ever I see such eyes!"

At that moment Miss Hensley returned, again plainly mistress of her feelings. She carried the little silver mesh purse that had already played a part in this strange experience.

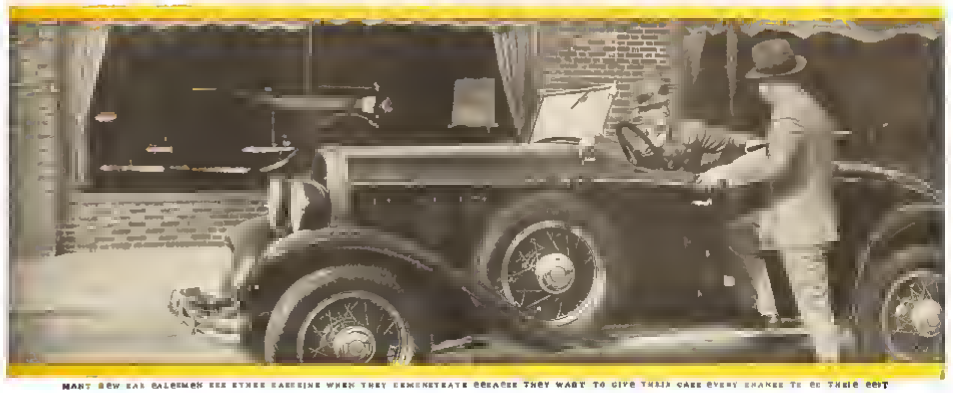
"Remember it?" she asked as she held it in extended hands toward him. "It is my constant companion, not so much for itself as for this." She snapped it open and drew out a small gold compact. "We

Continued on page 66

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

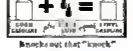


MANY NEW CAR SALESMEN USE ETHYL GASOLINE WHEN THEY DEMONSTRATE BECAUSE THEY WANT TO GIVE THEIR CARS EVERY CHANCE TO DO THEIR BEST

New cars and used cars . . . *both demonstrated with Ethyl*

AN increasing number of automobile salesmen are using Ethyl Gasoline when they demonstrate a car to a prospective buyer.

They know that the Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline will give the car a measure of performance beyond that possible with ordinary gasoline. The anti-knock characteristics of Ethyl increase power and pick-up and minimize gear shifting. The margin of improvement is just as great in small cars and old cars as in new and larger cars.



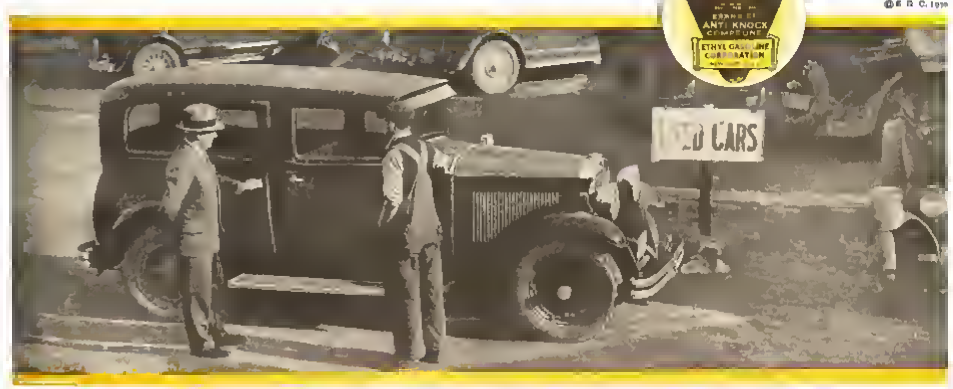
Give Ethyl a trial yourself in the car you already own. See how much better it behaves; how much easier it handles in traffic; feel the extra smoothness. You too will find it both thrilling and thrifty to ride with Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

* * *

Wherever you drive — wherever the oil company's name or brand associated with it — *any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

ETHYL GASOLINE

The octane ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead



AND USED-CAR SALESMEN KNOW THAT IN GREEN CARS OF ALL KINDS ETHYL BRINGS OUT A PERFORMANCE IMPOSSIBLE WITH ORDINARY GASOLINE.



Loveliness that Endures

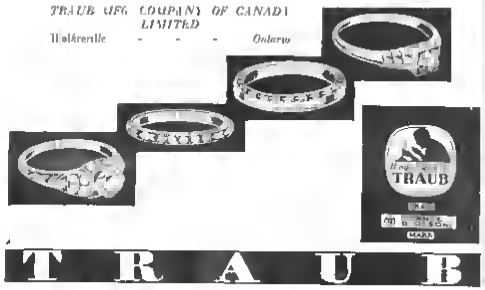
As enduring as vows daily renewed—as lovely as the wearer herself, Traub Orange Blossom engagement and wedding rings retain through the years their distinction of quality and exquisite beauty

Yet this distinction costs no more than commonness And the trade mark name—Orange Blossom is the Traub pledge to both purchaser and wearer of fineness of precious stones and metals, and studied correctness of design resulting from a generation of style leadership in wedding and engagement rings Ask your jeweller for them by name—Traub Orange Blossom.

A host of exquisite designs to meet every individual preference

'Only Traub Rings are Orange Blossom Rings'

TRAUB MFG COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
Walkerville - - - Ontario



T R A U B

Brickbats and Bouquets

The Oriental Question

Editor *MacLean s*

The writer of your articles on the Oriental in the Pacific Coast it would appear, overlooks the basic factor of the situation there.

Some years ago John Nelson dealt with the same question and tersely indicated the crux of the situation in the following statement "The Oriental accepts work as one of the conditions of life..the white man regards it as something to be avoided "

Mr Nelson, by his intimate acquaintance with both races there was eminently qualified to judge From extensive observation I agree with him

Anywhere in British Columbia a Chinaman's market can be distinguished at a glance from that of a white neighbor The Oriental is by far the superior cultivator His garden will be found to be absolutely weedless, while that of the white man will be found an example of slovenliness.

On a fine summer day on a trip from Victoria to Cowichan Lake I saw scores of Chinamen at work in the fields. I also saw four tennis tournaments, one cricket match about a score of white men fishing at on the coast with rod and line and four in the fields at work That's one trouble at the Pacific Coast, to country or in town.

The race that excels succeeds, and legislature bars will not in the long run, prevent the supremacy of the more capable race That is beyond the power of legislation The white man has the one remedy in his own hands. There is no substitute for intelligent work—Common Sense Westmount, P Q

We'll Tell Arthur, But It Was Alan Sullivan's Rabbit

Editor. *MacLean s*

In Arthur Heming's story The Black Fox ' published in your April 1 issue it says " The pink eyes began to glaze " Will you please inform the writer in just what part of Canada the wild rabbit has pink eyes It is possible that Mr Heming's fox caught one of those freaks of Nature that so frequently occur in all animal and bird life an albino?

Sure, your magazine is good and a credit to your staff Clean, wholesome and best of all real Canadian —N K L Banff Alta

He Knows His Stuff

Editor *MacLean's*

I have just finished reading ' Fifty-Fifty ' by Mr Lowe in the current issue of *MacLean's*

I do not as a rule make it a point to write to editors, either in commendation or disapproval as I take it for granted that the sponsors of a successful publication know their business and consequently, are likely to publish only stories which they know will appeal to the public they are trying to reach

However it was my good fortune during the war to serve as an assistant engineer officer under an old chief who had been in the United States Coast Guard for a great many years Practically all of his active service had been in the Arctic and though I have never been to any further north than Tuxedo myself, I have absorbed a good deal of the old man's philosophy and life, and out of deference to seniority to rank it was necessary to listen to a great many yarns of the sub-polar region

I am most happy to say that Mr Lowe's story interested me from start to finish, and I am sure that the story was written by a man who knows his North —F F Christopher, Thronto Ont

Some Items to our National Credit

Editor, *MacLean's*

I have just finished reading the two articles entitled "Is Canada Going U S?"

In Mr Scott's article, presenting the affirmative, I cannot help resenting his habit of constantly referring to the United States as "America" This is very properly commented on by Mr Kelly, but it seems that nothing will ever break a certain type of European of this slipshod way of speaking Naturally a man who starts off with the assumption that "America" (not even "North America") and "United States" are synonymous terms has an erroneous viewpoint on the subject of this article.

However it is with Mr Scott's summing up of his arguments that I wish to deal He says My whole point is that I should like to see Canada *say or do something first* and insist upon America taking it up"

I do not know that we can oblige Mr Scott with *saying* something that the United States will copy, since in common with other British countries we tend to lag behind our friends to the south of us in talking But if he will glance over the following list of things *done* he will, I think admit that most, or all of them have been adopted by "America " I am indebted for this list to the columns of the Toronto *Telegram* and the St. Catharines *Standard*, for all these items except No 6

1 Canada built, and sent the first steamer across the Atlantic.

2 Canada built and demonstrated the first compound steam engine

3 Canada built and demonstrated the first submarine telegraph

4 Canada built the first railway sleeping cars.

5 Canada originated the idea of making paper from wood pulp

6 Canada originated the game of ice hockey which now ranks second only to baseball as a professional sport in the U S

7 Canada built the first electric stove.

8 Canada originated the idea of electric heating

9. Canada made the discovery of calcium carbide

10 Canada originated the idea of the panoramic camera

11 Canada originated the idea of standard time

12 Canada originated Marquis and other kinds of wheat.

13. Canada first isolated helium in commercial quantities.

14 The idea of the telephone originated in Canada and the first long distance trials were made between Brantford and Paris

15. Canada gave to the world the idea of the oil electric radio.

16 Insulin was discovered and developed in the University of Toronto

It is true that the United States and not Canada gets the credit of nearly all of these achievements but this fact in itself proves that we are not as Yankeefied as Mr Scott would have us believe —L G. Kingston Ont.

We Might Compete With the Federal Election

Editor, *MacLean s*

It is a pleasure to add bouquets to your magazine I would like to make a suggestion Controversy over the flag question has run rampant Why not cage *Literary Digest* and start a *MacLean s* poll' The flag question would be a good one to start on not being too pressing a problem yet of national importance —C E S, Rockhaven, Sask



"To turn an ordinary dinner into something quite appetizing and delicious

'Don't think of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti as merely a luncheon or supper dish, even though it does fit in so beautifully in both these capacities,' says Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H J Heinz Company "We've a way to serve it for dinner that capitalizes to the full its wonderful flavor and goodness

'Just think' Heinz makes the dry spaghetti — of the finest wheat — and the very air in the drying room is washed Heinz selected tomatoes are used to make the rich, red, piquant sauce A special cheese is added for its tang and zest Spices straight from the Orient—selected there by Heinz representatives—give their delicate flavors. Chefs who are masters of flavor superintend the cooking in Heinz spotless kitchens — Why, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti couldn't be other than delightful!

Below is the recipe that will turn an ordinary dinner into something quite delicious for you And you'll find in this way that the Heinz Spaghetti has the happy faculty of passing on its unmatched flavor to the roast " H J. HEINZ COMPANY. PITTSBURGH. PA

"SPAGHETTI with pot roast the Heinz way"—

Prepare Pot Roast in your usual manner When it is about done add can or more according to the size of your roast Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, which you have already heated Let the whole simmer for a few minutes, adding water if required to prevent the Spaghetti from becoming absorbed by the Spaghetti. In serving place the meat in the center of the platter and bring the spaghetti around it This makes a dish that is not only delicious but highly nutritious as well. And I'm glad to tell you that you'll find Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickles a very tasty and fitting accompaniment."

Enjoy these radio talks! *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time Miss Gibson of the Heinz Economics Dept., H J Heinz Co will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations*

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI SOLD IN CANADA IS MADE IN CANADA

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE



When artist meets mechanic - WAR!

ACTUAL VISIT TO A P AND G HOME

The sound of a military march thumped through the windows of a homey house in a little town that I visited recently. A blue-eyed woman answered the door and my question about soap.

"Come in," she said, "and I'll tell you about it. That fearful noise is Peter practicing his march for the school entertainment." And Peter, just 5 years old, sat spick and span in a white sailor suit, playing with *both* hands!

You'd never believe that angel could get dirty, smiled his mother ruefully. But he does! And Robert, his brother—he's in the garage building an airplane. Yesterday Peter was practicing and Robert was hammering, and Robert said Peter's practicing bothered his hammering and Peter said Robert's hammering bothered his practicing—and so they threw MUD at each other!

And she smiled as only mothers smile when they're so proud of their children that they're even proud of their *badness*.

Mrs. Osgood* teaches music. That explains Peter. And she uses P AND G White Naphtha Soap. That explains why she can keep house, teach music and keep Peter and Robert clean as angels—when they're through throwing mud.

Two blouses a day for 1 week equals 14 blouses plus all the other household linen. That's Mrs. Osgood's weekly laundry. "P AND G doesn't waste away like some other soaps," she says, "and it gets clothes clean with hardly any rubbing. It's a wonderful soap. And it's so nice and *white*. I prefer white soap, don't you?"

Yes, I do. And I *know* P AND G is wonderful—it combines naphtha with fine white soap. It loosens dirt—in hot or cold water, hard or soft. And it *doesn't* waste away in the water, because it's so firm.

Why *does* such a good soap cost so much less? The reason really is: P AND G is used by more women than any other soap in the world. So—P AND G is made in enormous quantities—and Procter & Gamble can buy the fine materials that go into it at a great advantage. This means that a very large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for actually less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less *because it is so popular*. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap*.

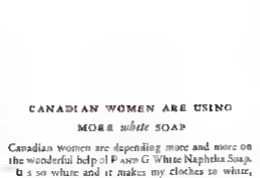
ANN CUMMINGS

* Not her real name—all names.

CANADIAN WOMEN ARE USING MORE *white* SOAP

Canadian women are depending more and more on the wonderful help of P AND G White Naphtha Soap. It is so white and it makes my clothes so white, too," explained one woman recently, "so naturally I prefer P AND G since it costs less than ordinary soaps!

made in Canada



The largest-selling soap in the world

The Tyrants

Continued from page 15

the amorous clutches of Sam Bullens. Barney had found her stumbling in the road beneath the weight of her battered suitcase, and had promptly and unhesitatingly offered her the shelter of his home and care.

Now, as she watched Jack's eggs slowly turn up at the edges, she knew it was little more than a name. Barney was a nonentity in the house of his brothers. His strength faded into insignificance beside those others. She loved him—how could she help that? But he was so very young, so pitifully helpless before them. This house was more protection than he. She knew instinctively that none of the three Rainsfords would ever lift a hand to insult her. They seemed to live in a hard-bitten, womanless world.

"Henry was engaged once," Barney had told her. But she turned him down at last. "I don't wonder, with such a mug."

Nor did Lucy wonder. She only wondered how the girl had ever accepted him in the first place. And whether Henry had particularly cared or not, none of his brothers ever knew.

Charles it was rumored, loved a woman on a farmhouse twenty miles away. A tiny, uncomplaining woman tied to an invalid husband and three children. The rumor had never been actually verified. His brothers only knew that sometimes he set off in the truck, laden perhaps with apples, feed or potatoes, and came home driving furiously, tight-lipped and uncommunicative.

Jack steered clear on principle. At eighteen he had made a visit to a big eastern city, and while staying with relatives there, had met some girls in a few weeks than he had ever seen in the whole of his life before. A life of gaiety—and he could hold his own among the best. And then he had returned to the farm, flung away his good clothes, pulled his oldest shirt over his black head, and laughed whole-heartedly in reply to Henry's query.

"Girls! Lord preserve me!" Not that he entirely avoided feminine society. He was sometimes seen at local dances. He never failed to offer a girl or woman a ride in his car. But his manner was cool, and there was not a girl in the whole neighborhood who would have dared to be anything but entirely impersonal with Jack Rainsford.

He was buttering toast as Lucy laid the plate of eggs before him, and did not look up. "Thanks." He spoke briefly.

Lucy stood behind him a moment and watched the back of his brown neck where the dark hair grew to a well shaped point. She wondered whether she had ever hated young Bullens as she hated his calm contempt. For she felt an indefinable contempt in every movement. There was a gleam of fury in her dark eyes and she longed for strength—strength to crush this autocratic power of the Rainsfords.

He wheeled about sharply and she stepped back. But there was not the challenge she expected—merely a casual interest. "Where were you born?" he asked abruptly.

"Cheriston—town." Against her very will she was forced into reply.

"Been out West long?"

"Ten years." She hesitated, but his eyes were impelling. "My father died and my grandfather lived at Lakeside, mentioning a town some eighty miles distant.

"He was a butcher," she continued, with a certain deliberation and a desire to see his black brows draw together. "And my father was a shoemaker. We've always been poor, and had to get along as well as we could. I meant to be a teacher, but all my people died, so I had to do something and went to Bullens." She stopped short, her cheeks aflame. After all, why had she to Jack Rainsford? Those brief sentences which held memories.

Lucky for you eh?" Jack spoke out of a brief pause quietly. "I mean meeting Barney."

Silence again, and now Lucy was white. The impassive loathsomeness of this man—for she knew exactly what he meant. Protection of their home, their name, pretense to her, who counted for less than nothing. All brought about through the folly of a stupid boy—a stupid, unthinking schoolboy.

She loved Barney. Yes. But that was nothing compared to her hatred of Jack Rainsford. And suddenly, like a small furious child she bent as he turned back to his eggs, and her small white teeth met sharply in his ear. "Beast!" she panted before the horror of what she had done struck her. "You think you're so superior but I'm just as decent—"

A swift movement, and Jack, with crimson face, turned about. A swifter movement, and Lucy found herself outside the kitchen door, and her being tingled with the memory of one short sharp smack. A fading glimpse of that set face through her terror and indignation. Good heavens! Was it possible to hate one solitary man so much!

THE young bridal couple sat on the edge of their bed that evening and regarded each other with hot faces.

"My gosh!" Barney spoke with singular lack of humor. "You might have picked on anyone but Jack. We'll never hear the end of it."

Probably they would not. Supper had been a miserable meal with three stern faces fixed on the trembling offender.

"To think that Barney would bring home a biting—female!" Henry's most severe criticism in the face of women.

"Better mangle her. Rather dangerous about a house." Charles shut his teeth with a decisive click.

Dangerous. Jack snorted and displayed a patched ear. "If you'd felt it. Loving little body isn't she?"

Barney! Lucy was almost desperate now. "I can't stay here. We'll have to go away."

But Barney shook his head. He had been thinking, too, during all the long hours of that day—thinking, as that only his body moved, and to all outward intents his mind remained a blank. "We can't go just yet, dear. The boys are right really, apart from their rottenness. To go off without a cent. I've simply got to try and get something together first."

You can't—while you're at school. It was only a gentle accusation now, for she could read the misery in his eyes, but his face grew dully red. "If you'll only wait just a little, Lucy. I'll do something about it. Honest I will."

"But, Barney, how?" she persisted. "They don't want you here."

"Well, what can I do yet?" There was a set tightness about him. "I tell you I'll do all I can. You've got a good home for now—oh gosh, Lucy. Don't feel like that about it." An answering note of despair crept into his own voice. "You know I only meant—"

She lay awake into the late hours of the night, cold even with the warmth of his body close to hers, and his arm about her. Loving him of course, for he had given her all he could of his rather helpless youth. But she shivered beneath the hatred of a square brown face, a thick head of black hair, hair which terminated in a well shaped point. No, she was not sorry she had bitten him. Her last conscious thought before she finally dropped into troubled sleep was the wish that she might miraculously be transformed into a tigress and shut alone with Jack Rainsford.

Life settled into a certain routine, and to all intents Barney had thought of no way out. He arose tired and heavy in the



Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles — combined

MANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets—where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents—nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of firearms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively. Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages, the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet on accident prevention. Ask for Booklet 5-M-30. Mailed free upon request.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, President
CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE - OTTAWA, CANADA

Why not make some Johnny Cake?



Rumor has it that Johnny Cake first came into prominence through the rivalry of two Adams, N. Y., housewives in demonstrating their prowess in baking cornmeal breads

We don't doubt it for a minute, for Johnny Cake is certainly one of the most tempting dishes that anyone can place on the table for any meal!

May be you've forgotten how to make this delightful food. If so, the Magic recipe will help you out . . . and when made with Magic Baking Powder, the result will please even the most exacting taste

Surprise the family with this rare treat tomorrow. Serve it hot from the oven. There likely won't be any of it left over, but if there should be, you can slice and fry it in butter for the next meal. Some people like it even better that way

And remember! To get the best results for every baking, *always* use MAGIC BAKING POWDER, the kind that *3 out of every 4 Canadian housewives*, who bake at home, say *they* use because it gives *consistent better baking results*

If you bake at home, the New Magic Cook Book will provide you with dozens of interesting recipes. Send the coupon and a copy will be mailed free

Recipe for Johnny Cake

1 cup flour	½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	1 egg
	1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	Butter size of an egg
1 cup cornmeal	

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, add cornmeal and sugar, melt butter, add to well beaten egg, add to other ingredients with milk. Beat all together lightly. Bake in greased shallow pan 30 to 40 minutes



This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion wide investigation

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first paleness of morning, dragged himself away with his books, and returned at eight, sullen beneath the glances of his brothers. Only presently an indifference replaced the sullenness and he turned the pages of his books each evening listlessly.

"Going to flunk a third time?" Henry asked curtly. "You with a wife! How do you expect me to help you?"

"Aw, shut up." And even the combined glare of the three did not lessen the scowl on his face.

Lucy found Barney strange these days, silent and uncommunicative, sometimes tender, but there were no more plans for the future. Finally she ceased to ask.

"Barney." One night she found a certain courage. "If you're tired of me, I want to know. I can go away easily. You mustn't think——" But he stopped her with such a mixture of light and something she could not quite understand in his grey eyes. "Lucy. Don't ever think that. Gosh, you know you're the only worth-while thing I've got." And that night he had held her very closely and had spoken again in low, eager whispers of the city by the sea, and the promise to go there, yes, where he could get a little money together.

Lucy's days became more intensely filled with loving Jack. She went about her duties silently, and her thoughts centred on the casual depth of his voice, the hard straight stare of his eyes, the firm set of his lips. Jack, who rarely spoke to her, who like Charles and Henry treated her as a young unruly child—she, who had become a voiceless shadow in the depths of the farmhouse. She had learned restraint with Jack and met him impassively even though something within her stirred madly at the mere sound of his footsteps.

Hatred him madly. Longed, as a wild cat longs to destroy. Until one day in mid-October—a cold, crisp day when he sat to lunch later than the rest and she carried a bowl of steaming soup to him. Somehow, she had stumbled against the back of his chair, and the contents of the bowl had slipped across his neck and streamed hotly down his arms.

He sprang up and instinctively she recoiled. "Oh, I'm sorry." Her voice was a frightened whisper. "Would he kill her now? He seized her hands. "Good Lord, did that scald you?" His voice was curt.

"No. Oh no. It's nothing." Her voice trembled beneath the suddenness of that. "Jack, take off your shirt quickly and let me rub something on."

"Sure, in a minute. I'm too tough to hurt." But he held her hands, and rubbed butter over the deep red marks that had arisen. "Lucky you didn't get any more." The dark head was bent close to hers. "There you are." He dropped her hands and smiled. "Never mind kid. You didn't mean it that time. Sure, you can massage me if it'll make you feel any better."

And that night there was only the briefest allusion to the accident over the supper table. Lucy's hands and Jack's neck bore tales which could not be hidden, but Jack ignored the matter and turned the conversation on Barney.

"And why any young man like you wants to hash every evening beats me. The idea! Do you want to run the river dry?"

"Perhaps you'd like me to spend the day hauling in wood for the stove so that you can heat yourself properly. We never need baths, of course."

"That's what comes of higher education. He'll be wanting a dress suit for dinner next."

"It might be a darned good idea if we all had one." Barney flared back. "Might help you to learn better manners."

"Ha," Henry laughed curtly. "Even our manners offend you now. What next?"

Jack's attitude toward Lucy barely changed. He was perhaps a little more polite and seeing she was capable of taking an intelligent interest in the farm sometimes briefly spoke of matters mechanical. And she who had touched his hard firm back, who had gently rubbed that spot where his hair tapered to a point, remembered every word. Of course she hated him, at least something inexplicable stirred her, and her eyes widened at the mere sound of his voice. Sometimes she deliberately evoked him, and the color ran high in her cheeks at a chance encounter. It was almost torture to hate quite in this way.

And then, when in the winter Charles caught pneumonia, through exposure on one of his long trunk journeys, and Lucy with a trained nurse watched him night and day, she caught strange glimpses of a different Jack. A Jack who made himself unobtrusively helpful, and who was always ready at a call. Barney was frankly frightened at the shadow of hovering death, and though willing, was almost sick with nervousness, on that night when hope fell to a minimum, and further tormented by the knowledge that it was mere terror of the unknown then love of Charles which sickened him. Henry was vile-tempered, scowling, and saw fit to lash them all with a caustic tongue. But Jack was calm, and showed no outward sign of nerves. He even laughed quietly at Henry. "Hold it, fellow. No one wants to hear you now. Take a drink and see if that helps." He held Barney silent with a look. "For heaven's sake, look yourself away and lose the key. If you aren't the most useless thing I've ever encountered!"

But much later that night, Lucy entered the kitchen as the three of them waited tensely, and after one look at the three set faces, and particularly at the ghastly pallor of her husband, went straight to Jack. He was sitting by the stove idly turning the pages of a farm catalogue, and was the only one who spoke. "Well?" He looked up sharply. "What is it?"

Her voice broke with weariness. "The doctor says he thinks—perhaps he hopes—you see, Charles is asleep now."

And then something went limp in Jack, and his arms went out swiftly, and after a startled moment, involuntarily her own arms held him. She looked down on the rough dark head against her in a silence which was unbroken. And in that moment's realization came to her that felt her weak and trembling more than she had ever been in those last few days of tense anxiety. Jack of them all to turn to her, to know now at such a time that there was something in her that could care for any one like this!

IN THE days that followed Charles's convalescence a vague fear disturbed her heart each time Barney mentioned the city. The time was far away, but some day he would finish school and then she knew Henry would take matters into his hands. Henry was kinder to her now, and the combined scorn of the three seemed to centre on Barney. She wished desperately that she could feel more in sympathy with the boy. For after all, he had done what he could, and he loved her. She was haunted by his thin young face and unhappy grey eyes. But he was so hopelessly immature and useless—against her newly awakened womanhood—against the straight sturdiness of Jack.

Jack's conduct was little changed. But his voice had lost much of its dominance, and he talked to her more frequently. Of them all though, he was the most impersonal except—she would not forget this night when he had seized her by the shoulders, almost roughly, a moment at the foot of the stairs. "Why did you park a kid like Henry?" He had thrust her away savagely and then had pulled her to him. She could feel him trembling. "If you'd only married me!" Lucy lived for days with the memory of that swift embrace. God forgive her for loving Jack like that, for glorying in that moment when she had felt his lips. God forgive and understand them both, when she was Barney's wife. Barney, who was so little

Continued on page 50



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SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

Continued from page 38

of a husband so little more than a timid shadow in the house. She pitied him yes. But how could her heart yearn now, when she had left those other strong young arms—that was too much for any mere human.

Quite suddenly the comparative peace of the days was terminated. Henry in reply to an urgent summons drove furiously to a distant town one cold December morning. He returned late that same afternoon with a white and stubborn Barney at his side.

"The idiot!" He stamped into the kitchen and flung hat and coat across the table. His brow was dark and lowering as he paced the floor. "Gets mixed up in a Chinese raid and lands in the lock-up! The trouble I've had! And dragging our name into the filthy business!"

"Well, you don't understand." Barney stood with coat collar upturned and hid his hands over the top of the stove, tight-lipped and grey eyes hard. "I've done nothing. I only worked there."

"Worked where?" Charles' voice had lost none of its vigor through illness, and he sat upright in the easy-chair before the fire. "In an opium den or the police station? What d'you mean, work?"

"What d'you think I mean?" Barney snapped back. "I know you haven't got much sense."

"How long have you been skipping school, then?" Jack leaned against the boiler and his dark brows drew together. "Yes, I know that, my lad. Ages ago. Met a school friend of yours. Oh no, he thought you'd quit. Pretty cute! I've said nothing so far. I merely wondered."

"Oh, yes, mighty smart." Hatred gave Barney courage. It turned his lips cynically. "Well, think I care what you wonder. I've got a hundred and fifty saved."

"Where the hell have you been working for the love of goodness?" Charles turned to Henry, eyes enquiring.

Henry wheeled about and snorted. "At some stinking low-down hotel in Corona. Orientals and heaven knows what sort of women about. Been there since the day school started, if you please."

Lucy edged behind Charles' chair immovable, eyes wide. And now Barney's glance sought hers desperately. "I did it for us, Lucy, honest you believe that, don't you? I've done nothing. I'm not in any crooked game. I swear."

"Well, don't swear," Jack cut in briefly. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Because—" Barney turned to Henry, even though his brow was darkest of them all. "Because I knew you'd raise the roof. Me, serving and working in some rotten joint. Well, I know I can't help it. I need to do something. I went so far away as I could, so you wouldn't know. But you're crazy, you are, too, so shut up!" His eyes met Jack's savagely. "I told you I wasn't going to school. Me! With a wife. And I haven't done anything wrong."

"Barney, why didn't you tell me?" His eyes dropped before the paleness of her face, the wonder in her voice. No. He could not look at her again—not now. "Yes, why the devil not? That's pretty queer."

"Answer up, boy. Why didn't you tell her? I know you're not implicated in that mess. We'll fight that clear." Something of the extreme scowl had left Henry's face. "It's just the disobedience and secrecy. What do you mean by not telling her?"

Barney's face grew dully red. "Well, why should I?" But then at something in Lucy's eyes his voice dropped, and only Jack who was nearest, and the girl who had moved hesitantly to his side, heard. "Because—it was a dirty job, and everything smelled so much. I thought I wouldn't tell her till I'd finished. I thought maybe she wouldn't want me near her at nights."

He turned away, stiffened beneath her impulsive touch.

"What!" Henry spoke sharply. "Speak up." But Jack cut in abruptly. "Let up, Henry. It's not our business." There was something that might have been contempt or might even perhaps have been a shade of pity in his dark eyes. The stupid intricacies of a sensitive mind—good heavens!

"Let up nothing. He's a common sneak preying on our good nature."

Charles suppressed a sudden, involuntary laugh, and Henry glared.

"I didn't. I bought my own gas for the car, and meals. And I won't be dictated to by you any more. Think it was fun?"

"You idiot!" They got it out of him by degrees. The long hours, drudgery, foul surroundings, and terror lest they should find out too soon that he, a Ramsford, should defy them and have no little respect for their good name. But there was finally slow amusement behind Charles' eyes. "Well, I don't say it wasn't coming to us, when we've privately been thinking you a goldarn fool to take orders from Henry. You've got some nerve, thank heaven. What do you plan to do now you've got this hundred and fifty cached away? Better hand it over here, eh?"

"Aw, heck, how do I know?" Barney's voice was gruff, and he had hardly caught Charles' levity at once. Deliberately he would not look at Lucy, even though, with her hand on his arm, she had tried to speak. Instinctively, he avoided something that was dark and tortured in her eyes. There was something hard and rather old about his whole appearance then. "I planned to get away. Drive down maybe, and get some sort of job on the coast. But now" he swallowed hard, "now that I think Jack and Lucy love each other."

"What!" A chorus of amazed incredulity.

Lucy clutched his arm more tightly. "Barney! Oh, Barney, dear, don't be silly." Her voice was pleading.

He held her back roughly. "No, you needn't think I'm blind. You just put up with me. But you don't care—Jack, he—he would do something like that."

Jack stepped forward and shook him suddenly, shook him until the white misery of his face turned red. But beneath the searching glances of the older Ramsfords his own lace was only frowning. "Fool!" He spoke sharply. "Me love Lucy! Good lord—me love your shrinking violet. Pull yourself together, boy. Don't be such a little rotter as to accuse the kid of liking me. Have you ever known me such a fool as to love a woman in my life? And then you have the nerve—" His voice broke off in a laugh and he turned to the others. "Charlie, you too, maybe. Sick bad pessimusty. Sure you don't entertain a secret passion? And Henry, Lord, yes. Canaries over the breakfast ham and eggs. It's a foregone case." He gave the boy a final shake. "Don't be silly, Barney." And then he relaxed his grip, and his voice grew unexpectedly kind. "Never mind—old kid, you're all right. Only don't tell those other tough guys rag you so much. And you just ask that wife of yours if she loves me. Why, good lord!" he laughed again. "Think I'd want to rob you?" He shook his dark head. "Not for me," emphatically.

For one brief moment Lucy's eyes met Jack's. But they were hard, bright and compelling, as they had been in those first days. Eyes that cursed her heart sickeningly within her, even while she knew—but she had forgotten that Jack could ever look like that. And then her head lifted, and with a fine disregard of those present, her arms went up around Barney's neck. "You silly," she whispered. "You know how much I care. You know I would have gone with you at any time. You know I'll go anywhere now, Barney dear, you know."

Henry stepped his more reflective pacing and spoke curtly. "Go on upstairs and tell him what you know. Think we want to hear?"

Continued on page 43

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FURNITURE IS ONLY AS GOOD AS ITS FINISH

Continued from page 40

But Barney, after one look into her eyes, pulled her into his arms, and looking over the top of her bright head actually dared to grin at Henry—for almost the first time in his life. "I'll just say you won't hear," he challenged.

"Idiots!" Charles grunted, when a few minutes later the three Rainsfords were alone.

Jack was silent a long moment. "Poor kids," he remarked quietly at length—the memory of Barney's awkward "Sorry, Jack," still in his ears. "But they'll pull through—away from us."

"Humph!" Henry grunted. "I suppose so. Oh, sure I'll help him out. I always meant to. Anything for a quiet life. Say!" He regarded his brother sharply a moment. "Nothing in that what Barney said is there?"

Jack laughed again, and he met Henry's gaze quite steadily. "Think I'd want to cherish a —biting female!" His dark eyebrows were raised, and suddenly for the first time that day, Henry's features relaxed into something approaching a smile. For a moment he had been afraid for if Jack loved, it would be a serious matter. That much he knew. But no one with a face as impudent as that

Late that night, as they were going to bed, Charles laid his arm a moment over Jack's shoulder, one of the rarest movements of his life. "I know, Jack," he said quietly. "It's damnable. But we've just got to stick these things."

And Jack just stared a moment, and then dug his fist into his brother's chest. "Oh, go and chase yourself, you jackass!"

But he paused a moment as he turned his bedroom door handle. "Thanks, Charlie." And his voice was more gentle than even Lucy had ever heard it.

Mooring for the R 100

Continued from page 7

ground level in motion. The slack will be run in until the yaw lines are taut and the mooring cable stretches from mast to ship.

The next task is to bring the air liner alongside her dock, 200 feet high in the air, make her fast and permit her passengers to come ashore. The method, apparently, is simple to gentlemen versed in the present-day fashion for warping these mammoths of the air to their docks. A control lever is thrown into gear and the Mooring Officer, watching all three cables at once, sets in motion the three winches on the ground below him, easing them in the rôles of tugboats scuttling about an ocean-going liner. Slowly the dirigible moves toward the mast. Should it become necessary to swing her huge frame to starboard the mooring winch will be thrown out of gear while pull is exerted on the starboard yaw-winch with simultaneous reversing of the port yaw to slacken off the cable. The desired manœuvre complete and the ship in line for the continued pull toward her pan, all winches are set in motion again and the job of bringing the airship alongside the mast continues. So perfect is control of these machines which man has invented for the guiding of leviathans come to town from the skies, that manipulation within a radius of inches is possible. The slightest uncontrolled movement of the cable on any winch is prevented by the attachment of half-dragger air brakes. Creeping of the mooring or yaw lines is impossible. When the Mooring Officer's fingers call 'Halt!' halt-and-stay-halted is the rule built into these almost human machines by their inventors. By such method and by virtue of such minutely subpoened accuracies will dirigibles be brought to port at the Tower of Saint Hubert.

A Unique Achievement

THERE is nothing in all aviation's christendom to match this mooring mast, erected on the terrain of a land over which no airship has ever flown. Its erection marks the beginning of a new day in the controlling of airships from the ground. Completely *passé* is the method of throwing overside a hundred lead-lines to be seized by a landing crew subjured to hang on for grim death and walk the ship in to its berth in a hangar. Gone are the excitements and the half-hysterical orders that prevailed less than two years ago when the Graf Zeppelin first came to Lakehurst. Today, these high-flying liners of the clouds are warped to their docks under the control of one man's hand and less than a score of men are employed from the ground jobs beside the winches to the controls aloft at mast-head. Here is the most perfect unit of its type in the world. True its basic principles were brought to Canada from the United Kingdom base at Cardington in Bedfordshire but new wrinkles of control and manipulation have been added which place this Canadian structure in a class alone. Until new tricks of the inventor's trade are evolved Saint Hubert will remain the airship station for all the world to shoot at, in so far as mooring facilities are concerned. Already an exact replica has been ordered for construction at Karachi eastern terminus of the projected England-to-India run—such is the impression that the Saint Hubert port has made on those expert in the ways of dirigibles.

In an earlier paragraph mention has been made of the telescopic arm which carries the cable out through the top of the mast and through which the mooring line is hauled in as the airship is brought alongside. It is at the outer end of this arm that the actual act of mooring takes place when the ship is at the dockside for this arm and the nose of ships of the R 100 type have been fashioned to come together and look to each other after the style of the every-day snap-fastener. In short, the mooring cable passes out from the dirigible through the cup of a fastener to meet a cable passed through the protruding clip of the fastener's mate on the tower top. When the cable is hauled in cup and pretherence meet are locked together and the ship is made fast.

The arm itself swings free on accurately counterbalanced devices in a chamber near the summit of the mast, in order that the dirigible after mooring may not be locked beyond the possibility of gentle movement in the breeze. By this means have inventors of the mast protected ships at anchor from tearing themselves loose in any gale which might blow up while they are docked. As an extraordinary safety device there are breakaway levers in the tower, one operation of which would snap the cable inside the arm while the snap-fastener is being broken clear. Thus, in the event of sudden storms, the dirigible can be cut

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When you brush your teeth, simple precaution urges that you brush them with Forhan's. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it helps to restore the glow of health to tender gums—aids gums which are firm and sound to keep their health throughout the years.

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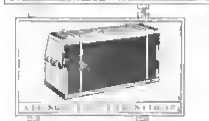
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loose in a split second from its berth, to ride out the gale without buffeting herself against the structure of the mast. It is calculated, however, that the mooring facilities provided will enable ships at anchor to outride any ordinary storm. Ships at the Cardington aerodrome have encountered sixty-milers without the necessity of cutting their mooring lines. On the Canadian most new safety devices have been added as further proof that no eventuality has been overlooked. In Canada's preparations for entry into the transoceanic airship traffic.

Port of Entry

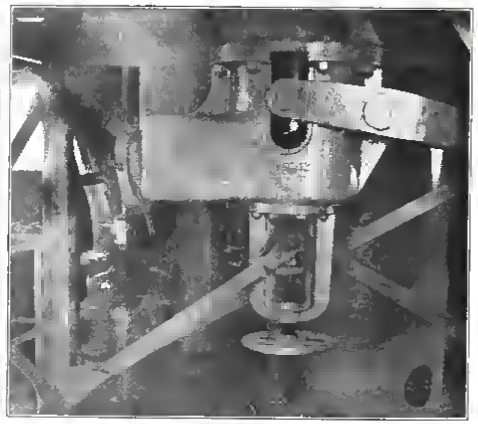
IN ADDITION to the intricate devices by which the R 100 will be piloted to her dock with infinite precision, moored to the projecting arm and held at her aerial wharfside, the comfort and convenience of passengers have been stressed in the erection of the mast. Once the reel of mooring is completed a gangway will be led ashore across which passengers will walk with ease and safety, to compare with the voyager's coming ashore from the deck of an ocean greyhound in Montreal's harbor, bored by. Once across the gangplank they will walk about the rolled in landing balcony, passing through a door which leads to a rapid-transit elevator. Descending to the second story of the base-building they will find rest rooms, the customs port, a post-office and all the perquisites of a modern bat her carried to Saint Hubert for the comfort of people who for two days or more have swayed gently through the upper ether over the ocean. Thence they will travel downward again, passing through an exit to their waiting cars on the road which leads to the railway station or to the Montreal-bound highway, while Commanders Burney and Scott and their crew make ready for the voyage home.

There remained the planning of refueling and reinflation facilities. Here again is mechanical perfection raised to the nth degree. The method for taking gasoline from the ground into the tanks of the R 100 or other aerial vultures 206 feet high in the air, is regarded something for the layman to ponder with wonderment. Since gasoline is lighter than water it naturally follows that it will rise above a body of the commodity which pours from the kitchen tap. Likewise there is no marriage of their ingredients. Hence we find water pressure utilized to hoist gasoline to the top of the tower. It is arranged after this fashion. On the ground level there is a storage tank capable of holding 10,000 gallons of fuel. At the base of this tank is an inlet through which water can be driven under pressure while at the top of the tank is an outlet giving into a pipeway which leads to the top of the mast. Thus, when fuel is wanted for the R 100's tanks aloft, all that is required is the opening of the water intakes at the base of the storage tank. The water, forcing entry, drives gasoline out through the exit aperture and up the pipeline leading to the top of the tower.

By such simplicities do old-fangled pumping systems and the like pass into the limbo of forgotten things. Across the field not far from the hangars where the mail planes are housed at night, you will find the hydrogen house where the gases used in maintaining these giant air liners aloft are prepared to await transfer across the field and through the summit of the tower into the body of the mammoth bag.

So stands the mooring mast in the centre of the lush farming countryside of the Townships, a monument to Canadian ingenuity and skill and to modern belief that man soon will ride the airways across the oceans with all the *savoir faire* which nowadays marks the traveller venturing abroad on his seagoing liner.

Soon the cables will be tapping out their staccato messages of departure. Young men in newspaper offices the world over will begin to trace the course of the giant airship as she spans the seas and to record her progress in succeeding editions. Soon the telegraph wires will dot-dash-dot the news that R 100 has crossed the coast and is driving inland up Gull and river. Sight-seeing, thrill-hunting Canadians in droves will wrap their packages of sandwiches and fill their thermos flasks remembering if they are wise that though airships may be delayed, meal-time will rarely come. New Morse-code messages will put Quebec at the Inner Strip and Commander Pressey and his aides will stand to their stations at winch and lower top, soon to throw in the magic levers which will bring the new leviathan to dock and so write another page into the history of man's conquest of the air.



The anti-aircraft machinery is always on guard against the destruction of the R100 in a hurricane. It will enable the mooring cables to be swapped and free the ship instantly if the wind should threaten to tear the mast out of her while she is attached to the tower.



THE BLACK SHEEP



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FARFAKY different from his fellows, the black sheep has always symbolized the no-account.

You find him occasionally among the best families of human kind—the black sheep, one who is of less value to society than his brothers.

You find him *often* in a gallon of motor oil—one quart that is of less value as a lubricant than the other three.

It is a quart that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil—a quart that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor—a quart of waste.

But you never find this quart of waste in a gallon of Quaker State—for Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined in the ordinary way. Every gallon of Quaker State is *super* refined—carried a step further than ordinary oils. This extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining fails to remove. In its place you get a quart of the finest *lubricant*. Instead of three quarts of lubricant and one quart of waste you get *four* full quarts of lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State—you really get an *extra* quart in every gallon!

And all four quarts are made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest the world produces!

Let your motor show you what a difference Quaker State can make in smoother power, in longer life. Drive up to the green and white service station sign—and have the service man drain your crankcase and fill it with Quaker State. Your motor will tell you—in sweet-running miles—to make Quaker State your motor oil . . . for life!

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa.

Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a smoother run.

THE ORIGINAL CERTIFIED PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

MacLean's Magazine, May 15, 1930

These surprisingly domestic bachelors and men of note — serve Chase & Sanborn's Coffee in their homes...

Be they bachelors or benedicts, there is nothing quite so satisfying to the masculine taste as a refreshing cup of fresh coffee!



RICHARD HALLIBURTON, author of "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," says, "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world—in palm-thatched shanks in Panama, in proud palaces at Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey. But never have I known which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's in the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."

MOST people who read this advertisement will recognize these famous hosts at once.

They know *good* food — and they know GOOD coffee!

From the very pick of the coffee crop, Chase & Sanborn select the healthiest beans, full of the ripe richness of the aromatic oils which give the famous "body" to Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Then comes blending . . . Chase & Sanborn have long made a special study of the Canadian tastes and have produced now for you a standard scientifically balanced blend, *richly potent . . . but not too heavy . . .* just what Canadians like best!



NILS ASTHER — "No Swedish dinner is complete without a cup of good coffee," says Nils Asther, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer star. "That's why I use Chase & Sanborn's. I know that it is as fresh as it is pleasing to the taste, and nee never grows tired of it."



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT — Brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, is a critical tea, in his personal tastes, so Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in his home. He says, "I not only sample plays and books but coffee, too. I have guzzled in a dozen countries, but the secret of coffee is in America. For the Chase & Sanborn blend I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."



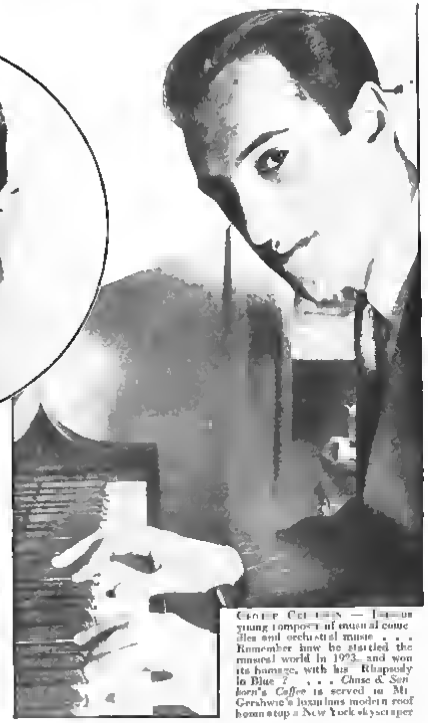
TWICE-A-WEEK DELIVERY for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee — Every time you see one of these green and white delivery trucks speeding through the streets of your city, remember this! . . . It is delivering Chase & Sanborn's Coffee to your grocer. Buy it *fresh* from him.



IRVIN COBB, author, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's coffee. "I think Chase & Sanborn's coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."



The roll-ing-rotund Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES, Virginia gentleman. His mates are selected with the concern a Texan who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."



GEORGE GERSHWIN — Famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music . . . Remember how he dazzled the musical world in 1923, and won its homage, with his Rhapsody in Blue? . . . Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in Mr. Gershwin's luxurious modern roof home atop a New York skyscraper.

Chase & Sanborn's are not satisfied with the selecting and roasting of GOOD coffee.

Coffee to be at its best *must be fresh!*

And now, through the nation-wide food delivery service of Standard Brands Limited, Chase & Sanborn's coffee is being delivered to *your* grocer, *twice each week*. Grocers get only just enough to last them until the next delivery. And you in turn get the *best* of coffee as *fresh* as fresh coffee can be!

Yes! Men are good judges of coffee. And so are women when they select Chase & Sanborn's in order to please them.

Don't postpone a treat! Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee to-day from your grocer.

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WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"

KEEPS BABY WELL

The Wheat Conundrum

Continued from page 6

of France California Louisiana Mississippi Alabama Georgia Carolinas Tennessee Virginia Kentucky Kansas Arkansas Utah Missouri.

July—Rumania Bulgaria Austria, Hungary, South of Russia Germany Switzerland France South of England Oregon Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin Colorado Washington Iowa Illinois Indiana Michigan Ohio New York New England and Upper Canada

August—Belgium Holland Great Britain Denmark, Poland Lower Canada Columbia Manitoba North and South Dakota

September and October—Saskatchewan Alberta Scotland Norway Sweden and the North of Russia.

November—Peru South Africa, and Argentina

December Burmah and Argentina

Now let us turn for a moment to the general economic situation What do we see? In every direction we see just such a complete transformation of the world of industry and trade as is now taking place in wheat production In every industry we see men being displaced by machine power and overproduction in evidence

What the Machines are Doing

UNITED STATES steel production has increased fifty per cent per worker since 1913 and the efficiency of each operator has enlarged sixteen per cent. In the automobile industry each employee is now turning out 11 5 units, cars and trucks a year against 7.2 in 1913 In other words the need for labor in that industry has decreased more than fifty per cent In cotton the output This advancing efficiency plus the deflation of the United States wartime abnormality has resulted in a net decrease in employees in automobile factories of something like 1 000 000 since 1920 The decline in employees in agriculture, largely due to machinery amounts in the same period to 800 000 and 245 000 employees have been relieved from the railroads since the war giving a formidable total of more than 2 000 000 in these groups

There are no corresponding figures for Canada, but the proportion must be about the same A notable instance is supplied by our railroads, which have overcome the menacing problem of high operating costs by an enormously increased efficiency in tractive power and handling Another instance is supplied by the grain growers of the West, who are now by means of machinery, cultivating a vastly larger acreage per man and who have already arrived at the point whereby as a result of machinery no outside supply of labor will ever again be required to handle the harvest.

These points of view would seem to make the outlook depressing But there is another side to the picture namely the astonishing increase in non-industrial trades and pursuits. Again I take United States figures. From 1920 to 1928 there was an increase in the number of workers in automobile servicing and driving of nearly 760 000, including 105 000 chauffeurs of buses, a vocation which scarcely existed prior to 1914. Insurance agents increased by nearly 100 000 The needs of the new electric refrigeration light and power and oil-heating establishments required an increase of 100 000 in their service employees Another 100 000 has been required since the war in the management and general direction of construction work and that exclusive of a great increase in manual labor on building projects There were 232 000 more teachers and professors required to look after education The increase in the number of motion picture servitors—again exclusive of production employees—accounts for another 125,000 names added to the payrolls of that industry since the war Then there was an increase of 175 000 barbers and hairdressers More impressive than all, and especially in its significance for Canada is the fact that the personnel of hotels and restaurants increased by at least 525 000—some estimates run as high as 1 000 000—since 1920—an eloquent reminder of the social transformation brought about by the automobile

The Effect on Rural Population

HOW does all this apply to the wheat situation? It seems to me that in the light of these facts we must recognize that wheat has suddenly burst into the limelight as the symbol of a changing world What is happening in regard to other industries is happening in regard to wheat Production of wheat must always be a great industry in Canada but the signs indicate that it can no longer be carried on upon the antiquated assumptions that existed prior to the war Those standards especially as regards the disposal of our surplus, are now as out-of-date as are the wooden ploughs and ox teams of rudimentary civilizations, and if we build our plans upon hopes founded upon a return to "normal" after the present crisis is over we shall be building upon a foundation of sand. The plain fact is that wheat can now be produced commercially in countries which hitherto would not compare with the wheat produced on the boundless free or extremely cheap lands of Canada that machinery has immensely increased the production of wheat and that over-production in lands which have hitherto largely monopolized wheat production will henceforth be a constant menace Canadian grain-growers as a consequence are now faced permanently with the prospects of a competition of greater intensity than has ever before existed in their history Some alleviation of the situation as far as Canada is concerned might be achieved by an assured market on Great Britain such as the advocates of Empire trade preferences are now advancing but an assured market does not mean that we can expect to obtain a higher price than supplies would be purchased for from elsewhere Nor would it mean that we could rely on the superiority of Canadian grain forcing a market for itself in the face of any competition

But granted that Canada will continue to hold largely in the production of wheat another deduction that seems inevitable is that wheat production will cease to occupy the relatively dominant position that it has hitherto occupied in the national activities. With the great increase in the per capita production of man power so strikingly attested by the use of newer forms of machinery in the harvesting of last year's crop it appears evident that the present grain growing population of the Prairie Provinces will henceforth be equal to the production of all the wheat that can possibly be marketed no matter to what extent if any the market for our surplus may grow And it is at least doubtful whether we can even sustain the present population of grain growers There is still much great and even startling scope for the further extension of the use of machinery that it would seem reasonable to conclude that the numbers engaged in the production of wheat must decline instead of increase

What of the Future?

HERE then two major factors in the future national economy emerge One is the doubt which is raised as to whether we can usefully enlarge our

Continued on page 50



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Hupp can!
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That comes
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Or as far
As you wish?







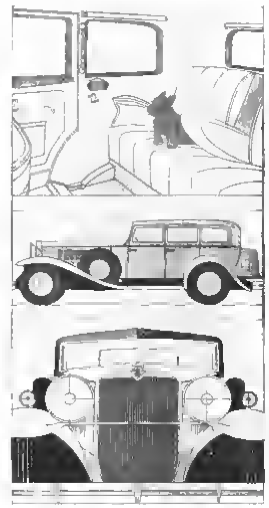


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Straighter
When it whirls up
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And see.
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Not anybody's living room
But one that
some famous
Paris designer
Might have created
A Paris designer
Did create
The luxury of Hupmobile.
One single modern motif
Keys its decoration
Inside and out
The power speed
Dash and flash
Of a mighty 8 motor
Sheathed in
Suave correctness.
Like that
Famed French
Tennis star—
Steel and dynamite—
In a silken
Tennis costume
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100 HORSEPOWER	EIGHT
70 HORSEPOWER	SIX

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Continued from page 18

present wheat growing areas which extension has hitherto been the basis of our western development. The other is that we must face the conclusion that Western Canada must cease forthwith to be a centre of attraction for agricultural immigration, since the present population is equal by the aid of the machinery which is now available, to all the production that even the most sanguine can envisage as commercially practicable.

Taking these conclusions for granted, another appears to be indispensable. It is evident that other industries and occupations must rise to dominance if we are to hold our own and progress. Fortunately there is every sign that they will do so. Our mineral and timber resources, our water powers and our fisheries, with the host of primary and secondary industries that are founded upon them, are becoming every day factors of greater and greater importance in our national economy. Legislation must show itself increasingly sympathetic with these industries if they are to attain the success they should and provide for the employment of men being released from rural and other pursuits by machine power. And we must not cease to do everything to conserve and enlarge our tourist industry. Here is an industry which in its net results already ranks with wheat production itself in the economies of our country. Yet we have only scratched the surface of its possibilities. Attractions far-reaching and unique are waiting to be exploited as every hand.

The world is changing rapidly, and we must recognize that the abnormal is the normal and adjust ourselves accordingly. Measures based on the assumption of an ultimate return to normal will but obscure and even complicate the issue. The situation cannot be righted for instance, by laws abolishing speculation in wheat. These would but transfer trading from Canada to foreign centres. Nor can we look for a solution from compulsory membership of pools, or from a continuation of the guarantees of wheat prices by Provincial Governments. These guarantees would but aggravate the situation by encouraging the holding of wheat off the market, and making the world market more favorable for producers with no such holding policy.

All such measures are temporary palliatives bearing in themselves the seeds of defeat. We must face and face boldly the fact that the economic revolution in evidence in every other industry has at last reached the wheat producing industry, thereby shaking our national economy to its very roots, and necessitating an entire re-orientation of our national outlook.

That the situation thus created is serious and perplexing beyond measure must be admitted. But viewed in a large way, our outlook nevertheless is bright and even rosy, for no country is better equipped to advance all along the line than Canada provided—and this is important—that we as a people will but readjust our goal in keeping with the changing times.

The Unquestioned Alibi

Continued from page 11

these people to aid, the question of times and distances seemed to throw Syroshka beyond the pale of suspicion. To have carried out the murders he would have had to skulk behind Lytchuk until the Manehur house was reached, shoot down the men, women, and girls, not to mention the cats, set the fires and wait around to see that they were successfully set, retrace his steps to Takahone's farm and kindle his barn and granary, and then re-etious back along the trail in the face of those pressing to the fires for three quarters of a mile before striking his own trail to the Stelonink farm.

It was as good as impossible in the time given, and a check showed that Syroshka could not have set across country the snow hung without trace of anyone's passage. And finally Syroshka and Takahone were good friends; nor was the suspect of so crafty a calibre as to think of burning down a friend's stable in order to throw suspicion on another man. Syroshka might harbor antifriendly feelings toward the Manehurs, he at least did not conceal them. Inspector Duffus was forced to the conclusion that he was concealing nothing; the Police were up against a real puzzle. There was but one plan of procedure, to begin again and build up another theory from observation. Accordingly he divided the field of observation into two—the rims, and the families of the township, each to be sifted and delved into for some fresh motive that would promise a solution.

THE work at the ruins was slow and very tedious. Everything had been charred and smoked past recognition, and the grimy searchers groping on hands and knees through layers of soot and mud—for it had rained—were upheld by no special hopes. Aside from possibly some empty rifle cartridges what could there be to find? That too, was the question which the ring of watching Galicians asked each other.

The haul could not be called encouraging: three bullets in the standing wall and six .32 rebate centre-fire Winchester cartridges from the dust heaps. It was, of course, a satisfaction, if not a very surprising one, to be certain that all were of the same type as those which had killed the oxen and the six human beings, and that they could not have been fired from Syroshka's rifle. It was less satisfactory to find the fatal rifle itself—covered with clay and debris from the roof and protected from the flames since it removed the possibility of discovering it on the murderer's premises. However, the next step was plain, and Inspector Duffus instigated enquiries and an extensive search as to the owner of this rifle.

"I can't understand it," said Staff Sergeant Prime to Inspector Duffus after reporting his inability to locate the rifle owner. "Nobody in this settlement could have bought a rifle without all his friends knowing about it."

"Are you satisfied that his friends aren't holding back on you?" asked Duffus.

"Absolutely satisfied. They've as near as you can't put 'em. They're mystified."

"And to think how simple it should be!" exclaimed the Inspector. "The time, the place, the people—everything should make this an open and shut case instead of which it's a blank. We're farther from the solution than when we started out."

"Much farther," assented Prime. "On the first day we knew who did it and his motives. Here's the filth and we're at a standstill, without a clue. If everything didn't point to the murderer's being local, I'd say he was a stranger, but I've asked that question a hundred times. These Manchurs had no dealings with strangers. Like most others here they lived to themselves. People don't just come in from a distance, bump off a family by the half dozen and clear out as easily. Besides, everybody liked this lot."

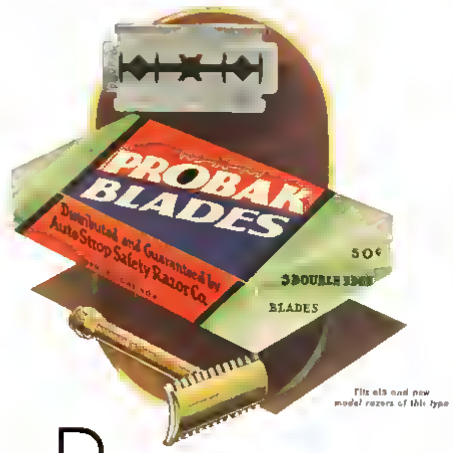
"Except Syroshka," prompted the Inspector. "I wish they'd had more enemies. Can't we find someone who was on the outs with Prokop Prime?"

"Nobody except Lytchuk," said Prime, smiling a little, "and he's in no condition to suspect with two bullets in him."

"What've you heard about Lytchuk?"

Continued on page 58

THE BLADE WITH BUTTERFLY CHANNELING AND THE BUTTERFLY TOUCH



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SHAVE with a Probak in your old or new style double-edge razor. Do this on a positive money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. Don't wait until your present supply of blades is exhausted. Buy Probak today. See for yourself by actual comparison what a marvelous blade this is. Judge its superior quality without risking a cent. Use two blades—and if Probak doesn't give you quicker, cooler and smoother shaves—return the package and your dealer will refund your full purchase price.

Every Feature Patented

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Right—A lovely three-piece dressmaker Suit in Crepe Pipué with nuckin blouse of Ninerte—Fabrirr created by Canadian Celanese Limirrd

Below, Left—Pipué, a nrw labrir creation by Canadian Celanese Limited, adds rhir to this sophisticated spectator rporrs lrork in thr nrw mode

Below, Right—Thr belrd wqarr and mankled hip linr are cleverly rxpressed in this lrork in Crepr Vrrancie, with lirker of Crepr Opaliks—Fabrics rreated by Canadian Celanese Limirrd

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Continued from page 50

ashed Duffus, seeing that Prime had not shared all the gossip

'Too fond of women, Inspector, and too lazy ro look for them. He took the first to hand.'

'But Mrs Prehop was his sister!'

'Not her but Paulina' said Prime. "Prehop didn't like that any more than Steven Takahene liked Lyrhehuk's attentions re his wir But Takahene's ubhied and besides he wouldn r likely set his own granrry afire And Prokop with a bullet in his head and chest isn't any more likely to have shot Lyrhehuh than Lyrhehuk with those holes in his head and chesr re uld." He paused lor the officer with furrowed brow was a picture of intense rancentration.

Ar last his expression rhanged, brighened "Prime" he said alowly "you've given me a theory See it you can dig up the rr oncer for mr He won't like it, but he'll like it still less if roy hunrh is right If I ran satisfy myself on one point I sas put my hand an the murderer at any time"

Prime stared at his offirer, who was exhibiting as much exritement as he ever allowed himself to show He left at once

THE carner obeyed the summons sulkily, but the inspertor began in his smoothest manner with Doctor, there are one or two points about which I'm still in doubt. You examined all those bodies?"

Of course," the coroner replied grumpily.

"Including rarpse number six?"

"Yes, I say, yes,' snapped the coroner, you know that."

"Well doctor," still smoothly, "I've an idea about this case and it revolves about the wounds in number six's body John Lyrhehuh's He had a bullet wound in his head and another in his rhest you will remember. I understand you to say that rither wound would have caused death instantaneously?"

"And I'll say it again,' growled the sleepy coroner.

"Well doctor, for argument's sake let us assume that the rhest wound wouldn't have caused instantaneous death"

"But it would," burst in the new rholeur coroner, "what's the sense lu going over all that?

"Quite so doctor," pursued Duffus his voice dripping the honey of appeasement, "but hear me out. Merely lor the sake of the point I wish to makr please answer me this: if death had nor been instantaneous there would have been an internal hemorrhage would there not?'

"Certainly but why ?'

Duffus held up his hand "But if death had been instantaneous there would have been no internal hemorrhage?"

"Y-e-s. In general terms that's the case" admitted the coroner grudgingly

"Then, doctor' said his time the voice was not ingratiating, "I want an autopsy made on that body immediately I must be convinced thar John Lyrhehuk did or did not remmit suicide before I proceed with my investigation."

"Stuff and nonsense," stormed the coroner "There'll be no autopsy. I've made my examination and I say and stirk to it that either wound was instantly fatal. I've held the burial of the bodies up too long on your accounr as it is I'm going to issue the burial certificates tomorrow'

"In thar case,' replied the Inspector coolly I shall be reluctantly rompelled ro advise the Attorney General of my suspirions and to ask that rhe Provincial Barrerisologist at Regina be sent here If that happens and I'm wrong, ir will not matter very murh, but if you are wrong, well"

The coroner saw the unpalatable alternative and gave in

"But how rould he rommit suicide?' asked Prime when the roroner had departed in a huff lar his implements.

"It's a theory, I'll admit,' replied Duffus, 'but a theory, even if wrong may lead to somrthing which just rus ns g around in circles as we've been doing rant do Have you looked at that rhest wound?'

"Yes, and it looks to me as if thr coroner's right—sure and sudden death"

"Did you look rlosely? And at the hole in the forehead? I know the body was pretty well scorched, but under thr grime'

Just then the coroner returned.

It was so intrusely interested trie which nought the nrw rvidrnce so irritated rororrr burning to say' I told you so' and rwo gran'lemen of the law equally anxious to wind up thr mystery Sud drnly the chest cavity was shown to be swimming with blood so murh so that the coronrr was lorced to admit that life had lingered for some time "But just wher does that prove?" he asked stubbornly

"It proves that Lyrhehuk is the murdrer we've been seeking' said the Inspector "It is clear enough now Perhaps the mee went temporarily in sane or berserk, or perhaps his fear of Prehop or Takahene brought this horror ohour At any rate hr did his shooting in a frenzy of haste kindled rhe fires and then shot himself in the heart. But he missed the heart, as you know His was dying, but not fast enough The hell he had himself made was engulfing him He felt the heat in a moment he would be in the flames With same upward surge of will power he lumbled for the rifle leaned it to his hend, and shot'

Ignoring the coroner's snort of derision the officer took a sponge, wet it, and gently pressed it to the forehead of the rarpse He stooped, peered closely and straightened with a hardly restrained expression of triumph "There's the proof, if any is still needed," he said The powder marks are absolutely distinct around the wound'

And only wairing for some such development, a confirmation of the officer's suspicions new rame from all sides The coat which Lyrhehuh had worn to rhurch had been leand outside Prekop's heme by old John Manrhur and removed for safety from the flames, and forgotten until now. In the pocket was a box still rontaining o few .32 calibre centre fire Winrhester carrridges together with thr oome of rhe srore from which it had been purchased It was now easy to jog rher storekeeper's rarmory, and a record of the rifle's sale was produced Details of Lyrhehuk's amorous lessonge multiplied Of course Lyrhehuk did it,' was now heard everywhere in Yuvo, as if it had been the obvious solution right along

But what made you think of him sir, when we had passed him over so often before" asked Prime of Inspector Duffus on their way back ro Saskatoon who the jury had sought in the verdict pendered

"Perhaps that's the reason I felt that we were being misled by some point we had accepted at face volne without its due of scrutiny It almost had to be Lyrhehuk. Don't you see the steps of suspicion—his unusual refusal to accompany the Moorhurs home from the party after rhurch his having with Syrovhka who was also hostile to Prehop thr secrecy of the purrhase and possession of the rifle, and then you came along with the story of his irregularities to give us a motive. What put me off so long was thet coroner's insistence on either wound giving instantaneous death Never fail to question the obvious. Prime there may be something lurking behind it."

"Well sir," smiled Prime, "I'm glad you questioned it and it turned out this way It wouldn't look too good at the end of the year to show six unsolved murder cases, would it?"

Editor's Note: This is the third of a series of true detective stories of the North West Mounted Police. A fourth will follow in an early issue

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The Last of the Old Guard

Continued from page 18

Yet in the ends with a truce patched up and the bolting ministers back under Rowell it was Sir Charles Tupper that was seen far

Dark Days

IN THE election that followed—the fateful struggle of 1896—Foster was a redoubtable warrior. Next to the old war-horse, Sir Charles Tupper himself, he was the mightiest of the Conservative swordsmen. It was no fault of his if the legions of Toryism were everywhere rolled up as a ribbon. Carrying his own seat and restored to the affections of his party, he came back to the House to become the financial critic of His Majesty's Opposition.

It was a rôle in which he revelled. It was said of Gladstone that he could make the multiplication table sound as musical as a sonnet. There was something of that gift in Foster. When the budget speech is delivered in Parliament now it is customary to adjourn the debate for the benefit of the financial critic. They never had to adjourn a debate in those days after Sir Charles Tupper had finished painting a picture of gloom and disaster from the follies and misdemeanors of the Government. Solemn-faced, sombre in dress and appearance, with long beard and thin forefinger pointed in terrible accusation, he was an impressive figure.

Foster was both hated and feared. Not all of his opponents went the length of the orator who from a public platform referred to him as a "slimy eel at Hell" but few of them neglected, wherever they could summon in the way of less vicious vituperation.

And Foster had his dark days. There came the time when the Union Trust fiasco investigation lowered his fortunes and again a libel suit which he lost to *The Globe* when Rowell was against him. The suit was on a claim that *The Globe* had insinuated that Foster had practically misappropriated funds of the Foresters and lost them in the Union Trust Company. Foster in those bitter years held little of resentment; was more the philosopher than he was given credit for by his foes.

A newspaper man sent to Osgoode Hall to report *The Globe* libel suit for an Ottawa Liberal paper, tells how on the night of the conclusion of the trial he met Foster at the Toronto station. The reporter had already wired the decision of the Court adverse to Foster who had not even taken the trouble to enquire what it was. The two chatted amiably on the train and met the next morning in Ottawa. On his way home Foster saw the Liberal bulletin of the newspaper office. A few days later he met the reporter.

"Ah," he said genially, shaking hands, "Why didn't you tell me about that decision?"

"Well, sir, I really thought you knew, and I didn't care to hurt your feelings," Foster laughed.

"Feelings!" he repeated. "You are the first Grit that ever said I had any."

A well-known Liberal has told the story of Foster's exit from the House after the Royal Commission investigation into the Union Trust.

"Mr. and Mrs. Foster," he said, "went together down the terrace in a fog of rain into the shadow of the night under one umbrella. And I said to myself as they went, dejected and genial, 'Well, that's the final exit of Foster from political life.'"

But Foster could always come back. Sir Robert Borden might have C. J. Doherty succeed him as his first lieutenant, and his star might become temporarily eclipsed, but always he emerged from the shadow. Something made the rank and file feel that without him the Conservative Party would be like the Liberals without Laurier or in an earlier day their own party minus the old chief Macdonald. Perhaps they were almost right.

Back From the Wilderness

AFTER 1911, when Conservatism returned from the wilderness, Foster didn't go back to Finance. That post went to a new and younger man, a former Liberal, Joe Sir Thomas White. It may be that Foster felt the change just as his old antagonist Sir Richard Cartwright felt when Laurier shunted him to Commerce; but he never complained. He knew little of business and probably liked it less; but he would be loyal. Sir Robert Borden in any case was not a Mackenzie Rowell.

So Foster took his post in the Department of Commerce. He went on a six months journey to the Orient, trying to convert the yellow races from rice to Canadian flour, made treaties with Australia, or tried to make them, got a ten-year preferential agreement with the West Indies, became a member of a Royal Commission to study Empire trade, put through amendments to the Grain Act. It was as much as any Trade Minister had ever done before him.

But his strength remained in Parliament. The Laurier opposition after 1911 was potent in debate. Sir Wilfrid Lemieux, Michael Clark, Hugh Guthrie, Carvell, MacDonald, Murphy—these were shock troops that any Ministry might fear. The one man who did not fear them, who was a match for them all, was the veteran Foster. Day after day the old Rupert of debate, who had felt the steel of Cartwright and Blake, and who had even laughed in England by the side of the great Chamberlain under the flag of Tariff Reform, held the ministerial gate against the foe. No man ever rose at a desk in Parliament who could more superbly play upon the emotions of a party. All patriotism—patriotism over such a measure as the Naval Bill—demanded that the party's desks be thumped. Foster would see to it that they were thumped without stint.

The War Coalition

WHEN the war came, Foster—now Sir George—was an old man. He was nearing seventy. But it is certain that few men in Canada did more to promote sane thinking and to steady the soul and mind of the nation. If those war years sounded the death knell of such a slimy thing as patronage, credit in large measure must go to Foster. One recalls a speech—one of the most powerful and moving of his career, delivered in 1918, imploring that "in the terrible glare of the present struggle the two parties will agree to do away with the evil." In that same speech, he said:

> "When the trenches call for munitions and supplies, when the blood of the country is coming from its veins in the struggle to preserve its ideals and its liberties, when those who are at home are contributing with generous self-sacrifice and without murmur or repining, I say that to me as a member of the Government to you as supporters of the Government
>
> The call comes to cut off every unnecessary expenditure, to refuse every improper demand."

He had no patience with the spay optimists who were talking about the prosperity after the war, who predicted twelve or fifteen million population for Canada within three years after peace.

> "The optimist speaks of the unexampled prosperity that is to follow the war. I would like to think so, but I can't. This prediction that Canada will have from twelve to fourteen million inhabitants within three years after the war is a mischievous exaggeration. The first trying period of readjustment will come immediately after the actual fighting ceases and an armistice is declared."

It was a prophecy that was to be abundantly fulfilled.

When Union Government came, and Sir George saw the old party in whose ranks he had fought for more than a generation merge with his traditional foes, he did not complain. It was the fortune of war. It required political philosophy and something of patriotism to make common cause with men who had visited him with evil tongues and days. Calder, the Grit Machiavelli of the West Center, the avowed apostle of Free Trade, Rowell who had won the libel suit against him for *The Globe*. But he would be loyal. Sir Arthur Meighen could become a confederate of Frank Carvell, he could make a colleague of Rowell.

Perhaps too, this man who could always sway a party but never lead one, was not as cold as he seemed. There was a day when, Union Government no longer useful, the Premier called a caucus to see what could be done with the Coalition to make it a permanent party. It was not Sir Robert Borden then but Sir George Foster who held the floor. His made a long and moving speech upon the vicissitudes of men who like the Premier and himself, had carried the burden and the heat of the day. When Foster had finished there were tears on case-hardened faces and the caucus adjourned. Asked later for a copy of his great speech Sir George said he had not even prepared any notes; when he went into the caucus he had not intended making a speech; he did not remember what he had said.

Such is the man who will be remembered in history as having just missed the premiership, who marched and blven acked with Macdonald, who was the great antagonist of Laurier, whose birthright it has been to spend his long years and tremendous talent in public service rather than in private gain.

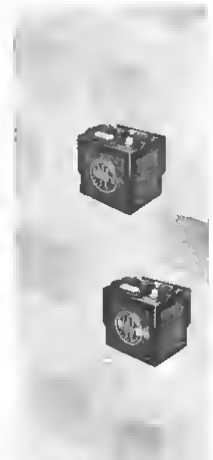
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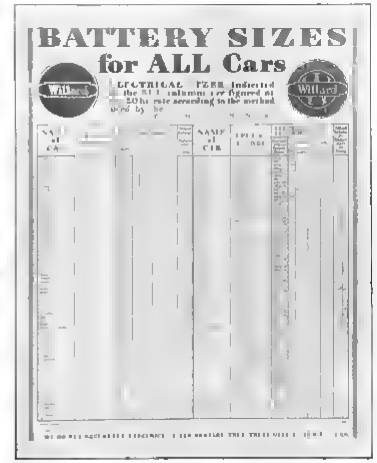
THERE is but one other political figure on this continent comparable to Sir George Foster. It is Elihu Root. Root has lived under nineteen presidents. He was a great Secretary of State, a great senator and now, in his eighty-fourth year, striving for international peace he is revered by his country. Sir George Foster is almost as old a man as Root and has been in public service much longer. And he, too, deprived like Root of the greatest prize in the gift of his countrymen, has lived to win their pride and affection.

Sir George has mellowed with the years. All the old fire and eloquence of youth are there; all the old rich and spacious rhetoric but missing are the flouts and jeers the bitter taunts that cut so deeply in the days long gone. The Elder Statesman and Philosopher has succeeded the militant politician. In the Senate today, as in the halls of Geneva they all listen to Foster. Widely read, widely travelled, rich in his experience of life and peoples, the old partisanship has vanished from his utterances, and in its place is a deeper and more wholesome creed. Long may he be spared as the last of the brave "Old Guard" as a link with the past, as the Nestor of the public life he has so long and brilliantly adorned!

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Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES



The Inca's Bowl

Continued from page 8

and there was a rough trail through the underbrush. As we drew near we could see that it was a perfect example of the oldest Indian lodges and fairly well preserved. The doorway was an aperture in the lower part of the totora, and we entered.

As there were no windows we blinked blindly for a minute in the sudden transition from sunlight to shadow, but presently could see well enough. It must have been all of thirty feet in depth and about twenty five wide and twelve high. The posts which formed the framework were a foot or more in thickness and had been carved with all sorts of curious designs. It seemed depressingly empty and lonely, filled only with memories of the swarming life which must at one time have made it noisy and gay. All of the partitions which marked off the compartments for the various families had been removed, and only the stone-lined holes showed where the various hearth fires had been. At the farthest end from the door, which was the place always reserved for the chief's quarters, some preparations had been made for our coming. Wood in the fireplace, and adjacent to that, a sort of platform covered with cedar rootting. In front of the platform stood a large piece of sawn cedar log taller than a table, but answering admirably for that purpose. The mysterious black box of which Aird had told me, riveted my attention. It was close beside the table.

The sun was almost gone, and shafts of rosy light lay across the dirt floor, let in by some crevices in the board walls. Soon we should begin to feel a chill and be glad of the fire, before which Ewona was kneeling, getting the twigs to burning. He hadn't spoken a word in half an hour. It was very still in that ancient place; no noise from outside except the drone of bees getting their last loads of honey, and the muffled roar of the tide like a wind in the forest.

"You chose a safe place, Ewona," said Aird dryly. "Why should you have brought it all this way? You know your Indians wouldn't touch it."

It needs an empty lodge," observed Ewona, quietly, without looking up, and no noise or disturbance. Else you cannot see what I shall show you. No one has lived in this place for fifty years. It has no thoughts."

THE box was as Aird had described it. It looked like ebony, and was beautifully preserved. The hinged top bore a clear-cut design of a large llama against a rising sun. Peruvian, of course. I was fired with enthusiasm. It was a marvellous find.

I knew how you'd feel," Aird nodded, "but you haven't seen the ball." Opening the box he lifted from within a very large bowl or vase of cream-colored pottery and set it carefully on the cedar log table. Then stooped again and brought out the pedestal for the bowl. I was startled by a sudden exclamation from Ewona and glanced toward him. He was standing a few feet from us, drawn to his full height, his arms folded across his fine chest. Though he was in heedless shoes he was taller than Aird, who is all of six feet. His forbidding look was meant for me.

"Do not touch," he said authoritatively.

"You are not one of the chosen." His dark eyes were hard upon him and I didn't like the look in them at all. The old savage—trying to work his arts on me, I'd no doubt.

Aird reassured him. "It's all right, Ewona. My friend is the same as my brother. Please," Aird had a rather commanding way about him when he chose that even Ewona couldn't better.

"I'm not going to lay a finger on it." I said to the chief, and he nodded gravely.

The pedestal was of the same sort of wood as the box, jet black, with four feet shaped like a bird's claws, each of which held a small ball of wood. The bowl was pierced at the bottom to fit over a wooden stem which rose from the pedestal. The slightest touch upon it made it move around. Under the outside glaze could be traced faint figures, lines and dots and dashes and circles, seemingly meaningless geometric designs.

A wonderful piece of ancient pottery, perfectly shaped, exquisitely balanced. The tiny characters, if such they were, seemed to be placed in straight, horizontal lines like a printed page. But though I had made some study of hieroglyphics, they meant nothing to me. I shook my head.

"I've never seen anything like them at all, but then I didn't know the Peruvians ever had a written language."

Ewona's voice, expressionless, fell chanting startled me again. Many hundreds of years before the conquest of Pizarro the Peruvian people had been forbidden to use writing of any kind. The gods declared that if they disobeyed that command a curse must fall upon the nation. Nevertheless Atahualpa broke his vow that my white grandmother's story should become known.

"How have you learned these wonderful things?" I asked in amazement.

"The knowledge has been handed down from generation unto generation. We did not need writing to tell us, nor did the Incas. We do not forget. They had their chroniclers. They had the *quipus*. We too have our chroniclers and our totems. It is enough. Only white men forget."

"The *quipus*?" questioned Aird. "That's a new one to me. Do you know what it is, Harry?"

I did, but I waited for Ewona. He didn't believe me. Nodded for me to go ahead, an ironic smile curling his lips. He thought he had me. But I explained with an inward satisfaction in being able to do so, that the *quipus* was a sort of Peruvian record, composed of different colored threads twisted together, from which a quantity of other smaller threads were suspended in a fringe. These were tied into knots which served as ciphers, while the colored threads designated certain objects, yellow for gold, white for peace, red for war. "Am I right, chief?"

"You are right." An expression of genuine pleasure flashed across his face. I felt I had won his regard. "This bowl was resided for Atahualpa the last of the Incas," he continued his explanation; "the Inca so foully betrayed and murdered. But before he died, before my white grandmother left Peru, he gave it into her hands. Four hundred years ago. Had Pizarro not killed him, my white grandmother would have been the wife of Atahualpa. She was the head of the virgins of the sun."

This was amazing and priceless. I looked at Aird in bewilderment. Where had Ewona got such a story?

Aird and I went outside to fix the wiring up over the crosspieces of the roof and to move the boards a little so that all the smoke could get out, for the fire was burning and sending up clouds and flames.

"Do you suppose he believes what he's telling us?" I asked Aird. "It's astonishing how glib he is about it."

"Why shouldn't it be true? I've heard of stranger things. Anyhow, don't for a minute let him think you doubt him. Go down now, will you, and see if the lamp will reach the bowl?"

At length we were ready, and, drawing close to the table, Aird dropped the globe gently within the open aperture of the bowl. Then he snapped on the light.

Immediately the figures on the pottery sprang into sharp relief, appearing almost to stand out and away from it.

Continued on page 59



* Best to buy for bake or fry

THERE are few families unresponsive to the lure of a strawberry pie. People who can talk quite coolly and collectedly about apple pie, who get only a slight flush over pumpkin and no quickened pulse for lemon custard, are apt to be the very ones who beam in sheer bliss over strawberry. Strawberries glisten so with their own glaze. Their syrup is so rich, their flavor so delectable. But a strawberry pie is nectar and ambrosia only if the crust is also fit for the gods. To assure its being so, *never* roll out a piece of pie dough that is not made with Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Sweet and pure, rendered from choice fat, "Silverleaf" is practically infallible for even novice cooks. When you market, be sure to ask for it. In the special one pound self-measuring carton. Also in 3, 5, and 10 pound pails.

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CHEVROLET SIX

IT'S BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

Continued from page 56

By George" Aird ran his hands through his hair as he does when he e startled or perplexed, that—this is amazing, Harry There must be a key to it."

Again I looked at the hieroglyphics long and carefully But I was completely in the dark as to their origin I d never seen anything remotely resembling them I took out my notebook to make a copy of them Aird suggested to Ewona that while I was doing so would he e good time for him to start his story The chief shrugged his shoulders.

His cannot set down what the Inca s bowl will tell. It was not meant that the writing should live after it had filled its service to my white grandmother

Curiously enough the light within it seemed to be confined entirely to the bowl It did not penetrate beyond it or make the ledge any less shadowy than before The large globular piece of pottery glowed almost without rays like phosphorus, or the eyes of animals in the dark

The fire had burned down to a bed of red coals The heat from it was grateful the soft glow restful Aird and I sat on the platform Aird with his arms around his knees, and I half reclining my head in my hand

Ewona stood straight and tall by the table the light just touching his dark aquiline face and his deep-set bright eyes His was silent for a minute looking steadily in our direction I felt that he was staring only at me but And told me afterward that he had the same conviction about himself Ewona muttered something in his own tongue two or three times between almost closed lips and Aird called out sharply

None of your nonsense now Ewona We want the story no spells or incantations please

Oh, let him do it his own way," I interrupted, and Ewona said gently, a little rebukingly

There s only one way the right way ' Then he leaned above the bowl and taking the top edges of it in his two hands he swung it

It spun round like a top

We could feel the motion it made in the air like a wind

The breath of the Andes snow" said Ewona

Foster it spun

Ewona began to speak slowly chantingly not loud This all happened in the lifetime of the father of Atahualpa when the father and mother of my white grandmother lived in the country of the Incas

Now on the glowing surface of the bowl began to appear tiny pictures which took upon themselves with each second larger clearer dimensions Then color entered into them and motion. and softly insidiously they began to creep out and away from the bowl to fill the empty spaces of the ledge Presently even the old walls seemed to melt before them and there was a great void gradually filling with life clouds trees sunlight

Faintly I could hear Ewona, though I was not conscious of what he was saying Rather he not unmusical voice seemed merely to act as a soft accompaniment to what my eyes were beholding

I was looking now on a wide sandy shore the tide far out At the water s edge lay a wrecked galleon masts broken sails in shreds Grey green dunes swept up from the sea and on a stretch of dry sand just below them stood a concourse of people, some of them savages, naked for the most part others lighter of skin more delicate of feature Wore white cotton tunics, sandals on their feet. One stood a little apart from the rest, a youth of perhaps sixteen tall slim a sash around his loins a yellow fillet of fringed wool bound about his forehead

In front of these people with her back to the sea, was a small girl wearing an embroidered tunic which came just above her knees Her hair was long and black and fell quite to the edge of the tunic But unlike the rest, her skin was milk white

Her small hands were clenched at her sides her shoulders upraised Plainly she was defying the horde of savages some of whom were laughing heartily But the youth who stood apart did not smile He regarded the child gravely kindly

Suddenly she ran across the beach toward him and flung herself down in a small heap at his feet winding her arms around his knees. He stooped and lifted her holding her small form against him Then he motioned to some of the others Four men, dressed in tunics similar to his own, had without the girdle sprang to him and obeying a command from him ran up the bank and across the dunes Almost immediately they reappeared bearing on their shoulders a gorgeously caparisoned litter canopied in leather draperies of brilliant tints. emblazoned with gold and set with gems. They brought it down a narrow way to the beach and stopped before the youth He placed the child within it and got in after her drawing the curtains. The bearers raised the litter to their shoulders and, holding it carefully balanced wended their way back by the narrow path and all of the people on the beach followed after

The wide sandy waste was deserted for a moment Presently there appeared from the region of the wrecked galleon a young man unshriven and unshorn his matted hair lying in curls on his shoulders the first growth of beard showing in patches on lip and chin He was tall thin to emaciation He hurried across the beach and up the sand dunes He, too, traversed the narrow path bending his body so that he might remain hidden by the thin vegetation Then he disappeared

The scene was unpeopled once more It began to fade like a mist. It was gone Only the bowl whirled in space.

I tried to call Aird, to put out my hand and take hold of him But I couldn't I was awake and yet not awake Like a nightmare For I myself had been a participant in this strange vision the bowl had produced I could still feel the hot sand under my aching feet the sun in my eyes I wanted most ardently to follow the girl. punish that brown-skinned prince Though he couldn t mean her any harm

I heard Ewona talking as though from a great distance pictures were leaving the bowl again. and a little knife-like wind seemed to strike my eyelids I closed them But opened them instantly

THE pictures were moving out before me broadening heightening as before until there was nothing beyond them until I myself was enveloped within them I was not asleep. But I had become part and parcel of them I tried to call to Aird again but my voice would not come I felt I must be under some spell and yet I was not at all anxious to break it

Now I was moving along a narrow way It was light without moon or stars Before me stretched a great wall the end of the beginning of which I could not see and the top of which reached far too high above my head I was running close to the wall I knew I must hurry, for it would soon be morning and what I had to accomplish must be done before the break of day Presently I reached a niche in the wall A sentry stood there He bade me follow him and we ran on together At last we stopped and he thrust his hand against what was apparently the solid wall—but a large slab of stone swung open and we entered a dark aperture Along more passages our hands touching the stones on either side Steps were mounted Followed another passage, tortuous and narrow and then

There was a light ahead of us and the sentry held up his hand He peered over my shoulder and I blinked my eyes at the dazzling sight before me There was a square room literally lined with gold Tall gold vases bearing incense stood in

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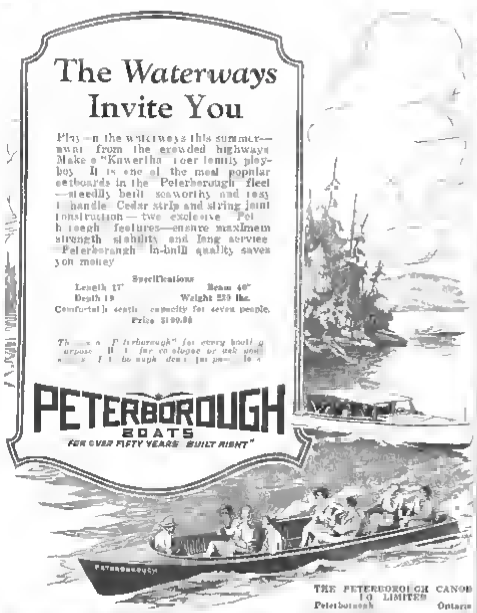
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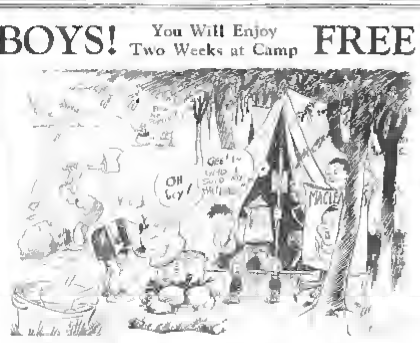
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four corners. There were two ewers of the same precious metal. Three censers also of gold were suspended from the cross-pieces of the roof. In the centre of the room in a hollowed slab of stone there was a small fire which gave out a smell of spices.

Now I saw a slim, white-robed figure enter the room. Her arms were bare, her feet bound in golden sandals. A thin veil covered the face. I felt my heart beginning to thump madly, because presently I knew I should be holding her in my arms.

The guide who had been with me until now whispered: "I go. Follow quickly." He spoke in some foreign lingo but it was quite intelligible to me. So for the girl had not seen us. I watched her tilt one of the ewers and peer within it. The full effulgence of the flames reflected from every side of the room bathed her in their luminous rays. She was the same child I had seen before on the beach, only now she had grown older by maybe half a dozen years, and her beauty was remarkable. A cloud of soft black hair, velvet dark eyes, but her skin creamy white and rose.

Suddenly she saw me and in an instant I had crossed the room, lifted her in my arms and was carrying her out from the light into the obscurity of the passage. She came willingly enough. Wound her slender arms around my neck. I hurried her along the curving, narrow way, protecting her so that she would not come in contact with the stone walls. Down the stairway and so to the very end of the passage, and here I set her on her feet. I lifted with trembling, tender fingers the veil from her face.

We clung together, heart to heart, lips to lips, whispering broken words, asking questions and not listening for replies. Had it been days, weeks or months since I had held her thus, I didn't know. But I wished I could die then and there in the joy that had come upon me. So I told her, speaking in that curiously familiar language I could not name, and she answered:

"What is death? After death we shall always be together."

I held her so tightly that she begged for mercy, but when I loosed my arms she crept the closer.

All of once she started, gave a smothered cry. "Let me go. Let me go. The fire—the fire—the sacred fire. I did not pour oil on the flame. It will go out. Seeing you, I forgot. Oh, it will go out!"

There came to us, muffled by the stone walls, the sound of shouting, weeping, lamenting. The girl broke from me and fled.

Followed a tapping on the other side of the stone slab. It was opened and again the golden stood there. I could see the day was breaking for all the mountain peaks were aglow.

He pulled me out into the narrow road and pointed ahead. "Go," he whispered, "hide away. Can't you hear the virgins of the Sun lamenting. The sacred fire has died for want of tending. Misery and misfortune must fall upon the Incas."

I heard the loud beating of drums, the shaking of cymbals. Now men's voices took up the wailing. There was a noise on the road nearby. A crowd collecting. Said the guide:

"It has never happened in my lifetime. But she will not die for it. The bride of the Inca must be pardoned."

The light died out of the east. I felt a chilly wind. The guide was gone. It was dark. The noises growing fainter, fainter.

NOW I was in a garden and it was moonlight, a delicious garden that lay in a valley all among the hills and beyond the hills the snowy peaks. It was almost as bright as day. I could see the terraced sides of the valley a mass of blossoms. I could hear the tinkle of waterfalls, the ripple of running streams. Again I was running, this time along winding paths, bordered with close-clipped hedges over the tops of which I could see large clumps of bloom, parterres of flowers, fountains and gleaming statuary to represent the flowers themselves—statuary of gold and silver and so beautifully carved and molded that it seemed more alive than the real flowers of the garden. There was a maze of these winding walks and I hugged close to the ground as I ran, and panted with weariness. I passed under a long pergola, dark, sweet-scented as a woman's unbound hair. Because it was dark I ran upright, which was a relief, and I threw back my head and stretched out my arms.

Something was going to happen, something which I must prevent. It had been weeks since I had seen her and something was going to happen—I should probably be killed. Maybe she would be killed, but she had told me that we mustn't let it happen—this other terrible thing. That's why I was running through this garden, urged on by a nameless fear.

Now the palace stood before me, low, massive, enlevely. Bending again I ran more swiftly, like a centaur, in great leaps, my hands as well as my feet touching the ground. To the left there was a light showing in a broken pattern. That was my goal.

The vines were trained cunningly over the window, screening it in a diamond fretwork. Holding fast to the thick stems I raised myself and looked within.

The room was full of light. Ceiling and floor were ornamented with plates and studs of gold, and a frieze of gold ran round the stone walls. On one of the walls was emblazoned a huge representation of the Sun God, all of gold, which looked forth from innumerable rays of light composed of the same precious metal. The figure was literally covered with gems and gave forth such a radiance that it dazzled my eyes to look at it. On the opposite side of the room from the effigy stood a deep cornice, also of gold, and from it a flame leaped up and was reflected a hundred times from all sides, but in particular from the figure and rays of the god. All the side of the room opposite the window was a couch as a raised dais. Couch and dais were covered with flowers. Of other furniture there was none, but a fountain gushed up from the floor in the centre of the room, sending its spray into a pool bordered with golden lilies.

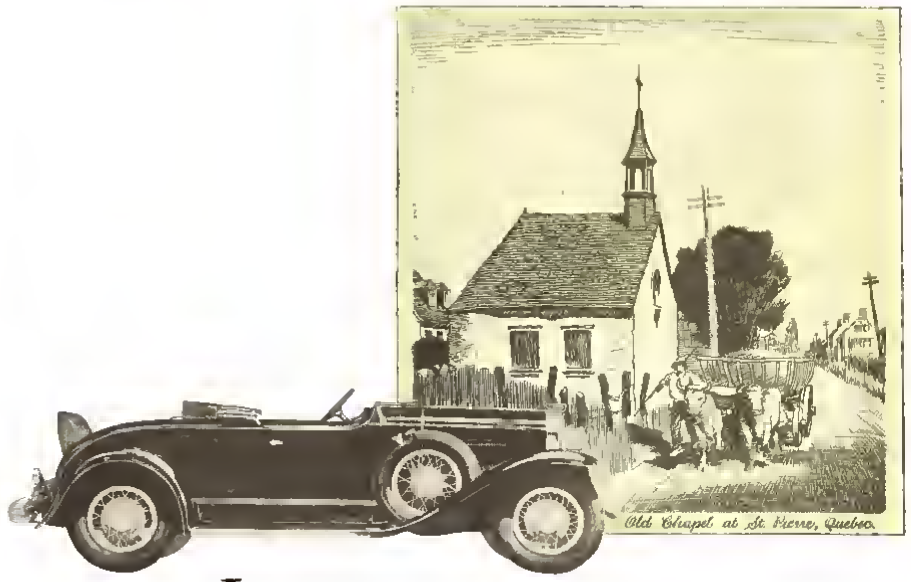
WHILE I watched there panting and [illegible] two children came in, bearing jewelled jars from which with their small hands they sprinkled perfume. They lingered a moment by the fountain, and then at the sound of soft clapping ran away.

Then she came, my love, my delight, the little virgin of the temple. A veil wrapped her from head to feet. I would have sprung over the window ledge but I saw, following her closely, a tall figure, a man in a long purple tunic, richly embroidered with gold and precious stones. Around his head was a turban of variegated folds, and a tasselled fringe of scarlet hung over his brows. Up from the turban sprang the insignia of royalty, two bright feathers of the rare *coquericque*. The man's skin was the color of burnished copper, his features refined to beauty but mouth sensuous but kind. He was the youth of the first pictures. He was the youth who had rescued the child on the beach. He had grown up now. The yellow fillet of vicuna wool which had proclaimed him a prince then was replaced now by the kingly headgear with the royal feathers. He stepped, stood still, folded his arms across his breast and looked down at the girl with eager eyes.

She turned to the fountain and faced him. The same tongue, unknown and yet familiar.

"You must let me go. I cannot be your bride. I have told you before. I am not one of you. Who I am I do not know, but

Continued on page 62



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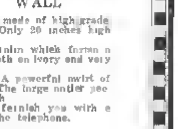
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Only 60 cents for 60 tablets—economy size 120—and don't forget that they are wonderful workers for feeble old folks.

Continued from page 60

I am white, see' of your race It is a sin that you touch me

I poised myself in the window ready The Inca replied softly without moving nearer I shall make you a child of the sun Aynn You shall give birth to children of the sun There can be no destiny more blessed more glorious For love of you I have made you my bride today You shall be my queen. Have I not watched you ever since you came to us from the sea? Have I not been kind to you?

She clasped her hands, holding them toward him

Oh, more than kind, father, mother, friend!

And tonight I shall make you my wife When our father, the sun shall rise tomorrow and call forth from his purple on the wall the reflection of his majesty, you shall be in my arms bathed in the golden beams a daughter of the sun, the bride of the Inca.

Then he went to her and placing his hands upon her head gently strove to remove the veil But with her fingers she clasped his wrists tightly

Not so," she cried There can be no marriage between us My veil has been raised before months ago in the garden of the temple

Then I thought my moment had come but the Inca stepped back from her and she went on quickly For years he has lived here, my best beloved. He has watched over me ever since the first day I came from the sea He is white like me He is my husband in the sight of heaven No one has any right to me but him

The Inca took a further step from her Is he Yupan the *thought?*"

She did not speak

Is he Yupan the *sinsque* the fastest messenger of the Inca, the messenger whom the Inca delighted to honor?"

Yupan is dark like you her words were only a whisper She wasn't telling the truth. I was Yupan

The Inca shook his head "To change the color of the sun is as easy as to deceive those who trust you I trusted him. It is Yupan

No," she said lightly

Tears came into his eyes as he looked at her "What matter? Nothing matters now You know the penalty Ayne? You must die"

She bowed her head

He turned to go but she called him, and running after him caught his flowing sleeve to her head She whispered to him, and he flung his arm over his eyes and groaned aloud So he stood for a moment Then uncovered his face and gazed down at her

Until the birth of the child you shall be spared" he said I the Inca, have spoken. Until then you shall suffer no injury Afterwards you must die you and Yupan—the death of those who have defiled the temple of the sun

When he had gone, I called softly and she came running to the window Again she was in my arms and we clung to one another I wanted to take her away Begged her to come with me Some way we should escape But there came the ringing of a deep-toned bell and she entreated me to go They were calling out the guard The palace was surrounded When I hesitated still she broke from me and fled

SHADOWS gathered again and a wind blew cold The palace the garden, the moonlight were gone.

I was on a hillside It was day Seaswept mountains were far off but nearer were the foothills, and flocks of llama grazed upon them tended by shepherds I was hiding making my way from boulder to boulder from hummock to hummock so that none of those watching shepherds might get a glimpse of me. It wasn't that I minded much what happened to me but again there was something I must do before the end came The end was near, I knew that I'd be glad when it was all over

At last I reached my goal Around the shoulder of a hill I came upon a squat building of grey white stone It had neither doors nor windows and appeared almost as solid as though it were an outcropping of native rock I ran to the building and began to feel around the walls with feverish haste, calling softly all the time "Ayno Ayne Ayno"

The stones of which the building was made had been fitted with perfect exactitude into place I hurled myself against them again and again Then despairing I began to trace along the interstices following their jutting At last I found what I sought, the last one which had been put into position It was near the top and it moved slightly as I pressed against it. With a frenzy of strength I worked and it began to yield When it was loosened I guided it so that it should fall close to the wall It could not work if one of it must have been pushed within

The hole was large enough for me to enter

She was lying on her side her body covered with a fine pall of snow-white wool

I bent over her, called to her Lifted the veil from her face

Then I heard the Inca speaking He had followed me He was there outside The arch was darkened as he looked within

Peace, said he, she is dead. She died when the child was born Softly and sweetly like a babe that tells asleep Sleep you there beside her You child a woman child shall be brought up as my own

The stone was fitted once more into place and the tomb was dark I put my arms around her The Inca had also his warm supple her hands were on my cheeks her voice calling my name softly Yupan Yupan! a tremor of gladness in it Her lips

NO, IT was all dark all silent There was nothing in my arms I was out somewhere where the wind was blowing, and there was the moan No it wasn't the moon It was the howl of coyote Spinning, spinning Then suddenly it was meaningless and darkness came again

But this time a real darkness I was awake Aird's voice came to me. It sounded thin, unnatural like it was Aird "Are you there Harry? What the devil are you doing with that light Ewana? Switch it on again"

I couldn't speak My throat felt dry and shaken I was half sick from horror and grief, couldn't get my bearings for a minute

I am sorry," the child's voice was not at all apologetic "the light has burned out I'm afraid"

Let's get a fire going then" Aird reached over and gave me a jerk. What's the matter with you, Harry?"

Not a blessed thing except I'm beastly cold

But not soon had the fire blazing merrily My bones felt stiff and my joints ached as I got up and followed Aird, and we held our hands to the warmth Nobody said a word for some moments and I saw Aird's blue eyes hard upon the Indian I thought Aird looked rather ghastly, as I was feeling myself but that may have been the effect of the bluish flames from the driftwood Said he presently

You've told us a wonderful story child"

It was not mine The bowl told it Now and then perhaps I helped a little.

You did" Aird's voice had an ironic edge

Now you know you and your friend the true story of my white grandmother and her parents and how destiny fulfils itself If the Inca had married the white woman who can tell but that the ouresme of the Spanish invasion might have been different? Had Pizarro met a white queen, a mother of white princes, it might have meant the salvation of Peru"

It's an interesting theory, anyway" And flashed a glance at me

But instead the Indian continued. The white child of those lovers is brought to my country Again a ship is wrecked, and the crew are killed The white girl is saved and befriended that she may become the mother of chiefs It is not safe to defy fate

A pity to keep such a story secret, Ewona"

Over the Indian's dark face broke a smile so bright as to be startling He drew himself to his full height looked down at Aird and me spoke in the tone one uses to children

A secret known only to one is hidden in the earth when two learn it it sprouts and sends forth a blossom and when it is told to a third It becomes seed and scatters itself over the whole world"

Then you don't mind?"

It is not a history I am ashamed of, now that I have learned it from the bowl Tell it you like"

And I'm to have the bowl" Aird cried eagerly I'll pay you well for it Why, what's happened? Where on earth is it?"

The dancing flames showed the cedar log table the black pedestal, but there was no sign of the pottery Aird and I hurried over to look more closely A little pile of white dust lay under the pedestal That was all The whirling bowl had disintegrated

You might have known spinning it round like mad" Aird glared at Ewona

It had finished its work" said the chief quietly

There was nothing more to say then Aird was too hurt and disappointed to talk Ewana took us in his boat to Nootka where we were to wait for the down steamer and we stood on the wharf and watched him going back through the dusk to the ancient village of Friendly Cove

Then Aird and I began to speak of what had happened. Our experiences had been exactly the same Each of us had not only seen the pictures, but had taken the vital, leading part in them.

And to think" said I, that a thing like that, that marvellous bit of pottery, couldn't have been preserved

Thor damned old heathen" Aird kicked a bit of loose planking viciously into the sea It's the first time I've been able to work his hypnotic spells on me"

Then you think

Now see here Harry, Ewona had the stage all set to suit him Carted us away off in the wilderness Not a living soul about Started that bright globe whirling while he chanted away We were both quiescent, a bit sleepy after the sea voyage Don't go imagining things

All right but you saw those characters on the pottery in the first place before you'd met Ewona at all Maybe they did make pictures

Aird laughed I don't believe it Pity, though, you didn't get a chance to copy them"

I made a beginning But I couldn't see what I was doing Daresay I didn't get them in order at all Then the chief switched the bowl round, began to talk and there was no chance to go on

Well we'll have a look anyway"

We almost ran from the wharf up to the office of the convoy There were bright lights in there. Standing under them we examined the page in my notebook where I had tried to copy the bowl's hieroglyphics.

I'm no artist I never attempted to draw anything but indifferent maps But there, limned by the tiny geometric figures in convincing outline and correct dimensions, was a perfect picture of an old galleon lying on its side on a beach snow peaks in the background and my pencil had cropped at the beginning of a portrayal of the young Peruvian prince.

Just Business

Continued from page 24

For my part I was more concerned about the dogs than ourselves for without them I knew we could not possibly reach Churchill Already they had been ten days without food and Akput reported them very sick." As there was no sign of a let-up in the storm on the fifth day I told him to kill the two weakest and feed them to the rest

When we had been a clear week storm-bound Jim jacked up the price of grub It's just business," he explained to Dodge There's precious little for anybody so I'm going to give the few of supply and demand a chance"

Dodge accepted the new ruling in silence and I began to have a sneaking respect for him. Like the rest of us he was feeling the effects of undernourishment but he did not grumble and while as he would have done a month before

The last of our food was finished after we had been storm bound for ten days and there was no sign of the wind dropping Day long the snow whirled about the igloo blotting out the sun blotting out even the snow at our feet Even Akput the ever cheerful showed concern

The last one will be too weak to travel" he said to me There has been evil conjuring"

I laughed at him yet I knew he had hit near the truth And not only Dodge but Jim too, was feeling the effects of starvation He had eaten less than any of us and already his face looked drawn and his eyes were unnaturally bright But when I tried to get him to take my share of the soup which we made that night by boiling up meat scraps he refused it spiritedly

Never mind" he said, I'm good for another week

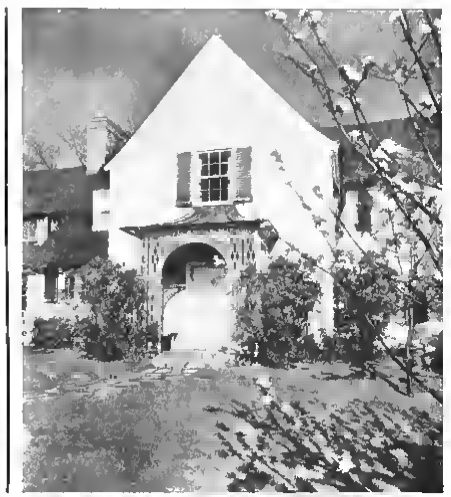
WE PULLED out on the morning of the fourteenth day The move was prompted more by desperation than because the storm had stopped. For it was still blowing hard and although at times we could glimpse the sun-splashed sky there was no chance of locating landmarks

Both Jim and Dodge were too weak for us to chance waiting longer Even as it was, I felt doubtful whether they would be able to travel more than a few miles In addition to weakness brought about by lack of food Jim seemed feverish and strange. He talked of meeting up with trappers north of Churchill maybe finding a shack It was a mighty slim chance and I told him so.

There is bound to be one or two trappers up the coast," he insisted "and if the wind drops we may run across sled tracks.

Akput harnessed up the dogs—only six left now out of ten—and I lashed the *komatik*, cutting down gear to bare necessities. The wind that morning seemed a living thing an evil thing intent upon our destruction It swept down between the hills, swirled about us menacingly swirled on beyond the shore ice to the open sea We could hear the steady swish of it sweeping the snow before us, and we could hear long drawn moans as it raced through the gullies It seemed as if we were surrounded by an army of spirits who mocked at us, howled at us, in the silver darkness

Dimly I could see Jim and Dodge



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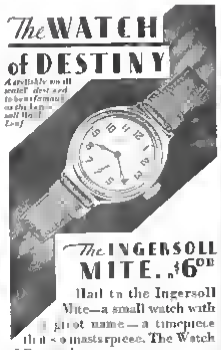
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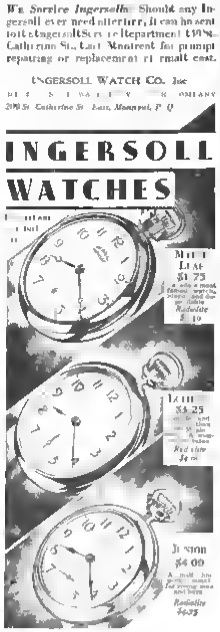
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standing beyond the *komatik* shadowy thry were and blurred like a picture out of focus. Above the roar of the wind I could hear Akpatk's guttural shouts as hr straightened out the team. Presently hr appeared out of the jarling darkness and came toward me. His straggling beard was covered with ice, and deer rimmed the head of his *kuitsk*.

"Quicma" hr grnrled and pulled out his whip from beneath the lashings.

We started off and soon had left the land. We were travelling along the hummocky shore ice. It was torgh going, for the driving snow made it impossible to choose an easy course. Time after time we were blocked by pressure ridges—barriers formed of gigantic ice blocks fifteen twenty, even thirty feet high. Over these we wrrs forced to man handle the *komatik* inch by inch—hands numbed with cold bodies aching with weariness.

Even on the level the going was little better, for the dogs snarled their traces ground jagged lrngs of ice and jammed thr sled in narlow crevices between thr hummocks. Time after time I was knocked slithering into the snow as thr heavy runners crashed against me. By noon I figured we had covrred scarcely five miles and already the tram was exhausted and could be driven forward arly by the stinging lash.

To the afternoon we strrrk nut from shrre and found hetter going, but in my heart I krew that it was too late. Our chances of reaching Churchill wrre negligible. There had been evil carqrring.

Jim was lasting out much bettrr than I erpected. Hr had struck a steady gait and head bent sims swirging loose hr was plugging furwrrd with that peculiar pigeon toed rhuffle which is thr mark of a woodsman. I had a feeling that although hr was ill he would somehow manage to keep going to the end. His body I knew was lmnetlarling indapendently of his fever-racked brain.

With Dadge it was different. Hr was all in—body and brain and I fanrd myself war dering if he would last another thousand strps. Hr stumbled furward jerkily. His head jolted from side to side. Hr looked like a groggy fighter on the point of collapse.

Eight thousand steps I counted before he tumbled over. Akput stepped the team and I ran back to him.

It is no good," hr whispered as he tried to struggle to his feet. "I'm all in. You brttrr go on."

Giving in already?" I spoke brutally, hoping to turrh that hidden strength which is unleashed by wounded pridr. But I krew that he had dorr better lar better than any of us had dared to lope.

It's no good," hr said, "yan better go ar." He did his best to smile. "At least I'm no hog in prushmrrt."

Between us we lifted him on to the *to-rutik*. It soon became evidrrt that we could not hope to travel far like that. Even with two of us pushing our speed was reduced to a crawl.

As we plodded along slowly, wearily through the strangling wind sod drift, the hopelessness of our situation became more and more clear. There were still fifty miles to go. With dogs all in and one of the party helpless it would be impossible. Twenty miles at the most would be our limit.

Desperately I langht my imaginatian desperatrly I tried to dasdrn it, but like a pulrr heat wards hammerrd through my head. "You re brairn, you re beater you're beaten. And the swirling wind seemed to catch up the refrain and hnd it back. "I've beaten you, bratten you beaten you.

It was madness a nightmare fiarn which there would be no waking. In an effart to farce it from mr I counted steps, dispnted the count, argrrd this way and that foolishly. Presently the counting and the argruments became mechanical. I was u ling way off—on thr other ridr of Death—and I watched myself crawling like a brakrr thing through driving space. So that was Mike Brady shovrrg strug gling rtrivrng futilely against the north wind. I langhed and the rtorm forles howled with mr.

It was Dodge who jerked me back to sodrirr sanity. Le bariously hr swung himself off the sled and staggered farward.

"Rr all right naw" he panted. "The rest has lisghrred me up."

He dropped behind and canght a trailing rope. Wruthkkr I corld see him, now rrnning, now walking as hr struggled to keep up. If only he could hang on thrre was still a rhance. Two days—wr could make Churchill in two days.

"Wr'll beat you yrt" I shnuted to the wind.

PERHAPS an hour passed. More likely it was a few minutes when Jim panted up alangside me. "Dodge" he shnrted. He's gone."

I threw my weight on the sled and brought it to a stop.

"What happened?"

Jim shook his head. "I don't krow. Grese I was dreaming. Remember looking up and seerrg him ahead of mr. Ther a little while rlrrr I looked up again and he was gone vanished. Murt have fallrr down—all in."

"Whrr ll wr do?" I asked, knowing well thrra was only one thing we could do.

"We can never make it naw" Jim said echoing my thorghts, "but wr got to go bark."

Akput wheeled thr dags round in a rirclr and we laced the blizzard. I saw him rwirl the lash saw it rrrl behind him and I waited for the crack as he brought it forward. But thr rrarh never came for a huddled form stumbled out of the driving firry collapsed on the snow and crawled toward us. It was Dodge.

He was sobbing wheo we reached him—strugghog lar breath. "Shack" he gasped. "Food."

Jim looked at me and rhook hr head. "He's gone" he said. "Been better if he'd passed out."

We lifted him on to the *komatik* and I could see that he was fighting desperately to win a last ounce af strength. He tonched my arm.

"It's true. Thrre's a shurk bark thrra and lood. Thought I was rpoiling your chances—" dropped off to end things—" He broke off abtuptly—then slid off the *komatik* and stood facing us. When hs spoke agnin his voice was calm.

Thera was a shack there. We passed within a hundred yards of it. I lasked in and saw lood lots of food. evrn rince I've been running—trying to catch up with you."

We fought our way back against the wind—and presently a black shape loomed raddenly before us. It was a shack as Dodge had said. He led the way to the door, stood there till we were all inside then followed us.

My recollection of what happened afterward is curiously blurred. I can remember that we sat silent for a time, so overcome with relief even to nerak. And then I know that Akput lit the stove and Jim farraged grub. Vaguely I remember the meal.

But there is one scene that stands out clearly nnr scene I can never forget.

Dodge was rutting on the edge of the bunk that ran along one side of thr room. His shorlders were rlumped forward and his head was butied in his hands. Jim crossed thr room and touched his rhanldder.

"Say Dodge" hr said hrskily, "I awe you ar apology and these—" He held out a wad of papers.

Dodge looked up and shook his head and I saw Jim zip the papers arrose and pitch them into the stove.

"I want to tell you" Jim contioued "that you re a man—a darn sight better man than I am."

Again Dodge shook hir head, but hr rmiled and hrld out his hend.

THERE'S nothing much more to thr rtory barring a letrr Jim gat when we wrrs outsidr. It was from Dodge who enclosed his cheque for a hundred and fifty thousand dallarr.

"Dear Jim" he wrote, "the enrlosed memry represents hr hundred thousand I saw you and fifty thousand for a lesson. It was rheap at thr price."



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Behind the Commonplace

Continued from page 20

mother. You are o born sweetheart. Kiss me Neddy."

And then Bill Adams heard a smack.

But it wasn't a kiss. The sound, harder and more emphatic than a wet towel slapped on a bathroom wall, intoxicated Bill Adams. The most heavenly joy of a lifetime overwhelmed him like a flood.

Edna screamed.

In a trembling, Bill Adams drunk with joy inflamed with a long-forgotten lust for battle, thumped sod jumped down thr remaining six steps and crashed over chairs and tables to thr kitchen.

"Over the top, boys, on give 'em hell!" he bellowed.

Eee Bragg, more than slightly pale hastily put the kitchen table between himself and the attacking force.

"Don't dare tourh mr" he shrilled. "You you if the police hear of this, think of the scandal! Neddy Neddy phone the police quirk!"

Edna stood with hands prayerfully rlasped and an eager light in her eyes, while Bill rlambered over the table. Eee Bragg ined to dodge. Bill jumped. Hr narghd Ben Bragg not lovingly about thr neck with a strangling left arm while with his smashing right fist he massaged thr mullian dollar smile off the handsome face. And all the while he made up for his long silence.

Why don't you hit back? Ah that's better" as Ern Braggs fist caught him as thr neck. "What's the matter with yori grand?" for Bill's right landed Ben Bragg's nose and flattened it worse than Vimy Ridge. "Here's whrra we bust thr Hindenburg line" and Bill Adams' left pedlarked Brer eye.

Next minute Bill drew back and let both fists go simultaneously for Ben Bragg's chin, and Ern went down.

Whoo Bill Adams returned from a hurried trip to the guest room. Ben Mavity Bragg was coming to sufficiently to whimper for the police.

Bill Adams gripped his collar, yanked Ben to his feet and propelled him to the frer door. "Scrrm the police you won't," he shouted. "I'll give you a flying start" And Ern helped by two kirks and r rhave wrot flying down thr front steps thr two rlub bags hurthing after him.

"There's a woman around here some where" finished Bill. "Take her ins I'm too mid-Victorian for her. She can express herself plastering your pretty face with bread and jam."

The chirrup of the car as it lenpt away from the park brought Bill to his senses.

Edna!" he shamed. "Edna!"

NEXT mament Bill Adams stood staring blankly after the receding car and a moment later the car was gone and all he could see was the shadowy street and the wreck of Ben Bragg trying to outstrip the car.

He went desolately into the house. Upstairs, Cora whimpered. Bill Adams brought her downstairs, wrapped in a woolly cardigter, and rocked her and sang.

The Prince of Wales has heir outsidr
It rovers all af his pasky hidr

Hr was utterly mixed. He Bill Adams-drvatee al peace personification al un ottemible puttence had lost his trmpr, last his frer boarder, and lost his wife—not to neration a six-cylinder car.

Hr rorkrd dismally and aarg dmolately till after what seemrd like hanrs thr front door opened as though awurrg by a timid breeze, and along a path of newborn moorlight came a vision eerie ghostly lovely but—determined.

"Edna?"

"Oh, E Bill" she sobbed, "if I'd only known—if only you'd let him like that the first time he smiled—if only you'd kirked him that way three months ago—if—if—"

Consolingly hr patted her hend.

The telephone rang. Edna ran to it but could not talk for sobbing. So Bill handed little Cora to her and ranght up the receiver. The police chirf was speaking.

Zat yor Bill Adams? Say that Bragg fellow was in hrre to lay an inlarmation. Yes assault and battery.

I told him we'd takes it ned wr'd also take the informatiun Mrs. Adams wanted to lay tor insulting language heating a board bill unprovoked assault on one William Adams securing money frate William Adams by false pretenses attempting to defraud Mrs. Higgins having liquor elsewhere than in a private house, damaging furniturs by falling against it and taking a motor car without the owner a permission. And I told him also we had irvestigated the bona fides of the Standard Oil Company of South Dakota and found it had neither bona nor fides and about thre Mr. Bragg said hr was afraid rirrr all hr raulkin t press the case as he'd grat remembered an important engagerrnt in Buenos Aires.

Bill hung up the receiver.

"He's gone."

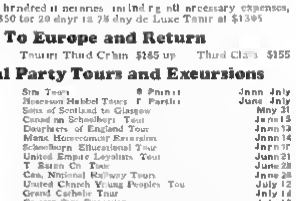
"And exrlolmed Edna, "if ever he comes back, I'll kill him. After all you've done for him to think of him trying to hit you—"

Bill's brain began to lunctian.

"Edna, it must have been manetanens for you. I—I really must step out."

Through tears she smiled and the smile was worth more to Bill than many million dollars.

"Don't Bill. Don't step out any nears. Just look at the kitchen furniture. You've stepped out plenty for a lifetime."



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The Copper Disc

Continued from page 32

girls are quite lost, you know, without this piece of equipment."

She speeded the compact and Kent caught again the faint and delicious aroma he had noticed the previous evening in the taxi. She pressed a touch of the delicate powder to her cheeks and even as she did so her eyes grew wide and rounded and her face seemed to harden into an expression of acute horror. She was so obviously in distress that Kent sprang to her side and would have supported her but she pressed him away with her hands she beat upon his chest like a prisoner seeking escape. Along with his surprise at the sudden turn of events Kent felt a strange sense of the eerie and inexplicable creep up his spine. He almost wondered if the girl was mad. Her eyes seemed to have entirely changed.

Then as suddenly as it had come, the tension broke. Her features relaxed the horror faded from her eyes. "Oh," she cried as one who has received a stunning blow. She swayed before him and he seized her in his arms. She had gone limp and unconscious.

FOR a moment Kent stood stupidly holding the limp form of Gladys Hensley in his arms before he realized that here was a situation calling for a definite and immediate line of action. A couch occupied part of one end of the room he carried her to it and laid her down as gently as a child. Then with a hand ever her heart, he assured himself that it was still beating.

He remembered that Gladys had pressed a button near her chair when summoning a maid to bring the evening paper. He found it, and almost instantly the domestic addressed as Florence entered the room. She was a woman of about forty so he judged of solid and competent appearance, and yet with something in her manner or personality that stirred his distrust.

Miss Hensley has had a turn. I think she was in a faint," said Kent. "Will you attend to her mother and perhaps a doctor?"

The woman ran out through another passage but not before she had given Kent a look that baffled and puzzled him. It was a look not of surprise or concern but rather of satisfaction of triumph. It seemed to say she had expected just what had happened and it was all very gratifying.

I guess she is not my wave length," Kent ruminated, the suggestion which Gladys had raised still fresh in his mind. He turned to the girl, took her hands in his rubbed them between his palms.

In another moment Mrs. Hensley entered. If the maid's face had lacked concern, the mother did not. She hurried to her daughter's side and took from Kent the hands he had been massaging. With a quick order she sent Florence who had followed her into the room for spirits and smelling salts.

Kent hesitated between a sense of delicacy and a desire to be of service. "Can I help, Mrs. Hensley?" he offered.

"It's just a faint. I think," the mother returned, "maybe you might lend her hand remove the cushion from under it."

Kent raised his head gently in one hand, the brown bobbed hair falling about his fingers, drew out the cushion and lowered her as instructed.

That is better, thank you," Mrs. Hensley approved. "The poor child has been overwrought. Perhaps you will wait in the other room, Mr. Kent, and we will call you if necessary."

Kent waited. The entangled radio was still humming music but above its subdued tones he was presently able to distinguish the voice of Gladys in the adjoining room. With difficulty he resisted the desire to rush in and see with his own eyes that the girl was out of danger.

A little later Mrs. Hensley joined him alone. "We are so distressed over her," she confided. "She has not of late been her real self at all. That is at times. At other times she is all right. I presume she made her apologies to you for the embarrassing position in which she placed you this morning? To whatever amends she may have made I must add my own regret and that of Mr. Hensley."

Kent thought her very dignified and beautiful with her white hair her face still youthful in its freshness, and her eyes grave with concern for her child. Her aloofness of the morning had been replaced by an unmistakable manner of friendship.

Oh that is all right," he assured her. I only wish I could help."

You are very generous. And—who knows?—perhaps you can. This is a matter for investigation from all angles. It is an ordinary illness and no outbreak of tantrums. Naturally we have tried to keep it from the public, even from our friends. Now that it has come to your knowledge I feel sure I can trust your good judgment, Mr. Kent."

Kent was in a mood to make commitments. I shall regard it as a most sacred confidence," he said. "You can trust me, Mrs. Hensley."

Thank you." She extended her hand. I believe you are an honest young man. Angus and I will be glad to have you to our home from time to time. But now will you let me say good night as my daughter's behalf? I thought it better that she should go at once in her room without seeing you again in her present distressed frame of mind."

Thus dismissed, Kent found himself in the elegant an which sweeps up from the lake and floods the fashionable district, herding the city adars back into the commercial and manufacturing sections. The night was inviting, and he decided to walk home. All the way to Eleventh Street he carried with him the peculiar puzzle of Gladys Hensley. That the girl was under some strange and unwelcome influence he was fully convinced, and that she should have taken him into her confidence in a matter so intimate flattered his young masculine vanity. And Mrs. Hensley had been very cordial. He resolved not only to respect her confidence but to unearth by every means at his command the source of the strange influence which had come over her daughter. This of course, would involve frequent visits to the Hensley home and much association with Gladys. The prospect was alluring.

It came to him with something of a start that their unquestioned dated back only twenty four hours. Already they were as old friends. He had quite forgiven the morning incident—even the newspaper story. Indeed there was something delectable in having his name associated with that of Gladys Hensley. He meant to clip that paper and file it away as a memento of a very pleasant experience.

VERA MASTERS had the mail on Kent's desk the following morning with an air of professional detachment. Hereyes if Kent had looked into them were heavy with a restless night, but she had summoned all her woman's resolution to give him no hint of the concern she felt. A dozen times she had read that infamous newspaper story and the innuendos of a single sentence had burned into her heart.

"He will tell me about it in the morning," she assured herself. "It is all a hideous mistake."

But the morning wore on consumed in the routine duties of shop and office, and Kent volunteered no explanation. He was walking out at noon when something pathetic in her attitude as she sat at her typewriter halted him. Vera seemed suddenly to have grown older. Keet knew very well that Vera was twenty-six—almost the same age as himself—but never before had he quite realized that her girlhood was slipping away. After all, twenty-six is very young when surveyed from the altitude of superior years but it marks the turn of the first quarter of a century and brings to Youth a sudden and overwhelming realization that its days are numbered.

Vera knew that Kent was looking at her and she pounded her keys industriously, but they blurred and reeled before her.

Afterward the letters had to be rewritten.

When Kent returned to his rooms he found a letter addressed to him in a woman's handwriting. It was not the hand of Gladys, and yet his heart perceptibly speeded its beat as he cut the envelope open. The note was from Mrs. Hensley.

"Dear Mr. Kent," he read, 'may we hope to have the pleasure of your company at dinner tomorrow night? Mr. Hensley and I are having a few friends, and we will be glad if you can join us. My husband is interested in everything which has to do with electricity, and no doubt you will find something in common. Do come. I would like you to know that we are not really so rude at hysterical as you would be justified in supposing.

Hopefully, Julia Hensley.

P.S. Gladys is quite well again today. It was another of those unaccountable occurrences.

Kent read the message a second time without moving from where he stood—but his decision was instantly taken. He wrote a brief note of acceptance, and went out for a stroll in the evening air. He spoke to the elevator man as he went down, to the girl at the cigar counter in the corridor, to a newsboy at the door. He was in a cordial mood toward the world. Life seemed very much worth living, even without a solution of the great problem of wireless transmission of power. Even that might come of it. Angus Hensley was a good man to know.

Kent dressed for the Hensley dinner with as much care as his limited wardrobe permitted called a taxi and in a few minutes whirred up to the doors of the Hensley mansion. He was shown into the smoking room, where Angus Hensley, a youthful looking grey-haired man, shook his hand warmly.

Mighty glad to meet you, Mr. Kent mighty glad to meet you." The radio king held his hand with unaffected cordiality. "I know something about your experiments. Oh, don't ask me. Developments in the electrical world have a way of leaking out and winding up in the air of Angus Hensley. We are just on the beginning of things, Mr. Kent, and I'm always glad to meet a man who is doing his bit at rolling back the map of the unknown. Besides I understand that my daughter is indebted to you for certain courtesies, and what my daughter owes I owe—and that's true in more ways than one." Angus laughed pleasantly over his implied liability, as a man with triple A rating is entitled to laugh at such subjects.

A tall young man with a small dark moustache and eyes to match detached himself from the little knot of guests.

I think we have met before Mr. Kent," he said, extending his hand. "But you may be excused for not recognizing me. The light was not good—and I do not remember that we were formally introduced. I am Gordon Brace."

The two young men eyed each other as they clasped hands and both seemed to sense that they would come to grips in more ways than one.

"I am glad to meet you," Kent managed to say. "I hope your car was not much the worse."

Just a smashed wheel. And now when we have a moment together I want to thank you for your courtesy to Miss Hensley and to me. You were very kind."

"Oh, it was a great pleasure," Kent assured him.

They were interrupted by Angus Hensley.

Mr. Kent I want you to meet Professor Mertle Herzton. Professor Herzton is associated with the Hensley Radio Corporation. In fact he is a good deal at the power behind the scenes. Whenever we want a new invention or discovery—something that will put our competitors out of the running for another year or two—we say to the professor, 'Think up something new, Herzton,' and, by George he does it! If you've got any big ideas in the back of your head Kent, keep 'em under cover when you're talking with Herzton." With this jocular warning Hensley turned to his other guests.

Professor Martin Herzton was a man to command attention. Tall, spare, and scholarly in appearance, he had almost him a suggestion of extreme agility at both body and mind. In a razor-ridden age he had the courage to defy convention to the extent of a small black tapered beard, in which threads of grey were showing. It had the effect of bringing his face to a point and adding to the incisiveness of his general appearance. His hair was black with an occasional thread of grey—a good mat of it carefully parted and brushed back over his long, sharp ears. His nose too was sharp—and his eyes had a snap in them that was not unfriendly but which suggested that here was a man in whom the head very consciously controlled the heart.

I have heard something of you Mr. Kent," Herzton was saying in his deep authoritative voice. "You are interested in wireless transmission of power, unless I am misinformed. A great field—a very great field. I can only regret that there are but twenty four hours in a day, and the demands of the Hensley Radio Corporation—somewhat exacting—have kept me from dabbling in it. Fancy the time when our motor cars will be propelled by power generated at a central station with no more visible connection than there now is between the broadcasting antenna and that radio receiving set in the next room!"

Then you think it possible Professor Herzton? You don't count it just a fool's dream?"

Fool a dream!" The professor laughed, a robust subterranean laugh. The only people indulging in fool's dreams now, Mr. Kent, are those who think that anything is impossible. Why, a couple of centuries ago they would have hanged a man—and probably have quartered him to boot—for even saying that the things we now do every day were possible. The telephone, the motor car, the airplane, radio, all these things had even been conceived they would have been condemned as not only immoral but atheistic. Suppose a hundred years ago I had stood on London bridge and said: 'One hundred years from now a man will speak in London, and at that same moment another man in America will hear his words over his unaided ear.' Or suppose that in 1827 I had stood in the outskirts of Paris and said: 'One hundred years from this day a man will rise from the solid earth in America like a bird and alight at this spot.' Would I not have been adjudged insane? Well we've got past that, Mr. Kent, but we have still a large static public which imagines that the great inventions have all been invented, perhaps. I shouldn't put it that way, their imaginings are too constricted to project themselves forward into even the more obvious discoveries of the future."



You wouldn't go out with a bashed-in hat

Your self-respect says "No"—then what about dull, unpolished shines? Be fair to yourself and smarten them up each morning with brilliant "Nugget" shine—waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.

"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

The NUGGET TIN *opens with a twist!*

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Allen Inventions Ltd. years devoted assiduously to the manufacture of scientific hearing aids the Canadian Auxanicon Ltd. Dept. 210C, 50 Rich mond St. West, Toronto, Ont., has just perfected a new model Acousticon that represents the greatest advance yet made in the restoration of hearing for the deaf. This latest Acousticon is featured by a tiny earpiece no bigger than a dime. Through this device sounds are clearly and distinctly transmitted to substantial cases with wonderful benefit in hearing and health alike. The makers allow an absolutely free trial for 10 days in any case desired, so that he interested and a letter will bring one at these remarkable aids to you, home in a thorough and convincing test. Send them your name and address today!



She looks 20 years younger

I [illegible] a beautiful [illegible] I have been using [illegible] I can assure you my husband is very proud of me.—Mrs. A. K.

Original letter on file for inspection.

To preserve your youthful charm you must preserve your health. Colds must be looked upon as a matter of health as much as of appearance. At the first sneeze, cough or chill, take a little daily dinesfol. Start to-morrow and you will feel years younger before you are using your tablets.

Knuckee Kolls is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 50c a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 2 or 3 months—good health for half-a-cent a day.

The SKIN *should be* SOOTHED



DEMEYER

LESSON SUMMER TERSE — *In your own home Ardena has described the first two steps in her famous treatment. Cleansing and Toning. The next step is SOOTHING. Certain types of normal skin may be obtained on request.*

ALLERGIVE skin should have frequent application of rich cream to keep it from early lining and wrinkling. Any skin must be regularly soothed and softened to offset the ardn of sun, heat, windy weather and mountain stung temperature.

The best time for applying cream is at night. First cleanse and tone according to my author instructions. Then when your skin is thoroughly awakened and receptive cream should be patted on. My Valva Cream is a preparation of great delicacy that is most gratifying to the sensitive tenderness of a fine dry skin. It should be too the choice of a young skin that is not yet in need of a heavy cream.

My Orange Skin Food is a luxurious preparation whose rich ingredients make it suitable for the older skin as the emollient dry flaky skin. And to scraggy necks and unlovely hollows, throat is Ardena Cream.

Using the cushion tips of the fingers put on the cream with definite upward strokes, beginning at point of chin and working upward in the ear the normal of the eye the temple with direct use lifting pats. Pat around the neck with the four fingers slightly unready smooth extra cream just under the chin where a ripple look must be guarded against. Pat until the face and neck are warm and glowing. Look up as you finish point. Lightly under the eyes.

Then dip your fingers in Muscle Oil and pat this directly on lines on forehead nose or cheeks to smooth and give flexibility to dry or furrowed skin.

If this treatment is taken the last thing at night, a little of the cream should be left on especially around the eyes where first fine lines are note to gather. If you have managed to squeeze in a half hour before dinner for your bathing you will remove the cream at the end of the time limit. Finish with Cleansing Cream following that put with Skin Tonic to take away any possible greasy look and then be ready for your make up. Last month I explained the correct and nonwasteful way of applying tonic or astringent with an Ardena Patter which should be part of your regular dressing table equipment.

Another treatment when you must not fail to try when you wish to look unusually lovely for an evening engagement is the Anti Wrinkle Treatment. This cream has been specially prepared to produce quick results and you will be thrilled with the real beauty of your skin if you use it according to directions.

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A delicate cream for massage and refreshes so hour limit size 3 oz. $3.50

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD

Arden recommends a most invisible form of massage and cleansing. It keeps the face smooth and round. 3 oz. $1.75 $2.75 $4.25 $8.

ARDENA CREAM

To be used liberally on the neck shoulders and bosom and empty the tin. 3 oz. $1.10 $1.50 $2.50 $6.50

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL

A penetrating oil to be worked in with the cream which makes it highly muscular. 1 oz. $2.50 $4.

VENETIAN ANTI WRINKLE CREAM

A specially adapted for a quick use cream before retiring. 1 oz. $2. $3.50

ARDEN VENETIAN PATTER

Illustrated and fully described by all of handle for a most pleasing effect. $5

WINDHARPS

Do you know the wistful harps that draw music from the wind? They are so sensitive that the lightest breeze will draw from them its chord.

Suffering and ecstasy and despair being must wholly be the music we hear. They who marry the treasure of it they whom life should not shelter, for it is because of them that man rose from clay to poetic Stroke out the great people of history and we would still be harnessing ass and mule and plant painting.

And yet we starve the sensitive man among us and develop a comfortable philosophy about them that continued contact with this species of insensitive would bring out the best in them quite forgetting that without any help from us the wind howls harshest around the highest peaks.

Among all the charming friend you have who is the one that I most envy? That one I suppose that has pathetic supercentricities that is to alone to egotism. I am scarcely the divinest mind from I but this kind of temperament does not like it you simply and deeply into you so and see the thing as you see it that can touch your wound so gently that there's healing in the touch that's not without pain up than knows without being told the kind of delightful person who shines name from the wind

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"The Smooth Way to Rough It"

HERE'S a miniature gas range that doubles the fun of any outing. It's the Coleman Camp Stove and it gives instantly-right, now answer to outdoor appetites! Cook whatever you want it, wherever you happen to be. Be sure to take a Coleman on your next trip. It's "The Smooth Way to Rough It."



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Excellent light for camping and hunting. Sightly, clear and steady. Protected by insect-proof Sta-dy-lite globe. Mica chimney. Shade-proof reinforced handle. Stands upright and suspends for use. Our Gasoline Saver permits of 20% more light with the same pump. $12.50. With a porcelain pump $8.

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At that moment came a summons to the dining room, and Kent promising himself more conversation with the professor later, turned to the business immediately in hand.

He found himself seated beside Gladys Hensley across the table from her was Gordon Brace. As the meal and the conversation progressed, he began to identify the other guests: chiefly there, and get them tucked away in his memory. There was Doctor Alstice, family physician to the Hensleys, and Marian Alstice, his wife, who, being married to a doctor was in a position to treat with contempt the somewhat obvious necessity of dirting the Reverend Eugene Rogers, pastor of Lake Boulevard Central Church, and Mrs. Rogers; the three Hensleys, Gordon Brace, Professor Herston and himself. It was part of Kent's philosophy of a reasonably happy existence to guard against exaggerating his own importance and he was well aware that no accomplishment of his offered an explanation of his admittance into this small and intimate group. The explanation must lie in Gladys Hensley or her mother, or both it could in nowhere else.

Gladys gave most of her conversation to Gordon Brace, but when once Kent's hand touched hers under the edge of the table he did not immediately remove it.

In and out of the room moved the maid, Florence Monarrs, whose expression had so puzzled Kent on the evening when Gladys had hinted in his arm. She seemed to her sort of thief of the Hensley staff, distinctly he watched her movements and her gestures. This woman he was convinced knew more about the influences working on Gladys than did the other members of the family. When Kent suddenly lorred her questionably exchanging glances with Professor Herston the direcvery added interest but not light to an already baffling situation.

Discussion at the table after finding about like her tastes flowers, eventually settled down to least upon the inexhaustible subject of radio. Compliments by Dr. Alstice on the singing of Gladys recently broadcast from one of her father's stations opened the way for a short dissertation by the doctor on his favorite theory—that every human mind is a radio receiving and broadcasting station.

"And the artists?" quetied Professor Herston.

Ah, that is the point," the doctor agreed. "Do we think or do we just think we think? Does the mind generate thought or does it merely relay it? I shall not attempt to answer that question. But I will say we know that Mr. Rogers—turning to the Reverend Eugene Rogers as though invoking the conseurrence of the Church—I will say we know that the mind whatever it is and wherever it is is quite distinct from the brain. The brain is merely the mechanism for storage and reproduction as the phonograph and the phonograph record are. The mind is something quite different. The brain, for example, dies. But the mind—what becomes of the mind, Mr. Rogers?"

The Reverend Mr. Rogers was about to make a statement on the subject when Mrs. Hensley, no doubt remembering that she already had listened to one sermon from him that week, intimated that the next was finished.

We generally dance after the men have smoked," Gladys remarked to Kent in a low voice as they rose from the table.

"Do you dance, or are you one of those serious young men too absorbed in a future to be interested in the present?"

Kent looked in her eyes, full now of a deep glow which strangely attracted him. "If you will be my partner," he said gallantly, "I hope I shall never be so foolish as to prefer anything the future may have to offer."

She smiled agreement, and her lips parted to speak, but closed again as Professor Herston joined them.

"I should like a little exploratory conversation with you, Mr. Kent," the professor announced, "but I know how Miss Hensley detests shop. Perhaps you would honor me by a visit to my laboratory. Any time?"

Kent thanked him. It was just the invitation he wanted.

Professor Herston bowed himself away. His movement and manner were above criticism and yet he impressed Kent as not working through some kind of formula—perhaps carrying out some hidden experiment.

"I am hoping for the first dance with you," Kent whispered to his companion.

"I should be glad," she answered.

Kent joined the other men in the smoking room. The conversation swung to politics in which he had little interest, and he toyed with his cigar thinking of Gladys and the strange turn of events which had brought her into his life. It was just seventy two hours since he had met her. Seventy two hours ago he did not know of her existence, and already the world seemed to rotate about her. He swerved with impatience the summons to the ballroom.

After a few minutes Professor Herston excused himself saying he wished to use the telephone. But down a corridor Kent was sure he caught a glimpse of him in conversation with Florence Monarrs. He returned presently, his pointed face more lexlike than ever, and quirkly picked up his place in the conversation.

The summons came at length. Mrs. Hensley appeared in the doorway.

"Haven't you men completed your fumigation?" she enquired. "Youth and beauty—to use a figure of speech—await your pleasure."

"A figure of speech, perhaps, but certainly no hyperbole," the Reverend Mr. Rogers gallantly rejoined as the men filed into the ballroom.

As befitted his business, Angus Hensley insisted that orchestras were no longer a necessity in any private home. He adjusted the dials of a radio receiver and in a few minutes syncopated strains were pulsing through the room. Almost before Kent realized what was happening, he saw Professor Herston approach Gladys in his most captivating manner and almost with an air of proprietorship request the honor of her company. To Herston's surprise and Kent's unreasonable delight, the girl excused herself. A moment later she was in Kent's arms. Discovery of the secret of wireless transmission could not have set his heart pounding with more abandon.

Gladys distributed her favors among the men of the company, but even a casual observer could not have failed to notice where her preference seemed to lie. Certainly it was obvious to Professor Herston, who pleading pressure of business matters which required attention that night, took his departure at an early hour.

Kent meanwhile continued in high spirits. He ventured a suggestion that the last dance of the evening should be his.

"You are too gallant," she murmured.

"Not gallant. Selfish."

Her eyes met his and seemed to give consent.

But when he came to claim the dance she received him icily. "You are almost a stranger here, Mr. Kent," she said. "Older friends have claims on me."

Had it not been for making a scene Kent in his chagrin would have gone straight home. But he kept himself in hand enough to remember that other things were to be won in the Hensley home besides the favor of the fickle Gladys. The hall hour which remained he spent sharing the cigars and conversation of the president of the Hensley Radio Corporation.

As he was about to say good night, Gladys met him with a contrite face.

"I'm sorry, Morley," she whispered. "I couldn't help it. I was under the spell."

To be Continued

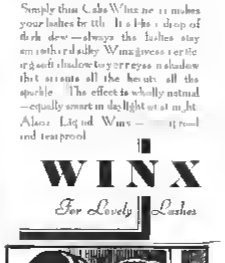


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Has the Chain Grocery Store Come to Stay?

Continued from page 13

salesmen every week covering the same territory. Each gave a multiplicity of services—all of which was tending toward too great a spread between the manufacturer and the consumer and thereby increasing the cost of living to the consumer.

There were attempts to interest retailers to organize their own wholesale companies so that they might get their goods cheaper, but these proved abortive.

The Rise of the Groceteria

IT WAS under such conditions that the grocery chain came into the picture. The men who pioneered the field realized that on their business developed they could command more attention and respect from those who had goods to sell, and that with less service they could reduce the cost of goods to the consumer.

The multiple store idea was already well established in Great Britain and the United States. The Home and Colonial Stores, Lipton's, The Boots drug chain and others had flourished in the Old Land for decades. In 1859 the Hartford Brothers founded in New York what was destined to become the great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Stores with their 15,000 units of today doing around $1 000 000 000 annually.

In Canada, William Carrells, of Hamilton, was perhaps the first in the food chain field. He opened his first store in 1893. By 1910 he had five or six. Now he has a hundred. In 1910, Theodore P. Loblaw, who has spent practically all his life in the grocery business established the initial unit of a cash and carry chain. Up to that time there had been few merchants who insisted strictly on cash from all their customers and few if any adopted the no-delivery. Loblaw began with one store and eight years later had a chain in Toronto of nineteen. These were disposed of and eventually passed into the hands of the present owners of Dominion Stores Limited. Then early in 1920 a new type of store was established which was not only cash and carry, but self-serve as well. Customers who patronized it had to pass through a turnstile, pick up a basket, select their own merchandize, pay cash for it and carry home the goods. The groceteria turned their buying habits upside down and they became "shoppers."

The chain grocery stores made little headway in Canada until after 1920. Growth at the outset was slow. It was found difficult to purchase goods direct from the manufacturers as department stores and mail-order houses were able to do. It required several years for the experimental work and for a substantial percentage of the public to become accustomed to the new idea—excepting less service and doing some of the work themselves. The year 1920 however, proved to be the psychological starting point. At that time the business cycle was on one of its down curves following the war and its feverish aftermath. The public had to practise thrift, due to unemployment and smaller wage cheques. So it was not difficult for them to take their baskets, choose their own goods from the merchant's shelves and carry them home, inasmuch as they were eliminating services that were costing six or seven cents on every dollar they spent.

The Voluntary Chains

BEGINNING in 1921, there was a rapid change over from a seller's to a buyer's market. By that I mean that instead of the merchant seeking out the manufacturer and bidding for his merchandise as had been the case in the war years, the manufacturer came to him and shaded prices to get his business. The forermer retailer relationship changed similarly. It was no longer possible for the merchant to high-hat his customers, the customer high hatted him and insisted on her every wish being granted.

Under these conditions the buying power of the chain developed rapidly, and the buying habits of the consumer were revolutionized.

Both the self-serve and cash and carry stores have since spread out all over Canada, the prospects attracting some of the largest operators in the United States. Scientific methods were introduced in store arrangement, store display, stock control and store management. Waste in goods, time and money were eliminated. Competition for the favor of the buying public became intense and the public benefitted. The jobber found his trade with the chains dwindle as they increased in strength and buying power, because if one manufacturer wouldn't sell them his goods direct another would until today there are few if any outstanding producers of food products whose lists do not include the large chains.

Their rapid march, first in Ontario, later in Quebec, and now in Western Canada created considerable consternation among old established channels of distribution. Many of the wholesalers liquidated. A few failed and others merged. Retailers were demanding cheaper goods. Many groups of them again got together in towns and cities to pool their buying to secure lower prices. Some numbered to organize their own wholesale companies. Others approached jobbers, agreed to do their own ordering and demanded better prices. Jobbers eliminated travelling salesmen and credits were shortened. Retailers were placed in groups of "voluntary chains," such as Superior Red and White Adarac, Victoria Marquis. Group store fronts were uniformly painted and carried the same sign. Co-operative advertising became the thing. Cleaner stores, better displays and better methods were adopted. Throughout all these changes the retailer remained independent owning or leasing his own store and running it as he saw fit, except that the brands of goods he was offered were more limited. Instead of the jobber selling a member of the group as large an order as possible, retailers were encouraged to purchase in small quantities and turn their stock more frequently so that they could work on smaller margins of profit and have fresher goods.

Because a hundred or more retailers in a group confined their purchases to the one jobber, they secured a concession in buying—in some cases lower cost to the jobber plus a definite percentage, and again their customers saved money.

In a survey I made not long ago it was shown that a dozen or so of these buying groups in Quebec and Ontario did approximately $75 000 000 worth of business in 1929.

All these changes wormed their way into the retail business life of the country so gradually that the public scarcely noticed their advent.

The Consumer Benefits

WHAT effect have they had on us as consumers? Are we better or worse off? Are food prices lower than they otherwise would be and are we getting better service in quality goods, store cleanliness, in fresher goods, in advice in buying the right goods?

The public can answer these questions only in the affirmative. At first the chain built its business on price alone. Prices were reduced because of the elimination of credit and delivery. Hand to mouth



HER LONGEST WALK IS FROM CURB TO CAR . . . YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE simply *lives* behind the wheel of her car. Her friends say that all of her foot decay were a bit wider and prettier suits on the living room and save herself walking at all.

Yet for all her self-saving habit she has a most bothersome case of the ringworm infection commonly called Athlete's Foot. And she doesn't know what the little rash like eruption of tiny blisters between her toes" means.

How many millions share this girl's affliction and, like her, wonder what it is!

"Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways," but it is now generally agreed that the germ *tinea trichophyton*, to back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation the germ abounds on locker and dressing room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire Continent until now the United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to the many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals that announce the beginning of Athlete's Foot. *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes with the itching—or a moist thick skin condition—or again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any* one of these distress signals begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors even in your own bathroom.*

***Watch For These Distress Signals That Warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways usually between the toes—sometimes by redness and even by skin cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the rash appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr. consult your physician without delay.



Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
256 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.

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THIRTY miles an hour with an Evinrude gives you speed sensation completely ... Have electric starting ...

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FOLD-LIGHT

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION

buying kept down the quantity of stock on hand in each line and fresher goods were sold. Because of small stocks the investment in the merchandise was reduced which further lowered overhead. Mass selling resulted in manufacturers increasing their volume, and increased volume always tends to lower costs and reduce prices. And this has been the tendency.

Keen competition in price among the chains in the last few years has resulted in a further step forward. It has meant a tendency to buy and sell better quality goods and to have finer, cleaner and brighter stores and superior merchandise since price competition alone is disastrous.

That is the consumer's side of the picture. But what of the individual retailer? Is there a place for merchandising for him or is he doomed to disappear? How can he stand the gaff of competition in face of the fact that the chain can buy its goods at lower prices and sell without delivery and credit expenses? At first glance it might appear there is no place in the present economic scheme of things for the individual; that he is going to be pushed off the map, as it were. That would not be a good thing for the consumer. True, there are fewer independent stores on the main streets of our towns and cities where chains have entered. But in most instances there are today more retail food outlets in these centres than ever. Evolution has been busy among these individual merchants, and those that are left are in a stronger position to meet the new type of competition than they were ten years ago. The inefficient have been largely weeded out.

History has proved that whenever a new situation arises there are always men who rise to the occasion. Wherever I went four or five years ago, merchants and jobbers and even manufacturers constantly raised the question as to how long the independent could stay in business. But he is here today stronger than ever, because he, too, has concentrated on the elimination of waste, the reduction of overhead, better goods and a closer study of the changed buying habits of the public. He is not only doing a lot of thinking himself, but he is doing it co-operatively with other merchants.

Buying groups among individual retailers are now operating in a new way in all parts of Canada. The first organization that is now a big factor in this type of merchandising almost failed at one time. Today it embraces five wholesale grocery houses in Ontario and 400 retailers doing a business of $15,000,000 or more. Another group is associated with jobbers in Ontario, Quebec, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia and has a combined volume in the neighborhood of probably $35,000,000 or $40,000,000. These are two examples of many. These voluntary chains are organized in such a way that they purchase practically all their groceries from the one jobber in a district. No salesmen call on them for their buying orders. They have to pay their bills promptly and they buy in smaller quantities. These changes mean lower overhead for the jobber, reduced prices to the retailer in the group and lower prices to the consumer. Lower price, however, is only one phase of the situation. The association of one with another gives each a broader viewpoint. Scientific studies are made co-operatively in the display and merchandising of goods. They advertise together in the local papers whereas ten years ago no advertising of any account was done by any of them. Those that have studied their selling problems as carefully and as assiduously as their buying problems have made the greater progress. They are in fact chain stores in all but central control, and this is their greatest weakness.

These changes have enabled the individual retailer to sell to his customers at lower prices and still give them delivery service and those who deserve it a credit service. These merchants, or many of them, have reduced their overhead to such an extent that, on the whole, they are selling just as cheaply as company-owned chain stores when the extra services they render are taken into consideration. Nor can chain stores compete with twenty per cent of the independent dealers even in regard to prices. These are the retailers whose business amounts to less than $5,000 a year and are frequently termed "community" retailers. They are located in the suburban areas of our towns and cities where by the very nature of things there are no chain stores. Many of them operate in the front room of their homes. They have no rent and no employees, the wife and children tend to the store. They don't have to worry about pay for the manager. He is the husband and most often he has a job elsewhere and only relieves his wife in attendance during his off hours. The store has no dividends to earn on capital. It seldom borrows beyond the credit wholesalers will extend it. Whatever margin it realizes between cost and selling price is additional income for the family. This is termed the 'convenience' store for its small district.

New Ethics of Buying

APART from the standpoint of competition between chains and independents, we must again not overlook the fact that the habits of the public frequently change. No matter what inducement a non-service type of store may present, there is a large percentage of the public that will not buy goods from such a store because it wants and is willing to pay for services in addition to the cost of the goods. Think over your own shopping habits. One day you order by telephone and the next you carry home your purchases. You may buy from a full service store while your neighbor is a cash and carry advocate. In certain communities chains have reached the saturation point, and I don't think that in any community will more than fifty per cent of the population at any time do without the special services. There are cash and carry chains that are now making deliveries under certain conditions and some have installed telephones.

Chain stores have been accused right and left of adopting unethical methods in buying. In some instances their accusations have been justified but in others the situation has been misrepresented. A few weeks ago a manufacturer got out a new food product. His salesmen called on both wholesalers and chains. After a thorough test one of the latter gave him an order for 300 cases, but he could secure no business from the wholesalers. Following this order, another came along for 100 cases and each week since 100 have been bought.

The rapidity with which well operated chains with central control can market a new product has made their services sought for keenly by the manufacturers. Combined with their buying power this has given them the upper hand in bargaining. They are the dictators, and they demand concessions from manufacturers. They ask for and secure substantial discounts because of their large purchases; they get advertising allowances from many manufacturers for advertising the latter's goods in their own newspaper space and in their stores. On occasions, chains have insisted on an "entrance fee" from manufacturers before putting their goods into stock. Not long ago one chain asked a fee of $1,000 or it would not stock a new line being placed on the market. In another case $4,000 "entrance fee" was asked before stocking an established line in all the units of a certain chain. They have requested "a case free per store" of a new product before agreeing to take it in. Some have gone over the heads of the grocery broker and insisted on getting the goods direct to save the broker's commission. The charge has also been made that they get secret rebates.

ENDS CORNS FOREVER

SAFE, SURE RELIEF

Sizes for CORNS, SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS

At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Only 29—But Gray Hair Makes Her Look 40

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

Accept This Test Offer

Kolor-Bak
Imparts Color to Gray Hair



MOTH-GAS

This Successful Discovery KILLS Moths

Millions Used!

Get sure Protection

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MOTH-GAS CLOTHES SAVERS
—KILLS—
MOTHS EGGS LARVAE



WRIGLEY'S is good company on any trip.
It's delicious flavor adds zest and enjoyment.
In short it's good and good for you.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
After Every Meal

GRAY HAIR
tinted any color, quickly and easily. Defies detection
BROWNATONE
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

Incidentally such concessions when allowed enable the chains and members of group stores as well to advertise attractive week-end specials to the consumer—"specials" that frequently look to be below their cost.

Certain chains undoubtedly indulge in unfair practices and this is their main weakness because it loses for them respect of the business men with whom they deal. The demand for secret rebates, for the elimination of the broker who is necessary in the transaction of the balance of the business of the manufacturer, and the demand for an "entrance fee" are all practices that come into this category.

Producer Mergers

CHAIN buying and selling strength have become in some instances a source of worry to manufacturers. The latter have been confronted with the various requests above outlined. While many consider it reasonable to increase discounts on large purchases and to make allowance for advertising done on their own brands up to a certain limit, they do not feel they should concede to everything asked. This has resulted in many business battles and has been instrumental in the formation of mergers of producing firms so that they might be in a position to play a stronger hand in dealing with the large distributors. A couple of years ago the Postum Company, with headquarters in the United States, began buying up other concerns. In a few months there were added such well known lines as Walter Baker's cocoa and chocolate, Swansdown Cake Flour, Franklin Baker's Shredded Cocoanut, Hellman's Salad Dressing, Minute Tapioca, Maxwell House Coffee, Sanka Coffee, Certo and several others. Since then we have seen Fleischmann Yeast, Royal Baking Powder, Magic Baking Powder and Chase & Sanborn get together. Another important merger included Quaker Oats, Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and Muffets. The National Biscuit Company of New York secured Christie, Brown Company of Canada, and the Shredded Wheat Company. The Borden Company have taken over Chateau and Bouquet Cheese as well as several milk concerns. Kraft Cheese got Phenix. Nestle's Milk has acquired other similar firms.

The main reason given for the organization of such mergers is to eliminate unnecessary duplication in selling as as get the products into the hands of the consumer at lower cost.

Chain stores are being constantly charged with undermining community life and injuring the business centres in which they locate. There are two sides to this question. Analyzing the situation one is faced with these facts: the chain unit—through its central warehouse—and the independent dealer buy most of their goods either direct from manufacturers or indirect through wholesalers located largely at distant points. The cost of these goods represents roughly eighty per cent of their selling price. Only twenty per cent remains. Out of this overhead expenses such as wages, taxes, rent, advertising, light, heat, delivery if any and other incidentals have all to be paid for locally and the benefit goes to the local district whether chain or independent. These expenses would amount to seventy-five or eighty per cent of the total expense account. As far as salaries of executives, fire insurance, some supplies and perhaps fixtures are concerned, the money to cover them leaves the local district in the case of the chain. Most food chains show a net profit of about 2½ cents on each dollar sale. One in Canada has a net of over 5½ cents. Naturally these profits are also taken out. Some of them return in the form of dividends to shareholders but not much to any one community.

Another point against the chain is that

Continued on page 74



LIKE FRESH FROM YOUR TAILOR

WHAT man hasn't wanted to carry a suit in a piece of hand baggage and yet know it is being kept in perfect press? Now it is possible. The Aeropack for men is here.

The Aeropack holds a suit, shirts, underwear, collars, shoes, sox and all the extras. The exclusive McBrine hanger device permits you to carry a suit in perfect press—just as it is packed. Wardrobe trunk convenience in hand baggage form.



Every man should see the Aeropack at the nearest McBrine dealer. Note its roominess, lightness and extreme compactness. Some models have the famous McBrine-Mendel dust-proof construction. Get the details. We'll gladly send you illustrated folder on the Aeropack for men and other pieces of McBrine Around the World Baggage.

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Kitchener Ontario

McBRINE
AROUND-THE-WORLD BAGGAGE

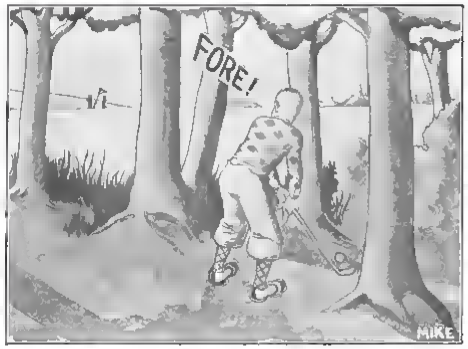
The Fine Art of Living

is more easily exemplified if you have some extra earnings coming in regularly. Write to us asking for our plan whereby you can earn substantial amounts in your spare time.

Local Representatives Department
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD., TORONTO 2, ONTARIO

MacLean's Magazine May 15, 1930

Wise and Otherwise



—Drawn for MacLean's by Mike.

"The Optimist"



—Drawn for MacLean's by Graham Hunter

Oarsman—"Hush up, Sadie! We got the right o' way!"

Complete with Fittings—Sultor—"I have an attachment for your daughter, sir."

Father—"Young man, when my daughter needs accessories, I'll buy them for her myself!"—Montreal *Herald*

■

Liszt—oh Liszt!—"Who's that on the piano upstairs?"

"That's dear Marguerite; she's progressing by leaps and bounds."

"Um—I thought she couldn't be doing it with her hands."—Vancouver *Province*

Easily Pleased—"Is your husband hard to please in the matter of cooking?"

"No indeed! Anything I don't happen to have suits him perfectly!"—Montreal *Star*

■

Jazz—A man and his wife were having tea in a fashionable restaurant.

"Shall we dance, dear?" asked the husband, rising from his chair.

"That wasn't the orchestra playing," replied his wife. "The waiter dropped a tray of china."—Fredericton *Gleaner*.

Dubious—"She—I wouldn't think of marrying such an intellectual monstrosity and physical misfit as you are—you numskull! Do you get me?"

He—"Well, from the general trend of your conversation I should judge not."—Galt *Reporter*

■

Speed—"Yes, sir," panted the new shepherd, "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."

"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got" was the answer.

Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.—Calgary *Herald*.



—Drawn for MacLean's by M. Gordon Wallace.

Two Fishermen Go Hunting



—Drawn for MacLean's by J. Simpkins.

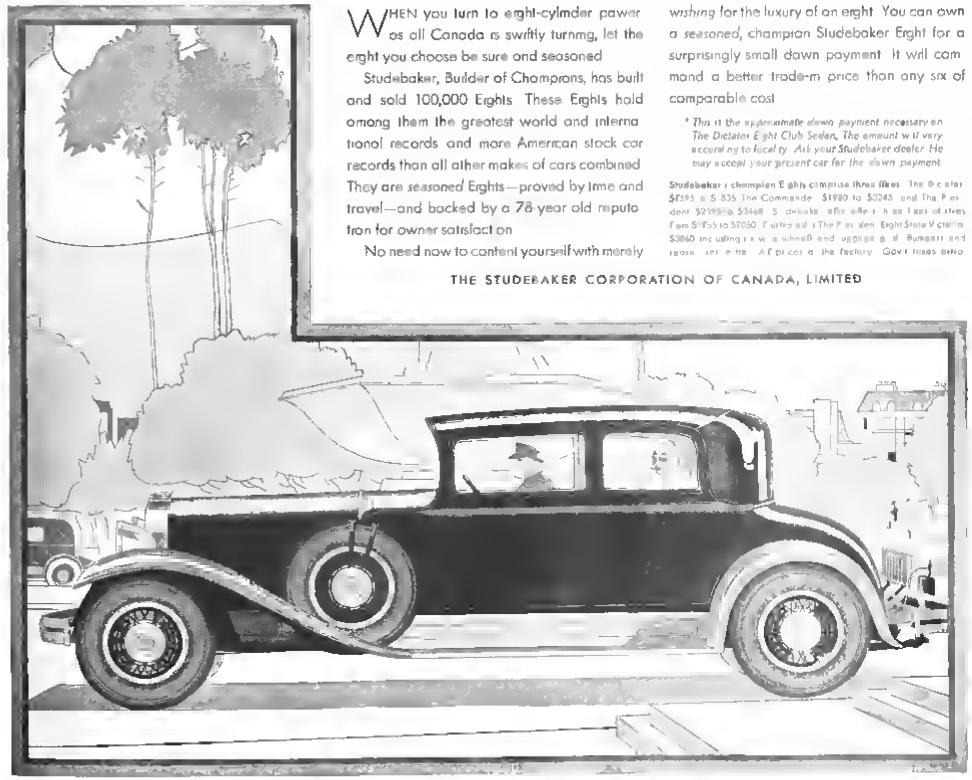
Hunter—"Thank heaven! These brutes can't climb!"

For as little as $625* DOWN Delivered Completely equipped

you can drive a *seasoned*

STUDEBAKER EIGHT

—costs *less* than 14 different sixes but will be worth *more* than a six when you trade it in!



WHEN you turn to eight-cylinder power as all Canada is swiftly turning, let the eight you choose be sure and seasoned.

Studebaker, Builder of Champions, has built and sold 100,000 Eights. These Eights hold among them the greatest world and international records and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. They are *seasoned* Eights—proved by time and travel—and backed by a 78-year old reputation for owner satisfaction.

No need now to content yourself with merely *wishing* for the luxury of an eight. You can own a *seasoned*, champion Studebaker Eight for a surprisingly small down payment. It will command a better trade-in price than any six of comparable cost.

* This is the approximate down payment necessary on The Dictator Eight Club Sedan. The amount will vary according to locality. Ask your Studebaker dealer. He may accept your present car for the down payment.

Studebaker champion Eights comprise three lines. The Dictator $1585 to $1835 (the Commander $1980 to $2045) and The President $2195 to $3468. Six-wheel effects extra. A new line of sixes from $1795 to $2050. Factory and Ottawa. The President Eight Stone Victoria $3860 including extra wheel and luggage grid. Bumpers and spare wheel extra. All prices at the factory. Govt. taxes extra.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

How a Fancy Diver Keeps in Trim

Because if he Doesn't His Dives will be "Flops"





BOB DEMING of Colgate, one of the fancy divers of the University Swimming Team, says that nobody can accuse him of having been saved from being a physical wreck. He just claims that a sensible method of health has really made life a pleasure for him.

"Believe me," he says, "having free and regular bodily elimination makes all the difference to the world to a diver as well as to any other athlete. I can't afford to be nervous, sluggish, or depressed while diving. It just isn't done! I would like to urge anyone, whether they think they are in good health or not, to give Nujol a try-out. It certainly can't do any harm, and I'll bet it would make them feel a hundred per cent better. It's given me five times the vitality! It's worth trying!"

Mr. Deming has just about told the whole story. He is right in believing that Nujol contains no drugs, no medicines of any kind. It is tasteless and colorless as pure water. It is simply harmless internal lubrication, which your body needs as much as any other machine. Regularly as clockwork, Nujol cleans out of your body those poisons which we all have, and which make us low in our minds, tired, below par.

The way for you to find out how much better Nujol will make you feel is to try it for a few days. You can get a bottle in a sealed package at any drug store. It costs only a few cents, but it makes you feel like a million dollars. Why shouldn't you feel well all the time? Get yourself a bottle of Nujol today!

Send for free 32 page book "Getting the Most Out of Life."
Address: Page J. Whitlow & Co. Limited, 195 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

MACLEANAGRAM

SpS/104 — Jno. O'H. Mitchell

PRIZE AWARD

Our Judges have gone through a very strenuous time, indeed, in completing their work on this MacLeanagram so that the names of the fortunate Winners might be Announced in this Issue.

Not only did the tremendous volume of Entries retard their work to a great extent, but the exceedingly high Merit attained by the Entrants as a whole made it more than usually difficult to determine the ultimate Winners.

Hearty congratulations are extended those whose names appear below—whose

CHEQUES HAVE BEEN MAILED

First—$150.00—Prize

Mr. M. A. Fogarty
Grand Bank, Nfld.

Second—$50.00—Prize

Miss Mabel Fogarty
Grand Bank, Nfld.

Third—$25.00—Prize

E. C. Heap
Winnipeg, Man.

Three—$10.00—Prizes

Miss Marleen Maclaine
Greenwhurst, Ont.

T. P. D. Watson
Liverpool, N.S.

Wm. A. McLean
Kentville, N.S.

Nine—$5.00—Prizes

Mrs. Blanche Fogarty
New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Irwin Reed
Alton Town, Ont.

Miss Vera M. Rowey
Owen Sound, Ont.

H. Allen Mooney
Macey Station, Alta.

Miss Edna S. Matthew
Smith's Falls, Ont.

Miss Marion Chidley
Watford, Ont.

Mrs. Bessie M. Christie
North Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. Mary M. Florence
London, Ont.

W. A. Mitchell
Westboro, Ont.

Continued from page 71

the manager can seldom be considered a permanent citizen. He is moved about from one centre to another and is not in a position to accept municipal responsibilities. The chain has also been accused of not helping local charities as does the home merchant.

To offset these disadvantages to the community we find that live-wire chains add life to our main streets. They are good advertisers, construct bright stores, and attract buyers from the rural districts. More people spend more money in the towns, and a less amount goes to mail-order houses and elsewhere. Many independent merchants say they like to locate close to a good chain because the chain helps them attract buyers to their particular spot. The other day a retailer on a street with four chain stores said he hoped another would locate nearby as his business had increased.

Will the food chains ever secure a monopoly? I have answered this question partially by stating there will always be a place for the individual merchant who gives the services on which a percentage of the public insists. But apart from that, the ease with which anyone can open a grocery store precludes the possibility of chains ever securing a monopoly. The neighborhood store will always exist as a convenience store, no matter what happens to the individual merchant in the more central sections of our towns and cities. Units of chains must earn success—must each show a net profit or they are closed out. And they cannot get volume and profit unless they cater to the masses.

The Intimate Life Story of King George V

Continued from page 16

In the minds of politicians, admirals and generals that were not known to the general public. Tea was served at five o'clock if their Majesties were at home but they very often dispensed with this meal and the King returning home from an inspection or a visit would go straight to his study and remain there at work there until dinner.

At the evening meal there was a little relaxation. If was then that the King heard what his children were doing, and home matters and public engagements were also discussed.

First Visit to the Front

ON NOVEMBER 29, 1914, the King made his first visit to the Front. It was a historic, soul-stirring time. For 171 years no British King had been among his soldiers in the field. King George did not lead his men to battle as in olden days he would have led them, but his presence meant much more than that. It was a great, yet poignantly sad moment for the King when he was greeted in France by men from all over the Empire. The King during his few days visit did not waste a moment. He went to the headquarters of all the Army corps and divisional commanders; inspected the different departments of general headquarters and visited base receiving and field hospitals.

At General Headquarters he was visited by the French President and General Joffre. He also received Marshal Foch, and paid a flying visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians, who were with the Belgian Army, conferring the Order of the Garter on King Albert. The last part of his visit was spent with the Indian Expeditionary Force. An officer in the I.E.F. wrote thus vividly of the visit: "A red-letter day indeed for us. King turned up here at 10.45 this morning and stayed quite a long time, inspecting detachments of the Indian Army Corps quite the most informal show I have ever seen. He strolled up and down the ranks chatting with all and sundry. The Leicestern were in front of us; they had only come up out of the trenches and were in a lovely state of mud and unshavedness. The King simply revelled in them. He stopped and chatted to quite every one man in three, and wanted to know all about trench fighting. One man was wearing a pair of German boots which interested the King very much. He spent quite twenty minutes with the Leicestern after that, he gave two V.C.'s to gunners, and then when he might to have been moving on he began strolling up and down the line again asking all sorts of questions and noticing everything. At last they got him into his car. It was altogether a wonderful visit, so quiet and informal and businesslike. No apparent precautions or rehearsal—the King tramping about in the mud as though he were partridge-shooting. This was a very sincere appreciation by a quite unknown officer.

Before his departure for British G.H.Q., the King sent a special order of the Day, only an extract of which can be quoted here: "I wish I could have spoken to you all to express my admiration of the splendid manner in which you have fought and are still fighting against the powerful and relentless enemy. By your discipline, pluck and endurance, inspired by the indomitable regimental spirit, you have not only upheld the tradition of the British Army, but added fresh lustre to its history. I cannot share in your trials, dangers and successes but I can assure you of the proud confidence and fortitude of myself and of your fellow countrymen.

George R.I."

Christmas was spent very quietly at Sandringham. There were no festivities, although every tenant and workman on the Norfolk estate received a good Christmas dinner, special provision being made for a family where the man was at the front.

At the beginning of 1915, when the situation in France was very grave, the King decided to rent down his expenditure even more. Consequently, several more rooms in Buckingham Palace were closed, and the lighting was restricted even more. In April the King made an announcement that he had decided that no alcohol should be consumed by him or by any member of the Royal Household until the end of the War, and this voluntary pledge was fully kept. It made a deep impression on the country, and the Royal example was followed widely.

The tragedy of the *Lusitania* in May upset the King most terribly. Soon afterward the enemy kings and princes were struck off the Roll of the Knights of the Garter.

It was in October, 1915, on his second visit to France, that an unfortunate accident happened. His Majesty was reviewing some troops and was mounted on a strange horse which, frightened by the cheering that greeted the King, reared up and fell over, its hind legs slipping from under it on the greasy road. The King was pinned underneath and he was found to be suffering from severe injury and shock, although no bones were broken. The trouble was made worse by the fact that a long motor ride had to be taken in the pouring rain before the patient could be made comfortable.

The news, when it reached England, caused great anxiety for a few hours, but the bulletins that were issued at once allayed a great deal of this anxiety by saying that although the King was con

Continued on page 77

Choosing the Right Door



Slidetite

WHEN doors are hung on Slidetite fixtures they fold into a small space behind the jambs—inside—out of the way. No centre posts—no slamming in the wind—no shovelling of snow nor chopping of ice to get doors open. A child can operate them easily and without the slightest danger—no cables or springs. Makes a tight, snug, weather-proof installation.



There are Three-Door and Four-Door Sets for single car garages — Five-Door and Six Door Sets for two cars — Seven, Eight or Ten Door Sets for three or more cars.

Slidetite doors being narrow, are suitable for any type of architecture. When designing the garage an allowance of three feet over the length necessary for the cars should be made so that the doors may be folded *inside*.



For industrial purposes, there are heavy Slidetite fixtures to take care of doors of any size or weight.

Doors and door hardware for everything from A single car garage to a Zeppelin hangar.

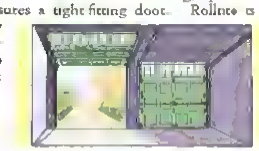


Rolltite

HERE is a space saving door that rolls up overhead. No extra length to required in the garage, and the door is entirely out of the way. Rolltite is not effected by wind nor blocked by snow and ice.



Rolltite doors are made in four or more sections (according to height), hinged together and operated by a heavy spring, which winds on a ball-bearing shaft. Guide rollers on the door are also ball bearing. Rolltite doors are made of selected white pine with three ply fir veneer panels. The hardware is strong, operates easily and assures a tight fitting door. Rolltite is made for any size of opening up to twenty feet wide.



Should it be necessary to use swing doors opening out, use *Swingtite*, a complete set of hardware for one pair of doors, — Hinges, Latch, Bolts, and Door Dogs. The illustration is of the No. 7 Swingtite Set, in Old English Style.



Swingtite

Distinctive Garage Door Hardware is fully described in our catalogue which lists all three types of garage door hardware. Will be mailed gladly on request.

Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co. Ltd.

Montreal London Winnipeg

THIS SEASON

BANFF

summer social centre of the Canadian Rockies

HERE, in a bowl carved by the mountain torrents which bound the course, flags fly on eighteen bent grass greens designed by Stanley Thompson
Here, summer is the gala season
Here, the nights are just cool enough to make dancing in the great ball-room a sheer delight.
Here the long sunny days are still too short for all that must be seen and done. Start the day with a plunge in the warm sulphur pool, then a dip in the fresh pool beside Golf, ride, hike or climb There are saddle horses, ponies and guides good trails and motor roads
Play tennis on the en tout cas courts
Tea on the terrace with its mill on dollar view Enjoy the summer at Banff Springs Hotel Lake Louise is only forty miles away

INDIAN DAYS—JULY 22-24
OFFICIAL TRAIL RIDES—
JULY AUGUST
HIGHLAND GATHERING
AUGUST 29 SEPTEMBER 1



CANADIAN PACIFIC
BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

Opening May 15, Banff Springs Hotel offers special monthly rates for longer term or resident guests Daily rates, May, June and September, European plan single with bath $8.00 up; double $14.00 up In July and August, single with bath $10.00 up, double $16.00 up For reservations, rates, information, write Banff Springs Hotel, Alta., Canada, or any Canadian Pacific Office

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Continued from page 74

fined to bed he was only bruised severely

The King made light of all the pain he had to endure, but it was noticeable how weak he was. He determined—and nothing would shake him from the determination—that he would present the Victoria Cross to Lance-Sergeant Oliver Brooks, of the Coldstream Guards. The man was taken to the hospital train where the King lay and, kneeling by the bedside, had the coveted Victoria Cross pinned upon his breast. His Majesty's hands trembled as he tried to fix the pin and he finally had to own that his fingers were too weak to place it without assistance

The King crossed the Channel in the hospital ship *Anglia*, which was torpedoed a few months later, and the ambulance which conveyed him from Victoria to Buckingham Palace was a new one which had been presented by the Indian Empire. The King was bruised so terribly that the ambulance started off at eight miles an hour and then dropped down to a speed of about three miles an hour. It was some time before the King was able to mingle again with the public

It was not until December 1 that he was able to drive out again, and on this occasion he and Queen Mary dined at Marlborough House for the celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday

There was not much to comfort the nation in the New Year. The rebellion in Ireland in May upset the King more than he would own. He talked cheerfully about the good news that had just been received from the front, and tried to dismiss the new anxiety from his mind. Just about this time the Battle of Jutland was fought. The Royal Family had personal interest in it for Prince Albert was serving with the Fleet, and for some time they could not get news as to whether all was well with him. Disasters did not come singly in 1916. For on June 5, Buckingham Palace received the tragic tidings that Lord Kitchener had been drowned with his staff in the *Hampshire*, off the Orkneys on his voyage to Russia. This was a terrible blow to King George who had admired Lord Kitchener greatly

On June 18 the King inspected privately the whole of the Grand Fleet. He visited the wounded in the Royal Naval Hospital, and in his address expressed sympathy with the Navy for having had to wait two years before engaging the enemy fleet afterwards thanking them for their work. Only a very few people knew of his Majesty's visit to the Fleet, and the general public was not told until a day or two after his return

In August, he went again to the front although the fact was not announced in England until after his return. He filled up every minute of his time cheering and encouraging his soldiers, and trying to visit as many places as possible in order that his troops might see him. He travelled from end to end of the British Front by motor car saying quietly: "I don't want any preparations made. I want you to forget I am a King. God knows I can do little enough, but I can do more if my time is not wasted by ceremonial."

A Palace is Rationed

THE King and his subjects all over the world faced 1917 quietly, and yet with a deepened sense of anxiety that was only natural.

In March came the compulsory rationing of meat and butter. For the most part this new restriction was received by the public with the same acquiescence that they had shown through all the trials and troubles of the war.

In connection with this strict economy, a story is told of how the King was shown apparatus for heating both the building and the water when he was visiting a hospital. "How lucky you are," the King remarked to one officer, "we live in one corner of the room to keep warm—and only have one hot bath once a week. The hot water business is a problem you can't shave with lukewarm water, can you?"

Bad News and Good

THE month of March stands out as one of the most terrible months of the whole war for the Royal Family, for it brought the Russian Revolution, the abdication of the Tsar, and very gloomy news from the front. The King followed Russian affairs as closely as possible, and often spoke of the Tsar's children, especially of the little Tsarevitch. "What will happen to them all?" he said once. "God knows for Russia has gone mad!"

But the debacle on the Eastern Front was, fortunately, counteracted by the intervention of the United States at the beginning of April. A great breath of relief surged all over the land when the news that America had come in was made public. The King at once sent a message to President Wilson, congratulating him, on behalf of the Empire, on the United States entering the war, and thanking him for the great ideals so nobly set forth in your speech in Congress. The moral, not less than the material results of this national declaration are incalculable, and civilization itself will owe much to the decision at which in the greatest crisis of the world's history, the people of the great Republic have arrived."

About this time Mr. Page, United States Ambassador, saw a good deal of King George, and the King and he would "chat like two human beings." On one occasion the King told Mr. Page a story.

"I've a good story on you," said he.

"You Americans have a queer use of the word 'some,' to express more business or emphasis. Well, an American and an Englishman were riding in the same railway compartment. The American read his paper diligently—all the details of a big battle. When he got through he put the paper down and said 'Some fight!' And some don't,' said the Englishman."

And the King roared. "A good one on you."

"The trouble with that joke, sir," said Mr. Page, "is that it's out of date."

The First Daylight Air Raid

ON JUNE 13, a never-to-be-forgotten day for Londoners, a daylight raid on London occurred. An investiture was being held at Buckingham Palace, and after this was over the King and some of his staff went to the devastated regions by car. The East End folks with the sturdy courage that no bombing could destroy greeted his Majesty with cheers, and the King after seeing what had been done went to St. Bartholomew's and the London Hospitals to see the injured.

"The King was actually splendid," was the opinion of all the sisters and doctors. At the London Hospital his Majesty, when going through a ward, came to a bed with a screen round it and looking round saw that an operation was being performed on the leg of a man. The surgeon apologized to the King, saying that he dared not stop his work. The King asked if he could come and watch, and he stood by the bed for several minutes watching the operation. His Majesty spoke to practically everyone who had been injured although three were many too ill to recognize him. He did everything he could to cheer the victims up. "Cheer up. I am sure you are all out of danger," he said in one ward.

After this barbaric raid, the King decided that German names and titles borne by the princes and princesses who were his subjects should be relinquished, and he himself did a thing unparalleled in history when he proclaimed on July 25 that: "We . . . having taken into consideration the name and title of our Royal House and Family have determined that henceforth our House and Family shall be styled and known as the House and Family of Windsor."

To be Continued



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Corinne Griffith

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The wedding cake and bare dogwood tree shown in the photograph at left are all hour-made. Instructions for this preparation are given in the article below

For the Wedding Luncheon

Practically all the items on the menu for the simple house wedding can be prepared in the ordinary kitchen

By Anne McClure

WEDDINGS have always been considered the special perquisite of the caterer, so much so that out of ten weddings in a given season in a given community nine may be almost directed. A wedding is such a personal affair, with so much in it of sentiment to be remembered, that it is a pity the hostess does not more often do and dare a little bit more courageously in the matter of managing it herself.

What! Make and ice a wedding cake yourself? Certainly. The sophisticated appearance of a wedding cake belies its not-at-all intricate preparation. As for the other details of the reception, they are no more onerous than provision for a tea of reception proportions. The small wedding breakfast is always best dealt with as a buffet affair.

I shall give you details here of how a simple wedding was carried out, including the cooking and preparation at home of everything save a few confections. The menu used might be varied as to the main dish and still be a reasonable and easily served affair. I shall suggest several alternatives when we come to that part of the plan. But in the meantime let us get that big worry off our minds—the cake.

The Cake

THE recipes given here furnish three good layers and a little over, using the ordinary round or square loose-bottom cake tins which are procurable at all hardware departments and stores. Here too may be purchased the icing bag for decorative frosting. Incidentals such as the tap pipe, laundry plaster of Paris doves and diminutive Cupids, silver leaves and ribbons—little silver bells—are procurable at the cake counter of confectioners' or department stores. There is your complete equipment!

If you want a rich black fruit cake use this recipe:

1 Pound of shortening—2 cupfuls
1 Pound of brown sugar—2½ cupfuls
¾ Teaspoonful of soda
4 Teaspoonfuls of cinnamon
4 Teaspoonfuls of allspice
12 Eggs
1 Cupful of molasses
4 Cupfuls of flour
1 Pound of almonds, blanched and shredded lengthwise
2 Pounds of seeded raisins
2 Pounds of sultana raisins
½ Candied orange peel, thinly sliced
1 Candied lemon peel, thinly sliced
4 Ounces of melted chocolate
1½ Teaspoonfuls of mace
1 Nutmeg, grated, or one teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg
2 Cupfuls of preserved strawberries, or one cupful of chopped candied pineapple
1½ Pounds of thinly sliced citron
1 Pound of seedless raisins
1 Cupful of cider or any fruit juice
1 Pound of candied cherries, whole or halved
1 Pound of blanched and shredded almonds
4 Pounds of currants
½ Pound of candied lemon peel and citron mixed
2 Cupfuls of cider or any fruit juice

Wash the fruit carefully and dry on a paper in a warm oven. Cream the butter until as light as whipped cream and then beat in the sugar. Add the well beaten yolks and then put all the dry washed fruit into the sifter with the flour and other dry ingredients and sift about one-third of the flour into the mixture. Add one-third of the liquid made by the melted chocolate, fruit juice and molasses. Continue alternating flour and liquid until all is used.

Stir in pineapple or strawberries, and then floured fruit. Half fill pans lined with buttered paper and either steam for four hours and then bake for two hours, or bake for four hours at 275 degrees Fahr. The steaming gives a moister cake and is to be preferred to baking alone when possible.

This recipe gives a greater surplus of cake after the three layers have been baked, than that which follows, which should be remembered if you are thinking of giving the generous souvenir pieces.

For a lighter cake the next recipe is unequalled. It is a famous bridescake, rich and delicious, but surprisingly light in actual color for the quantity of currants which it contains. For it take:

1 Pound of butter
1 Pound of sugar
1 Pound of eggs (eight)
1 Pound of flour

Cream the butter and sugar together, work in the eggs and the cider or fruit juice and then mix in the sifted flour, the cleaned currants and the almonds. Pour into tins lined with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven. About four hours are necessary.

In both these cakes you will perhaps want to remember the loyal thimble, button ring and tiny silver horseshoe that must go in when you are beating up the batter.

After cooking, allow the cake to cool and settle in the pans for a day, and then turn out layer by layer, using a breadboard or something of the kind as a foundation for the starkness.

Icing the Cake

AN UNDERICING of almond paste is always necessary with these fruit cakes to prevent juices running into the frosting, and there are many and sundry ways of making it. The simplest and cheapest is to cream fruit sugar with butter and egg, adding a little orange flower water, lemon or orange juice and almond extract to taste. The amount of sugar needed is about two pounds, to which two eggs and one-quarter pound of butter may be added. If you prefer a perfectly white paste use only the whites of eggs (four), if you prefer a rich cream colored paste, only the yolks (four). A happy medium is to use both, requiring only two whole eggs as first indicated.

Another method is to buy a package of almond paste at the grocer's already prepared, and use this as a foundation for flavoring, adding and working in sugar, eggs and butter as above.

The truly heroic method is to blanch and crush one and a half pounds of sweet almonds, one-half pound of butter almonds, and mix into a paste with sufficient egg to make it smooth.

These almond pastes may be patted on with the hand and allowed to dry before frosting. The board on which the cake rests should be covered as well.

The frosting, par excellence for wedding cake is the ordinary uncooked variety. To make this beat up until very stiff three egg-whites, add half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and then beat in, half a cupful at a time,

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confectioner's sugar When the mixture keeps the mark of a knife it is ready. A few drops of flavoring almond, lemon or vanilla may be added, but are not really necessary Remember in making this icing that all sugar must be completely sifted and well beaten in a little at a time. It is this beating, rather than added sugar which gives it the desired consistency For the three-layer cake three shaved three pounds of confectioner's sugar were used

To lay the icing on the cake work quickly from the top using a spatula or long knife—not forgetting a good coating over the boundarius board. If the knife is dipped frequently in a bowl of hot water while you are working, you will have little difficulty with the icing sticking

Do not attempt to decorate the cake until the first coating of icing is perfectly dry For the work with the thin icing, add slightly more sugar to the icing mixture Try out on the back of a plate the various patterns and frills demonstrated in the instruction book furnished with the icing bag and decide on your own scheme Order-decoration is preferable to anything too ambitious especially for the amateur ' Rosettes centred with silver cachous are easy and effective around the edge of each layer Ridgy ribbons draped or zigzagged about the sides are also effective and easy Different effects are produced by using various small metal tips on the bag and as these are all listed by number, you will find little difficulty in producing what you want after a few minutes practice If the icing becomes too dry while you are working add a very little lemon juice or cream of tartar

When the decorative icing is in turn dry you may embellish the finished product with silver leaves and plaster of Paris decorations as you will But again don't overdo it The big item is finished when you have the cake iced and set away in some safe place under a clean cloth It is best to prepare it only a day or so before the wedding however many moons it may last thereafter These fruit cakes stay fresh a lifetime if put away in tins

The Menu

IN PLANNING the menu for a small wedding it is wise to devise food combinations which if prepared the previous day may be kept fresh until served Such a one is the following Chicken salad creamed shrimp or shrimp salad might be substituted for the main dish without making much difference in preparation

Hors D'Oeuvres
Assorted Nuts Ripe Olives
Chicken Patty
Saratoga Chips Green Peas
Ginger Ice Cream in Heart Meringues
Salted Almonds French Pastry
Coffee

The table here illustrated on which appear the various relishes and little pastries, lays its chief claim to color and interest by virtue of several trays of tinted home-made *hors d'oeuvres*. Wherever seen these ambitious arrays of canapés passed at a hotel one usually attributes them to the genius of some super-chef whose artistic soul has very sensibly been diverted hitherward As a matter of fact, these things are the easiest and the greatest fun to make in the world if you have a set of fruity cooky-cutters, hearts, diamonds, stars and so on, you can use them to advantage in cutting bread for them but it is just as easy to cut them out with scissors Triangles, oblongs, rings with the doughnut cutter, hearts, cousins squares crescents and eccentric shapes of all kinds suggest themselves. These bits are to be fried to deep fat and dressed at the same time as the Saratoga chips are prepared We suggest the preparation of the latter at home for they are an expensive item when purchased in quantity Usually the reverse side of the cheese grater furnishes a ricer for paprika potato chips If not, a shaker is easily purchased Hot fat for frying both the chips and bread should be tested with a small cube of bread before using When the bread turns a golden brown inside a minute you may know that the fat is the right temperature Drain both bread and potatoes on brown paper

Garnishing the *hors d'oeuvres* is the real delight, though Prepare yourself for self-expression by laying out the icing bag a plate of softened and seasoned butter—lemon juice and onion is a good filling—a bowl of mayonnaise or cooked dressing a dish of poached beets soaked and sliced in vinegar half a dozen hard boiled eggs a small can of pimento, a bottle of capers a bottle of stuffed olives a bowl of sardines mashed with mayonnaise or lemon juice and butter, a bottle of tiny pearl onions, and a dish of crisp celery

Before building any of these diminutive creations, spread the fried bread with salad dressing This makes a good foundation to which the other things will readily cling

One of the most effective trays on this table was one composed entirely of little hearts. They were cut from slices of pickled beet cut to the heart shape and surrounded with a frill of cream cheese from fairing bag Much the same effect was produced with pimento on triangles outlined with a ribbon of cheese

Beets and pimento were also effectively used, cut in tiny diamond or irregular shapes placed on tops and corners of other combinations

Cream cod haired stuffed olives played decorative parts sitting atop or in corners of sardine spreads, surrounded by a border of seasoned butter from the forcing bag Olives became more varied with centres of caper or anion in place of their own stuffing

Some of the eggs were mashed and sprinkled over sardines. Some whites were cut in rings and filled with pimento The large yolks were cut in star shapes and topped with a caper or infinitesimal triangle of beet, the whole set atop sardine and surrounded with cheese Some yolks were mashed and seasoned with onion and Worcestershire sauce and used as mysterious centres for rings of butter or cheese The most baffling egg effects of all however, were the little mounds of white from the tip and base of the egg which were soaked in the pickled beet juice They turned an exquisite pink! They looked like nothing so much as stones in a ring when festooned about with a hard of butter or cheese, studded with pearl onions

By cutting pimento into very thin, long ribbons, some beautiful latticework effects over egg yolks and butter were achieved

Oblong shapes were very effective with a base work of pimento beet or sardine with three rosettes of cheese or butter down the centre in each of which an onion or caper was pressed

The celery was filled with cheese from the forcing bag and sprinkled with paprika

The possibilities for combination are so many and varied that it would be impossible to list them all Which is proof of what may be done in the way of

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impressive garnishing with these few ingredients

One note of precaution If *hors d'oeuvres* are prepared the day or night before using they must be kept from drying This may be accomplished by covering with paper pie plates soaked in water and setting them in a cool place

General Preparations

THE potato chips and patties may be placed away to be crisped in the oven before serving The creamed chicken combined with mushrooms if covered will keep quite fresh Two chickens are ample to serve twelve people in patty or salad form For shrimp in either form three pounds of cooked shrimp are required Three pints of milk are sufficient for the cream sauce required for patties.

Pastries and meringues need not be taken out of the confectioner's boxes until placed on the table Ice cream should be ordered for delivery as near the hour for the reception as possible A gallon will amply serve twelve people.

The decoration of the table, of course, centres about the cake There are many simple and attractive ways of showing this off to advantage That shown in the illustration is merely the addition of a fine embroidered centrepiece to a rich damask cloth A cloud of pink tulle is swathed about the foot of the cake bespangled with silver confetti purchased at stationery departments or stores

Another effective setting is to place the cake on a mirror wreathed with white flowers and fern

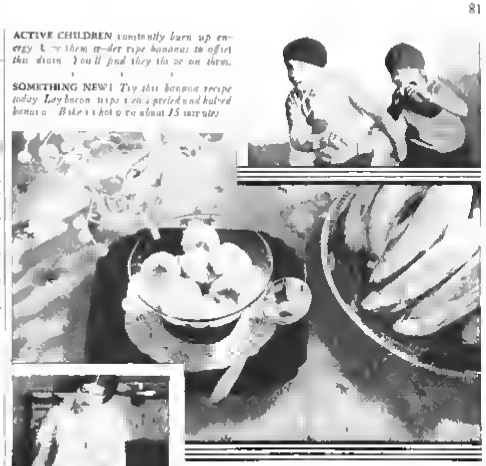
Attractively cut tin foil or a delicate paper lace doily are pretty fan deflections altered

Candles and small vases of flowers may be used as suits the individual taste.

The *hors d'oeuvres*, olives, assorted nuts and pastries are placed on the table in this setting Everything else on the menu is passed

ACTIVE CHILDREN constantly burn up energy to "them under ripe bananas in effect this drain You'll find they thrive on them.

SOMETHING NEW! *Try this banana recipe today Lay bacon strips crisply grilled and halved bananas Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes*



Grow Your Own Vegetables

By ESTHER PETERS

Even in the city where space is limited, the kitchen garden can supply a wide variety of vegetables for table use

IF THERE were a charge for the seed catalogue it would, in the spring at least be a best seller The man of the house finds it of absorbing interest and it can hold the attention of even the busiest housekeeper who plans a garden in anticipation of some varied and appetizing meals.

Successful gardening will first give attention to the location and size of the space available. The ground must be well prepared, but not the least important is the decision as to what vegetables will be grown and their arrangement in the garden plot The seed catalogue offers a wide choice and as the value of vegetables has become more appreciated the list has been extended from a few "old reliables" to include many lesser known varieties It offers no suggestions as to method and time of planting to provide fresh products throughout the season

Perhaps you have for years grown cucumbers, tomatoes, beets and carrots or perhaps lettuce and parsley These are hardy plants and you have felt reasonably sure of success If you have a little extra space, however, many others deserve consideration They require no more than usual care and will provide appetizing dishes for your table

The Problem of Variety

TODAY, the housekeeper is ambitious in preparing meals which are attractive and suitable to the dietary needs of her family She has heard the value of vegetables extolled, and is familiar with the advice to serve as raw raw vegetables each day The garden, therefore, is of greater interest than ever to her and she wants as wide a range as her plot will accommodate

It is well in planning a garden to have area or two perennials Asparagus, artichokes, chives and rhubarb give excellent satisfaction will remain in the ground for years and provide a splendid addition to the diet. Among the annuals there are many favorites familiar by large use The seed catalogue describes others which are easily grown and which help to prevent monotony in meals Since the salad has become such a popular item in the menus the housekeeper has use for a variety of salad plants. Lettuce is regarded as a standby, but less known varieties such as cress chicory and endive provide zest and interest to the plainest salad Others besides those mentioned are equally desirable

For greens the housekeeper will want spinach For this purpose also Chinese cabbage, kale and Swiss chard should not be overlooked Kohl-rabi, celeriac and salsify or vegetable oyster have many advantages and can be used for many dishes while leeks and parsnips are more familiar and are increasing more popular

The addition to the vegetable garden of a few rarer plants will provide a new interest in the cultivation and in the preparation of the family food The housekeeper, on the watch for new dishes will find these helpful.

The vegetable garden can be a source of delight from the time the first plans are being formulated until the products appear on the table No pleasure exceeds that of watching its growth It provides healthful exercise and any labor entailed will be well rewarded when the housekeeper is able to obtain vegetables at just the right stage of maturity and perfectly fresh

It must be remembered, however, that even vegetables of excellent quality will be less appetising if care is not taken in their preparation

The serving of raw vegetables is an excellent practice but cooking is necessary to make some varieties palatable and more digestible. The aim in cooking should be to conserve the food value and ensure the utmost palatability Overcooking should be avoided as it destroys the vitamines and impairs the natural flavor Valuable minerals are lost by too long soaking and the texture of overcooked vegetables is less desirable.

Boiling is one of the methods employed If it will be to use a minimum of water some vegetables such as spinach and other greens tomatoes and vegetable marrow require none, but should be placed over a low heat until some of the liquid is extracted from the vegetable The addition of a small quantity of water is necessary for celery carrots kohlrabi and chard while cabbage turnips and cauliflower need a larger amount

Steaming Versus Boiling

STRONG flavored vegetables are best cooked uncovered The water should be changed at the end of ten minutes and salt added when the vegetables are half cooked

Steaming requires longer time but is

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Sift one cup of sugar then cream with three tablespoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of cream. Add half teaspoonful of Mapleine and two tablespoonfuls of strong coffee; the latter stir in the flour and seasoning until smooth. Stir in the milk stirring constantly until it thickens. Add the coconut and boil slowly and serve hot. If desired, the vegetable may be first put through a sieve and the pulp added to the sauce.

The soup may be sprinkled with finely chopped parsley just before serving.

Turnip Cups

Pare small turnips of regular size. Cook until tender and scoop a portion from the centre to make a deep cup. Chop this portion and mix with cooked green peas, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one small minced onion and seasoning. Sprinkle the turnip cups with salt and pepper and fill with the vegetable mixture. Reheat and serve.

Baked Stuffed Peppers

4 Peppers
½ Cupful of grated cheese
1 Teaspoonful of salt
¾ Cupful of milk
2 Cupfuls of cooked rice
1 Tablespoonful of minced or grated onion
Pepper
¼ Cupful of chopped peanuts if desired

Parboil peppers for five minutes. Plunge into cold water. Cut a slice from the top and remove the seeds. Mix the remaining ingredients and fill the peppers with this mixture. Sprinkle with paprika and bake in a moderate oven until the peppers are soft.

Baked Squash

Cut squash in pieces about two inches square, remove seeds and string portion. Place in a baking pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour molasses and melted butter over them, allowing one half teaspoonful of molasses and one half teaspoonful of melted butter on each square. Bake fifty minutes, or until soft, in a moderate oven, keeping covered the first half hour of cooking.

Baked Parsnips

Cut cooked parsnips into slices about half an inch thick. Arrange in a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with salt and brown sugar. Dot with small pieces of butter or bacon fat and cook in a moderate oven until brown.

Artichokes

6 Artichokes
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Cupful of stale bread crumbs
½ Cupful of grated cheese
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
Paprika

Remove the outer leaves and cook the artichokes until tender. Spread the leaves but do not break off. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and fill round the leaves with the other ingredients mixed together. Place in the oven long enough to melt the cheese and reheat the vegetables.

Vegetable Casserole

1 Cupful of potato cubes
1 Cupful of celery (diced)
1 Cupful of green peas
1 Onion chopped
½ Cupful of rice
2 Cupfuls of cooked tomatoes
2 Cupfuls of boiling water

Cook rice in boiling water for ten minutes. Prepare the potatoes, celery, peas and onions and arrange with the rice in a casserole. Add one teaspoonful of salt and sprinkle with pepper. Cover with cooked and seasoned tomatoes and pour in the boiling water. Cover tightly and bake until the vegetables are tender.

Creamed Kohl-rabi

2 Cupfuls of kohl-rabi
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper
1 Egg yolk.

Pare and cut the kohl-rabi into small pieces. Cook until tender and pour over it a tablespoonful of melted butter. Make a white sauce using the milk, butter and flour. Add the seasoning and the egg yolk just before removing from the fire. Pour over the vegetables and serve at once.

Leeks on Toast

Wash and trim leeks, cook in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and arrange on buttered toast. Pour over them melted butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Swiss Chard

Pick over, wash and cut Swiss chard into one-inch pieces. Cook twenty five minutes in boiling water to which has been added one teaspoonful of salt. Drain, reheat and season with butter, salt and pepper.

THE EXPIRATION NOTICE

The publication from MacLean's Magazine of the approaching expiration of your subscription is sent out well in advance. This is so that there will be no need for you being disappointed by the missing of a single issue.

The demand for copies of the new orders is so great that despite our constantly increased production, we seldom have any copies left for mailing to subscribers who re-new too long in arrears.

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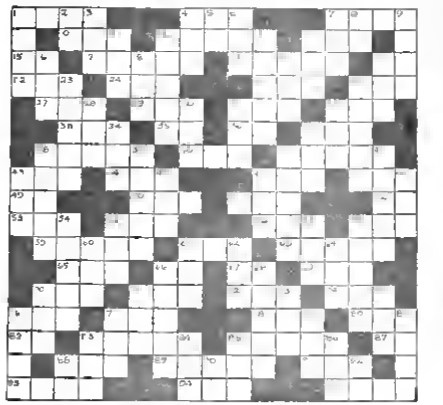


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EX-BLONDE

How much gladder you would be. What fun play be, but it is terrible finish. You want it. You need it. A special shampoo for blondes only, put up by a famous organization, is guaranteed perfectly natural, to last lonely to dull faded blonde hair. Nothing else is like it. Good for scalp. Follow directions of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

Here's a Harder One



Horizontal

1 Lethargy
4 Convert into leather
7 Small boat
12 Part of "to be."
12 Part of fork (pl.)
14 Permit
15 Negation
17 Coffee house (pl.)
19 A weed—allowance in weight (pl.)
21 Indefinite article
22 Girl's hat
24 Moved rapidly
29 Insect.
28 Single
27 Knock
29 Pert.
31 A drink
32 Finish
33 Vehicle
35 Inclined
36 Tie
37 Vapor
38 Hoofed pig-like animal
40 Insect.
41 After awhile
42 Night monkey
44 Procured
45 Entreat implore
47 224# pounds.
48 Open
50 Moist
51 Cry of a sheep.
52 True
53 Procure
55 Flashy turner
56 Endeavor
58 Over (poet.)
59 Path
61 In place of.
63 Small lizard (pl.)
65 Frequent (poet.)
66 Mixed type
67 Preposition
68 Skill
70 Vessel used in cooking
71 Resident
72 Floor covering
74 Still now
76 Measure
77 Weaver
78 A mackpiece
80 Floor covering
82 Upon
85 Centre of an amphitheatre
86 In accompaniment
87 Proceed
88 Frozen
89 Ortlook
91 Paper tab
93 Diminutive animal
94 Before.
95 Corn bread

Vertical

1 Hypocritical pretension
2 Mother
3 Part of a circle
4 It is
5 Article
6 Trap
7 Assent
8 Preposition
9 Narrow street
11 Organ of hearing
12 End of a timber wedge-shaped to fit into a mortice
13 Dark colored, black, as fur
14 Nether limb
18 Used in propelling a boat.
18 Pet hobby
20 To regret
21 Conjunction
28 A large species of pastoral
26 Assault attack.
28 Pulp of food
30 The head
31 Shrinking feeling
32 Consume
34 Large
37 Something placed in mouth to hinder speech.
38 A doctrine or belief
39 Spur
41 Acquire knowledge
42 Flower (pl.)
43 Canine.
45 A number
46 Baseball implement
48 Conjunction.
54 Company of cavalry.
55 Sense, humor
57 Yes (Biblical).
58 Fur bearing animal.
60 Rear
61 Suitable
62 Male ruminant—to batter
64 Twisted, distorted.
66 Chessman
68 Article of furniture
70 Pointed instrument to fasten with
71 Eggs (fish)
73 Alas.
75 Powerful steamer used to tow

76 A gate in a house
77 Walk weirdly
79 Industrious insect.
81 Passed on.
83 Perform
84 A card with one pip
85 Simian
88 Breach opening
88 Not out.
90 Either
92 Proceed

Solution of this puzzle on page 87



SEVENTH REASON

Why I always drink Salada

"I always believe in having the best if it doesn't cost too much. I can have three cups of Salada for a cent—that's good value."

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IN HIS college course in Pharmacy, the Druggist studies Materia Medica, Toxicology, Posology, Pharmaceutical Arithmetic, Organic and Inorganic Chemistry, and many other things.

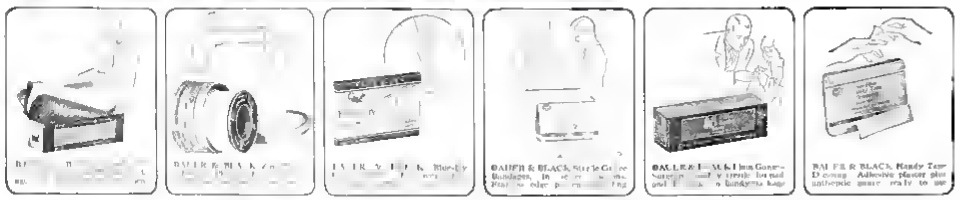
Then he starts out, a full-fledged R. Ph. And the very first morning he picks up the jingling telephone behind the prescription counter and hears Mrs. Housewife saying: "Oh, Mr. Druggist! . . . what takes out ink?"

Being a full-fledged R. Ph., he *knows*. And having learned a lot about human nature as well as pharmacy, he is *glad* to tell Mrs. Housewife what takes out ink—or paint, or iodine, or almost any other spillable thing that you can name. . . .

In every community the Druggist plays a dual part—that of trained and expert professional man, that of ready friend and counselor to all who come. Serving cheerfully, early and late, week days, Sundays, and holidays. . . .

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In Bauer & Black bandages, gauze, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton, and many other things in which quality and dependability are of paramount importance, the Druggist keeps ready for your instant of need the very best materials that his trained judgment can provide.



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TORONTO

Rooms of Charm

Harmonious blending of furniture, fabrics and "precious trifles" gives a room that vital quality which makes it truly livable

By MARY AGNES PEASE





Two glimpses of an admirably furnished living room

Above: The panelled walls in a plain tint are ideal background for the color contributed by pictures, books and rugs

At left: This corner of the room is made radiant by sunshine and flowered chintz

IN OUR schooldays most of us read the *Ingoldsby Legends* and chuckled over the amusing record of "The Jackdaw of Rheims," who suffered great misfortune because he had "prigged" the Lord Cardinal's ring. I thought of that jackdaw when I saw the rooms pictured on this page and, like "Jem Crow" I longed to prig for my own use some of the beautiful things which I saw there.

These rooms are an excellent answer to the letters received in this department asking for pictured examples of attractively furnished rooms. If you study the arrangement in either the living room or the dining room, you will see that each object, whether a picture, a chair, a table or an ornament, is placed so that it is distinctive in itself and also enhances other objects in the room.

It is always advisable to form a mental picture of the ultimate effect desired in a room before beginning its arrangement. Even in putting together a picture puzzle, it is necessary to know in advance what the picture is that the pieces are to make, if one is to put them together intelligently. The arrangement of furniture has a point of similarity with a picture puzzle in that it has to be studied from a horizontal as well as a vertical point of view—the relation of the pieces to the floor and also to the walls. This is well illustrated in the living room pictured where the pieces are well balanced and show that the simple rules of placement and suitability have been carefully considered. Although there are a good many things in the room, when one stops to consider them there is no effect of crowding. Everything fits admirably into the "picture." The furniture, the fabrics and the "precious trifles," although they differ in race and age, are all harmoniously blended and the room has a vital quality that is most satisfying.

Panelled Walls

THE walls of this particular room are so treated that they give a panelled effect. This is achieved by first covering the walls with cotton over which mouldings are placed to form panels and the whole is then painted. The cotton absorbs the paint and the result is a soft, dull finish which makes a most desirable background. If one grows tired of so plain a background it is no great task to discard the mouldings and substitute a different treatment. These walls are finished in a delicate peach shade and this same color forms the background of the decorative glazed chintz which is used for curtains and as coverings for some of the chairs and for the sofa. The photographs have brought out very clearly the unusual French design of this chintz—medallions with wreaths of bright-colored flowers and comports of fruit, a suggestion of beauty and of plenty.

The large window is the first object seen on entering this room and it has been made a dominant point of interest by placing before it the chintz-covered sofa. The lamps at either end of this sofa are of erecting beauty. Pale green Chinese porcelain mounted on teak-wood form the bases and the shades carry on the same tint in patterned silk. When the curtains are drawn at night, the lamps are perfectly placed to provide light for reading and are also attractive points of illumination from whatever part of the room they are seen.

The simple beauty of the mantelpiece has been emphasized by the character of the few ornaments placed upon it. The fire screen is of Spanish origin and was probably designed for use in a garden as a little gate or for some such purpose. The bowl-like receptacles on each side of it rather encourage this idea as they suggest places for plants.

Height is given to the room by the recessed shelves on each side of the fireplace upon which beautiful pieces of china are a decorative addition. You will note that space for books has been cleverly provided also without breaking the wall line. In addition to their other qualities books are colorful adjuncts to a room. In this particular case the varied tones of the bindings are in strong contrast to the delicate walls. Close beside the books are their true complements—comfortable chairs.

Among the charming minor touches in the room is the bell-pull which hangs high beside the shelves for china. In great grandmother's day servants were summoned by bell pulls. Today these delightful relics, made of faded brocade, are used as wall ornaments and occasionally serve a practical purpose as well by concealing some of the present day servants—the push buttons!



Utility is combined with perfect symmetry of line in the Sheraton furniture used in the dining room

Pictures and Color

THE pictures in the room are few and well chosen. There is a passion today for sparseness of ornamentation on walls and surfaces which does not always make for a satisfying ensemble. It seems to me that the selection and number in this room leave little to be desired. Some



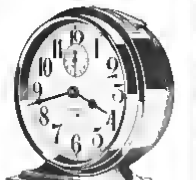
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people do not thrive on the rather bare atmosphere which is the modern childbirth. One of the ultra modern decorators recently persuaded a woman with a Victorian sense of possession to sell the many belongings which ornted her type and substitute therefor some of the modern pieces with few ornaments and only arresting pature, a painting of stark trees near a snow-covered mountain. She is perfectly miserable in these surroundings and longs for the crowd and clutter of her former estate. One of these days I fancy that she will break loose and recapture her old haves which are more in time with her temperament.

The color trding of the room is established by the flower hase in the rhintz, some of which are reflected in the chino the lamps the pictres and ornaments.

A very handsome piece of furniture is the chest of drawers near the bookcase which is an unusually fine Vernese piece. The glow of this mahogany is wonderful—full of life and tone and warmth. I think it is Frank Alvah Parsons, the wreatile authority on interior decorating, who claims that we inherit an affection for a certain type of furnishing just as we inherit our religion—from our ancestors. and that this is why old furniture imports a quality of ancestry. Perhaps this accounts for the unfailing interest of a great many people in orriques.

The wall at the room opposite the fireplace is unfortunately not included in the illustrations. It has two windows between which is a Viennese knee-hole desk with a gold framed French mirror above it. Both of these pieces are very decorative and add immensely to the charm and comfort of the room.

IN THE dining room, the walls have had the same treatment as those in the living room. The furniture has been copied from a Sheraton design and has all the dignity of an older day with the simplicity of line that we ascribe to modrrr furniture. It is evident that Shrraton designed for the ages and was able to blend utility with perfect symmetry of line. As you see the furniture in this room is of one period and type. It is best to stirk pretty well to one style of furniturrs in a dining room. It requires carrful choosing backed with knowledge to combine odd pieces satisfactorily, for the reason perhaps that there is a good deal of dignity about a dining room—a precision of arrangement that seems to call for uniformity of design. It is possible, of course, through the medium of paint, to make a serirr of furnirrre from pieces that are not close relations in form, but that is another story.

Here as in the living room the pictures are well selected and well placed, as are also the wall lights. The curtains are of red damask with a gold pattern which colors are repeated in the rug. Red is particularly telling in a dining room. It has warmth and is welcoming and friendly especially in cold weather.

If in the fashion today to show very little silver or other tableware on sideboard or serving table. Discreet adornment is the thing, and when the adornment consists of orrh lovely eighteenth century silver as appears in this shining mahogany, one can appreciate the sense of Japanese restraint.

IT MAY be that some of you who read this article will complain that the furnishings illustrated and described are rently and cannot be copied by the class which is sometimes described as the unconveniently poor.

The majority of us have little to do with the grand possibilities of a lit pause, and have to use our ingenuity to get good effects at little cost. There are a few fortunate people who have a natural flair for interior decoration, and who seem to be able to select unerringly the right articles and fabrics and blend them into a desirable whole as has been done in the rooms illustrated, but most of us have not the qualifications to travel on the royal road to furnishing. Fortunately it is possible to learn the technique and be able to recognize the best in design, the value of balance and line and the principles of color harmony. Where there is a will there is a way. And one of the ways is the study of such charming examples as are here shown.

Racing Luck

Continued from page 41

numbers invested ten dollars on Circus Rider and a few minutes later had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the horse win by a neck after a terrific battle that lasted for almost the entire length of the quarter-mile stretch. And then came the super-thrill when the price was posted. For Circus Rider returned a dividend of seventy dollars for each dollar invested, which meant that the hunch-player had won $700 over and above the amount she had mrrred by her previous lucky bets.

A Hundred-to-One Shot

THE Kings Plate is our Canadian classic, and no race that is run during the five-month season attracts so much attention as this nine-furlong test which is always decided at the opening of the Ontario Jockey Club spring meeting. It is confined strictly to horses bred in Ontario and owned by residents of that province. There are thirteen events on the harvest card, but only have been a few who invested a $2 ticket on Memorial Pride—received back $193.50. Which, by the way, constitutes a record price for a King's Plate winner, in spite of the fact that the race has been run for seventy years.

I know of any young man who profited greatly by the amazing victory of a rank outsider. And when I tell the story, perhaps you will agree with the timeworn turf adage: That anything can happen in a race track.'

On the morning of the race, this young man, whose father kept a store close to which of them was best entitled to the $48,000 purse the King's Guineas and the plate. The Seagram Stable had two entries, Bean of the West and Isoletta. That trials of the latter had convinced most people that the race was at her mercy. And failing Isoletta there were a number of others which appealed to the sporting public. No one gave a thought to a solidly built chestnut horse that had been trained at Oakville and had come to Woodbine Park a short time before the day of the big event. If they did it was to dismiss his chances as hopeless for he had raced only once before in his three-year-old life, and nothing had developed in that race to stamp him as anything out of the ordinary. And yet he won! Memorial Pride was his name, and when the barrier was sprung he dashed ahead of his field and ran in front of them all the way to the judges' stand, winning by a two lengths lead over his most prominent rival. That afternoon anyone and there could only have been a few who invested a $2 ticket on Memorial Pride—received back $193.50. Which, by the way constitutes a record price for a King's Plate winner, in spite of the fact that the race has been run for seventy years.

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On the morning of the race, this young man, whose father kept a store close to

the Woodbine track, sold some tobacco to a stable hand. In the course of the transaction the young fellow mentioned that he was going to the track that afternoon and asked his customer if he knew of anything good.

'I've got a warm baby that's going to take the King's Plate,' said the horseman.

He isn't in our stable, but I know he's a real good one and if they don't get wise to him he'll pay plenty.'

What one is it?' eagerly queried the youth.

'I'm not going to tell you now,' retorted the other. But if you get down to the rail at the east end of the track just before the horses go to the post for the Plate I'll signal my programme number with my hand. All you've got to do is to count the fingers I show and then bet on the horse.' Incidentally that is a trick commonly employed by racing followers, who know that to mention the name of a horse frequently results in a rush to bring markets bet it with a consequent shortening of the price.

The young man squeezed his way to the appointed place and there saw his friend of the morning on the other side of the fence close to the stable entrance. It seemed to him that the stable hand also had seen him for suddenly he placed the right index finger of his right hand to his forehead. 'He means Number 7,' thought the youth. But the next moment, the other, staring straight at his young acquaintance raised his hand, held it to the side of his head for an instant, and then dropped it.

The action perplexed the young speculator. Then swiftly light dawned. One and five make six. That was it. Hurriedly he scanned his programme. Number 6 was Maternal Pride. The odds-board showed it was 100 to 1. Good enough! He forced a passage to the betting windows and invested four dollars on the horse to win.

That evening in his father's store while he was receiving the felicitations of a number of friends who had heard of his amazing luck, the stablman walked in.

The plated youth shouted a welcome. 'That was a peach of a tip,' he cried.

'Aw, don't rub it in,' said the other peevishly. 'The horse did his best, but I guess the pace was too hot.'

'But he won!' debated the young man. The stable hand stared. 'What horse are you talking about?'

'Maternal Pride, of course. Number 6, the number you tipped me off to.'

The horseman doubled over with laughter. 'I gave you the office to bet Maypole, Number 5, the horse that ran third. Do you think I've got six fingers on my hand?'

'But,' persisted the puzzled youth, 'I distinctly saw you put up one finger, drop it after a while, and then raise your hand. That's how I got Number 6 out of it.'

'Which shows that you were born lucky,' grinned the stablman, 'because Maypole was the nag I wanted you to play. If you saw me strike up one finger it must've been because I wanted to rub my eye or something.'

You Never Can Tell

BUT strange as this incident may seem, I have seen other incidents just as strange. I have seen an owner laugh at a man who has told him that he has hit on his horse. I have heard the owner tell this man: 'My nag isn't ready to run a good race. Save your money by playing Second-Sock home. There hasn't a ghost of a chance.' And I have seen the horse that hasn't a ghost of a chance run a slashing race and win. And pay off at 75 to 1. Was this owner deliberately deceiving the other? Not a bit of it. He himself bet not a five-cent piece on his own entry. As track followers would put it: 'The horse had run on him.'

I have seen a horse win by a full length and a half and then be officially placed second. Dishonest judges? No. The horse finished on the extreme outside of the track, and some tobacco to estable hand. In the course of the transaction the young fellow mentioned that he was going to the track that afternoon and asked his customer if he knew of anything good.

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I have seen a horse win by a full length and a half and then be officially placed second. Dishonest judges? No. The horse finished on the extreme outside of the track, and escaped their observation.

I have seen a tout walk up to a man and represent himself to be the owner of a certain horse and endeavor to cajole his prospective victim into making a big wager. And the very man on whom the tout has concentrated his attentions has been the owner of the horse. That happened to Frank W. Callaghan, Canadian turfman at a local track, when a tipster introduced himself as the owner of Mineralegist, a Canadian-bred racer of which Mr. Callaghan is inordinately proud.

I have seen a player lose six straight races, take his programme shut both eyes, and stab with a pencil at the list of entries for the seventh. And the point of the pencil has landed on a 100 to 1 shot, and that 100 to 1 shot has won the race.

I have seen a bettor buy a ticket only to discover when too late to change it that the ticket was for a horse that he hadn't the slightest intention of playing. I have seen him go from person to person, or endeavor to sell that ticket—to meet with refusal each time. And then disheartened, and more than a little sore, he has turned to watch the race. And wonder of wonders, the horse which he backed inadvertently and whose prospects he valued at zero, has romped home an easy winner.

Not so long ago I saw a man obtain a fifty-dollar ticket on a horse in a two-year-old race. Three minutes later he discovered that he had been given the wrong ticket and he rushed back to the vendor's window. For a couple of minutes he was subjected to the unenviable work to a tornado of abuse. Finally, he asked you for a ticket on Landlord,' he shouted, 'and you gave me one for a dog called Japagan. I don't want it at any price.'

Another man stopped up and said quietly: 'I'll take it.' The disgruntled bettor promptly handed him the voucher, received fifty dollars and obtained a ticket on Landlord. Five or ten minutes later Japagan won by a short head, and the sickest man in the grounds was he who had just disposed of the ticket. For Japagan paid 50 to 1 that afternoon.

I have seen a horse coasting along to easy victory with nothing closer to him than some unfortunate animal twenty lengths in rear. And then with less than fifteen feet to reach the winning post, I have seen this assured winner stumble and fall sideways, losing the race.

I have seen a horse lose by at the post in a six furlong dash, throw up his head and refuse to run. And meanwhile the public has laughed uproariously at the attempts of the jockey to make his mount behave like a natural racer. And then I have seen this erratic animal suddenly take the bit between his teeth, leap along the harkaway like some crazed thing, catch up the leaders one by one, and win comfortably by two lengths.

Yes, one sees many strange things at a race track, but I never yet saw a man who went there determined to win much needed money, succeed in his purpose.

Seemingly that is something that isn't written into the record.

Solution of the Crossword Puzzle on page 83



Your Children's Feet
demand most thoughtful care

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WHEN as happens in the case of ordinary shoes—the child's tender skin comes in direct contact with the leather sole—serious trouble is started. For leather is tanned by the use of rhubarb acids and extracts—possessing qualities which embalm the animal hide. And when these same acids are drawn out by the warm feet, they burn and practically embalm the child's foot. To protect your children from this—all HURLBUT SHOES are Insulated.

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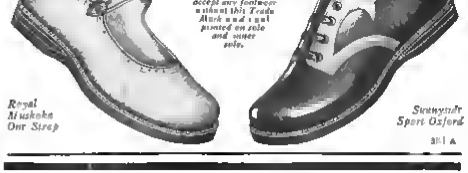
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BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

Decline in Commodity Prices Stimulates Investment Market

By A. W. BLUE

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually in Canada through careless investment. Free Booklet on worthless securities and how to detect them. Clearly proved to be the surest way to true investment. A general characteristic of this remarkable booklet is that it might almost be regarded as a publication of this economic crisis—"BEFORE YOU INVEST—INVESTIGATE"

THE subject of prices is of universal interest. The homebuilder, constantly harassed by the cost of living, surveys markets and welcomes evidence of a lowering of commodity prices enabling his pinched income to go further. The agriculturist seeks the highest market for the produce he has to offer. The manufacturer, both a buyer and a seller, thrills his mutual attitude toward the market according to the position in which he finds himself, desiring the highest prices for the goods which he has created, and low prices for the raw materials which he must buy. The investor, too, is not disinterested in commodity prices, as we shall presently see.

Prices are the symbols which express the availability and desirability of an infinite variety of products. They are the governing or controlling force of the great economic machine—their rise or fall regulating production and thus keeping the vast complex mechanism under refrigeration.

For the past six months there has been a cycle of declining prices gradual at first but accelerated since the beginning of the present year. Declines have been of sufficient intensity and extent to arouse the anxiety and apprehension of the business world.

A period of falling commodity prices is the corollary to a stock market crash and to a disturbed business situation. A similar condition prevailed after the prosperous era which terminated in 1920, but with this difference that whereas the breaks of ten years ago were drastic and precipitate the current recession has been gradual and almost insignificant in comparison. The episodes of 1920 followed a period of hectic speculation in commodities as well as securities and this situation emphasized the subsequent deflation. Commodities have been virtually a dead issue ever since, so far as speculation is concerned, and consequently a new set of conditions has put the present tendency in motion. Not least among the contributory influences have been the uncertainty and caution aroused in the public mind by the events of last autumn and by the lessening in general business as a partial consequence. Confidence has been disturbed and the public has displayed a desire to possess money rather than goods. As a result the demand for merchandise has slackened, prices have fallen off, and despite hurried efforts to adjust production to the new and reduced scale of buying there has developed a temporary oversupply. An ancient and honorable economic law is striving to restore the delicate balance between supply and demand.

Let us see what has happened. We are familiar with the market's meltdown of Canada's basic and primary wheat, what the world's furnishes as well and the economic position of the country at large is suffering from the overproduction of the Brazilian staple.

In the United States the rotton situation has been disappointing. Reduced foreign demand for rotton has been a troublesome factor. World consumption of rotton is on the increase, but the foreign grown product has gained at the expense of the American. The supply in sight would not be excessive under normal conditions but depressed markets are anticipated until foreign consumption picks up. The spot price for rottne has dropped below fifteen cents as against the 1929 high of 21 65 cents.

Petroleum is another commodity that has caused much concern but at last the repeated efforts to control production appear to be making headway and the situation has measurably improved.

Figures on the but the figures of world supply and probable consumption establishing a threat usually impregnable position for Canadian wheat, were utterly disregarded by the markets and in spite of a predominant statistical position wheat crashed down to the dollar level a price that permits of little or no profit to the growers, and certainly not to the speculator who bought higher up.

The European Situation

THE major difficulty in wheat was Europe's refusal to buy to normal quantity. Wheat production in forty-three countries in 1929 was 3 289 154 000 bushels a decline of fourteen per cent from 1928. The carry-over was large, however, and current crop prospects are reasonably good. Both the United States and Canada approach a new crop season with the largest visible supplies on record.

Perhaps the situation is largely due to the fact that a number of European countries, which as producers were negligible during the war are now getting into their stride and taking up more and more of the slack formerly supplied by the producers of the North American continent.

The crash in commodity prices has been world-wide in scope. It has affected basic materials principally. Finished products have not yet come into line to any noticeable degree. It is well that basic rather than manufactured goods were affected in the first instance, as otherwise the adverse features of the situation would have been tremendously intensified. High rest of money to a year or more, now happily ended, disorganized mill expansion beyond requirements with the result that there has been an inadequate plant capacity to take care of the constantly increasing production of raw materials.

The most conspicuous decline of all commodities occurred in rubber, which is now selling at one-tenth of its highest level of the past five years. Restraints upon rubber production lifted two years ago, encouraged expansion in regions outside the ban. While price swings in rubber have not been violent in 1929 or 1930, the price has steadily declined to the lowest point in the history of the New York rubber exchange.

Silver is selling at the lowest point on record owing to proposed changes in the coinage system of India and China. Silver, once a precious metal, is now a drug on the market. Sugar in Cuba is suffering from increasing competition, notably from Java and Porto Rico, featured when Cuba placed restrictions upon her domestic industry. Coffee in Brazil is reflecting the adverse efforts of government paternalism as well and the economic position

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of the country at large is suffering from the overproduction of the Brazilian staple.

In the United States the rotton situation has been disappointing. Reduced foreign demand for rotton has been a troublesome factor. World consumption of rotton is on the increase, but the foreign grown product has gained at the expense of the American. The supply in sight would not be excessive under normal conditions but depressed markets are anticipated until foreign consumption picks up. The spot price for rottne has dropped below fifteen cents as against the 1929 high of 21 65 cents.

Petroleum is another commodity that has caused much concern but at last the repeated efforts to control production appear to be making headway and the situation has measurably improved.

Price Indirrs Down

IN ADDITION to silver among the metals, lead and zinc, two basic elements which in Canada have a large actual and a steadily increasing potential interest are ailing at the lowest prices in years. Copper has so far resisted the prevailing trend and is holding at eighteen cents, although its tenure of this price position is relatively insecure. Only the combined efforts of the leading operators to reduce production in harmony with market requirements have saved the situation to date.

The lower price tendency is a reflection of oversupplies of a great variety of basic commodities. Mass production and more efficient machinery, and methods have created a natural tendency toward overproduction, not only in the staple lines of Canadian products but in the basic raw materials of every country of the world. And with improved methods of fabrication and other factors tending to cheapen the cost of production it is not to be wondered at that the selling prices should be lowered as well.

Measured by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics index number, wholesale prices in Canada were down to 95.6 at the end of January, the latest month available, as compared with last year's high of 98.1 established in July. In the United States the Fisher index has declined from the 1929 high of 99.2 in July to 81. Crump's index of British prices is down from 94.4 last April to 83.3 and the index of Italian prices is down from 76.4 to 67.5. These indices are based on the 1926 base of 100. German and French prices have shown the same downward trend.

Business has professed considerable worry over the price situation and governments have improvised various nostrums as corrective measures. The wisdom of artificial restraints in matters of this kind is debatable question, and certainly the experience of the British government in rubber, the Brazilian government in coffee, and latterly the efforts of our own wheat pool to sustain wheat prices, have not supplied convincing argument for the supporters of artificial stimulant.

Those who visualize in the present situation or economic upheaval of this most disturbing kind would do well to remember that the reflection of corresponding situation of an economic of lasting international reputation. John Stuart Mill, who expressed his views as follows:

First, let us suppose that the quantity of commodities produced is not greater than the community would be glad to consume at its then value, possibly that there should be a deficiency of equivalent for all commodities for want of the means of payment? Those who think so cannot have considered what it is that constitutes the means of payment for commodities. It is simply commodities. Each person's means of paying for the productions of other people consist of those which he himself possesses. All sellers are inevitably and exactly buyers. Could we suddenly double the productive powers of the country we should double the supply of commodities in every market but we should by the same stroke double the purchasing power. Everybody would bring a double demand as well as supply; everybody would be able to buy twice as much because everyone would have twice as much to offer in exchange. It is probable indeed, that there would rather be a superfluity of certain things. Although the community would willingly double its aggregate consumption, it may already have as much as it desires of some commodities and it may prefer to do more than double its consumption of others, or to exercise its increased purchasing power on some new thing. If so, the supply will adapt itself accordingly, and the value of things will continue to conform to their real depreciation. At any rate it is a sheer absurdity that all things should fall in value, and that all producers should in consequence be insufficiently remunerated. If values remain the same, what becomes of prices is immaterial since the remuneration of producers does not depend on how much money, but how much of commodities articles they may obtain for their goods."

The Investor's Position

BUT to return to the investor. How can the rise and fall of commodity prices affect his position?

In the first place, a very definite reaction upon the money market has been observed. Money rates have been steadily declining throughout the world. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York has reduced its rediscount rate in successive stages and other European countries have followed their example. And here we encounter an axiom, which is too apparent to require elaboration, namely that gradually declining commodity prices are invariably accompanied by falling interest rates, letting the intervention of something of a highly artificial character. And as interest rates decline the prices of bonds and other securities bearing a fixed rate of return inevitably advance. In such classification come preferred stocks and common stocks which have attained investment status. This appreciation comes almost in complete disregard to business conditions as has been amply demonstrated during the past three or four months when the investment market has been particularly active and strong. As strictly investment issues are not primarily concerned with the earnings of the company they represent, their value is largely governed by the purchasing power of the amount of money they represent, or the income they return to investors.

For example, if wheat sells at $2 a bushel, a $1 000 bond will exchange for 500 bushels of wheat. But if wheat declines to $1 a bushel the $1 000 bond can be exchanged for 1 000 bushels. The purchasing power of the bond has been doubled by the decline of the commodity. Money has no measurable value except its power in exchange for goods.

As for common stocks, falling commodity prices may have an adverse influence for a temporary period. Ruinous prices will follow this prices of primary commodities down, but contributory costs do not at once readjust to the new situation. But in time consumption is stimulated by lower prices, money rates are cheap and in their turn contribute to the re-establishment of business on an active and profitable basis. And common stocks have a habit of disregarding conditions of the moment and look forward to that business revival which to the ordinary eye may not be visible.

One fact stands out clearly under these complex and confusing conditions, declining commodity prices and low interest rates form a traditionally and logically bullish situation in so far as bonds and

INVESTMENTS NEED CONSTANT ATTENTION

MOST people today realize that it pays to obtain experienced opinion and advice before investing money. An equally important point which is sometimes overlooked is that any list of securities requires constant attention and revision.

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preferred stocks are concerned. They also theoretically point to higher prices for the common stocks of companies which sell their wares or services at prices more or less "pegged" by regulation. Individual circumstances may effect these theoretical conclusions and consequently the investor should study with meticulous care the junior equities and all securities for that matter, which he proposes to buy.

Financial Queries

Question—*Will you kindly advise me as to whether the bonds of Alberta Pacific Grain Company are a good investment or not?*—*W. M., Portage la Prairie.*

Answer—While earnings of the Alberta Pacific Grain Company vary rather broadly from year to year in accordance with conditions in the agricultural section of the West, yet the company has never had any difficulty in earning its fixed charges and occupies a thoroughly sound financial position. I regard this issue as an attractive investment for a business man.

Question—*As one of your subscribers I should like your advice as to a safe investment for $5,000 which I have in the bank at present. I thought I would invest about $2,000 in different stocks and would like you to name a group of securities which appear promising for a hold.*—*D.A.L., Nova Scotia.*

Answer—I am taking it for granted that you wish to use a portion of your funds in the purchase of conservatively speculative common stocks which after reasonable possibility of increasing your capital in course of time. In this connection I would consider only the stocks of the leading companies, those which are soundly entrenched with a record of several years profitable operation, and whose outlook seems to be entirely satisfactory. The power industry has been a profitable medium of investment in the past and the outlook is equally promising. I would refer you to Montreal Power common, Shawinigan Power, Power Corporation of Canada and Quebec Power. It is investment insurance to diversify and I would also direct your attention to such companies as Imperial Oil, British American Oil, Canadian Canners, Dominion Textile, Brazilian Traction and International Nickel. These companies are leaders in their field and their stocks are listed on Canadian exchanges. They are on a dividend basis and are readily marketable. The future possibilities of the group are quite promising, although their immediate course will be largely guided by general market conditions, which are at present rather unsettled.

Question—*Please give me some information on the Canadian Terminal bonds.*—*Dr. H. A., Ottawa.*

Answer—The following is a brief summary of the Canadian Terminal bond issue:

Willson-Neely Corporation is offering $2,500,000 six per cent bonds of Canadian Terminal System Limited which own voting trust certificates in Canadian Rail and Harbor Terminals Limited, Montreal Rail and Water Terminals Limited, Collingwood Terminals, Canadian Terminal Steamships Limited, Municipal Bankers Corporation, Montreal Debenture Corporation, Canada Housing Corporation and National Utilities Corporation.

The bonds are called "dollar for dollar bonds" because according to the prospectus, these bonds when issued will be secured by deposit with the Crown Trust Company as trustee for the bondholder of an equal amount of first mortgages on bonds and debentures."

These bonds seem to be reasonably well secured, although they represent a business that has not been thoroughly assessed as yet.

PERSONAL SERVICE

Subscribers to MacLean's Magazine desiring notice re regard to Canadian industrial investments or life insurance problems will be given cheerfully. Enquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor of *MacLean's Magazine*, and stamped addressed envelope enclosed.

If your enquiry concerns insurance please give full details of your own financial and family position so that definite and individual suggestions can be given.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Unfortunate—She: "Have you ever been in a railway accident?"

Her: "Yes. I once went through a tunnel and kissed the father instead of the girl."—*Lindsay Post.*

An Even Deal! Grant: "You certainly do keep your car nice and clean."

Bates: "Yes, and my car returns the compliment by keeping me the same way."—*Medicine Hat News.*

My Error—In crowded tram car: "Excuse me, ma'am, here is a strap."

"I have a strap, thank you."

Nothing of the kind. You have held it my ear."—*Victoria Colonist.*

Experiment—"Ma," said Tommy, "if baby was to eat a tadpole, would it give him a voice like a frog?" "Good gracious no," cried his mother. "It would kill him!" Tommy grinned. "Well, it didn't."—*Montreal Star.*

Revenge—Little Louisa had been reprimanded by her father for misconduct. When she went to bed that night, she prayed thus:

"Dear God, please don't give father any more children. He doesn't know how to treat the ones he has."—*Brantford Expositor.*

All Over—Mother: "You've broke another window, Tammy? Whatever will your father say?"

Tammy (cheerfully): "That's all right, ma. He just been saying it."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Better than Care—"My wife lost after me well. I assure you that she take off my boots for me in the evening."

"What! When you come from the club?"

"No, when I want to go there."—*Nelson News.*

Bridge Notes—A young lady returning from the Riviera, where she has become engaged, was asked the usual question on her arrival in Dover. "Anything to declare, madam?" The English Young Thing held up her left hand and murmured: "One diamond."—*Toronto Globe.*

Fogged—The learned counsel glared at the witness.

"Are you positive, sir!" he demanded, "that the prisoner is the man who stole your car?"

"Well," answered the witness, "I was until you cross-examined me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever had a car at all."—*Montreal Star.*

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MacLean's Magazine, May 15, 1930



IN ONE respect, mystery stories are a bit of a trial to us. In introducing them in the chaumanesque fashion of this page, we always have to exercise great restraint lest, perchance, we knock over a screen and give the show away.

If we just didn't care what we did it would be easy to stimulate excitement over "The Copper Disc," which commences in this issue. We could begin by pointing out that a great many authors, in what were in their day considered to be fantastic flights of fancy, really made uncannily accurate forecasts of devices and inventions that are now almost commonplace. To back this up we could quote Jules Verne, H. G. Wells and others. Then we might continue by asking what your father (or you for that matter) would have said twenty years ago had he (or you) been told that in 1930 he would have a small cabinet which at the twiddle of a knob would instantly gather out of the air, voices and music actually originating a thousand miles away.

The next step would be to ask you to consider what the future might hold in man's delvings into the possibilities of the ether. And then we would be all set to bring in Robert Stead and say "Here is a Canadian author who has let his imagination soar, and who has visualized just such a dramatic possibility."

The trouble would be, of course, that we'd probably let the cat out of the bag and spoil the first and fifteenth of the next three months for those readers whose motto is "Don't tell me—let me guess." So we shall just let "The Copper Disc" alone. Robert Stead, author of "Grain" and several other well known novels, wrote it. He lives in Ottawa, heads a government department, writes in his spare time, has a grown up family, and spends all the winter longing for the coming of the lawn bowling season.

THE illustrator who has given visible form to the characters in "The Copper Disc" is none other than W. V. Chambers. He is particularly well fitted to illustrate a novel of this nature because he once had a radio mystery of his own. A burglar broke into his house and walked off with his set.

SEVENTEEN years ago we happened to be snooping around on Vancouver Island near the very spot N. de Bertrand Lugrin has used as a setting for "The Inca's Bowl" presented in this issue. It struck us then as a place possessed of that indescribable something which makes authors pull out old envelopes and a pencil, but it has remained for Mrs. Lugrin to utilize that "something" in a most unusual way. Nor is her mixing of West Coast Indian lore and Inca legend born entirely of her own musings. For, whether due to the roving Spaniard of earlier centuries or to other connecting links of which we know nothing, we are told that one may find in the ancient stories of the Vancouver Island Indians, things strangely coincidental with the sagas of the Incas. At all events, "The Inca's Bowl" is a very odd story. We'd like to know how it affects you.

MACLEAN'S

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H. Napier Moore, Editor — George H. Tyndall, Business Manager

CONTENTS

MAY 15 1930

VOLUME XLIII. NUMBER TEN

Cover painted by Harold W. McCrea

THE COPPER DISC (serial) — Robert Stead — 3
Illustrated by H. L. Hobbs

THE WHEAT CONUNDRUM (article) — C. L. Sibley — 6

MOORING FOR THE R100 (article) — Leslie Roberts — 7

THE INCA'S BOWL (short story) — N. de Bertrand Lugrin — 8
Illustrated by John F. Clymer

THE UNQUESTIONED ALIBI (article) — 10
T. Morris Longstreth and Henry Vernon
Illustrated by Reg. Cardwell

THE LAST OF THE OLD GUARD (article) — 12
M. Grattan O'Leary

HAS THE CHAIN STORE COME TO STAY? (article) — 13
R. T. Huston

THE TYRANTS (short story) — Beeyl Gray — 14
Illustrated by E. J. Bellamore

THE INTIMATE LIFE STORY OF KING GEORGE V (Article Nine) — Richard Dent — 16

CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN (insert)—Richard Jack, R.A. — 17

BEHIND THE COMMONPLACE (short story) — 19
Illustrated by E. M. Bruckshaw
Victor Lauriston

RACING LUCK (article) — Douglas Eppes — 21

JUST BUSINESS (short story)—Arthur Lowe — 22
Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

Women and the Home

FOR THE WEDDING LUNCHEON — Anne McClure — 79

GROW YOUR OWN VEGETABLES — Esther Peters — 81

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL—Rooms of Charm — Mary Agnes Pease — 85

Special Departments

REVIEW OF REVIEWS — 26

WIT WISDOM AND WHIMSICALITY — 28

WISE AND OTHERWISE — 72

MACLEAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE — 83

BUSINESS AND INVESTMENTS—
Decline in Commodity Prices Stimulates Investment Market — A. W. Blue — 88
Financial Queries — 90

MAYBE ADAM LAUGHED AT TITSE — 90

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE — 92

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ONE benefit resulting from the wheat depression is the intensification of the East's interest in the West. Among the outcroppings of that interest is a desire on the part of a lot of Easterners to write articles on crop marketing and agricultural economics. And some of them give evidence of considerable thought. One, by C. L. Sibley, editor of the *Montreal Herald*, is published in these pages, and while you may not applaud all its conclusions, you will certainly find it interesting.

"ANYTHING Can Happen on a Race Track," says Douglas Eppes, who has drawn his material from many years of service as a track official and newspaper scribe. We are bracing ourselves for the avalanche of information concerning all the odd breaks Douglas had no room to mention.

DURING the past month or two immigration has not been so common a subject of conversation as it used to be, a condition that will be altered on the appearance of our June issue wherein will appear a bold article on the subject by Professor A. R. M. Lower of Winnipeg. Professor Lower is all for discouraging the importation of population and he doesn't hesitate to say why. A number of other articles of popular interest, and four first-rate short stories will make the issue one worthy of your closest attention.

BETWEEN five and six thousand snapshots have been submitted by readers who ache to see their favorite holiday spot featured in MacLean's Travel Number. The editorial staff is now undergoing massage treatment after the preliminary selection bout, and will be all set for the finals in a very short time.

H. Napier Moore

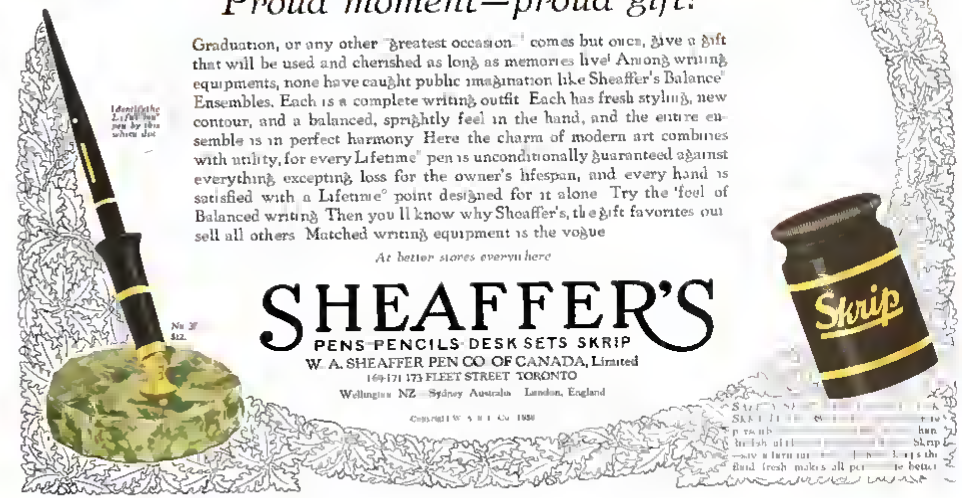


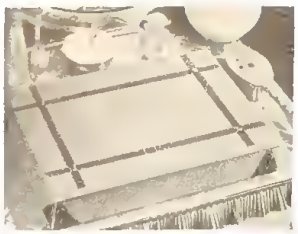
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